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A WAVE OF LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

IT was late in an October afternoon. An uncertain light came through two western windows and fell softly here and there about the room in suggestive sympathy with the mood of a girl who stood before an open piano in the farther end.

She was of medium height and slender. Her hair was a pale brown, curled wavingly in front and knotted loosely behind. Her complexion was somewhat that of a brunette, but lacked the high color which often blazes in a brunette's cheeks. Her features were nicely cut. Her mouth was nervous, not small, but lovely. Her eyes were large, blue, glorious. They were capable of expressing every emotion in an intensified degree. They were, indeed, the windows of her soul, windows which her temperament had painted with the myriad hues of her beauty and passion.

She stood straight and graceful. A forgotten music-rack was by her side, and a violin rested close beneath her chin. A thin, beautiful hand, with sinuous fingers, which seemed to tremble with a soul of their own shut in them, held the bow, and drew it back and forth in obedience to the musical vision of the player. Her head was bent caressingly over the violin, as one sees the young mother's o'er her babe in the old paintings. But her eyes were lifted with that look of seeing the unseeable which comes into some people's eyes. There was a half-sad smile upon her lips; and a daring ray of the fast-setting sun moved lightly, glorifyingly, across her hair.

A door was opened suddenly with some feminine commotion, and a tall, fashionably-dressed, well-preserved woman entered. The girl stopped playing, and turned irritably.

"Oh, mamma," she said, smiling in a half-pettish way, "did you ever come in *apropos-ly*?"

"I'm sorry, Madge, to be always putting you out, but I don't see

how I can help it. You needn't have stopped playing." Madge raised her eyebrows. "Besides, I'm not interrupting you for myself."

Mrs. Synnott was never known to have acknowledged doing anything for her own sake.

"I only came in," she continued, looking deprecatingly at her daughter, "to tell you we were going to have company for dinner. I thought you would like to know in time to dress."

"Company! I shall not come down, then. I'm sorry."

"Now, Madge, why will you be so disobliging? I've asked the company for you and Rita. I really am discouraged. Won't you come when I ask you to?"

"No, mamma dear, I shall not. You know how I hate it,—strange people to dinner, when we can't afford to entertain properly: I don't like to see people starve before my very eyes. Why do you keep on asking them? You need not count upon me. Besides, to-night I'm not in the mood."

She took up her violin and commenced to play an exercise she had been practising.

"You'll ruin your eyes," said her mother, leaving the room only half vanquished.

Madge glanced after her with a mingled look of love and criticism. A string snapped, and she laid the violin down, breaking the lily by her side from off its stem, with her elbow.

"Poor mamma, dear mamma," she murmured to herself, "she does not understand things; she never will. I must find Rita."

She met her sister in the hall.

"Mamma's asked company to dinner," she said, "and we'll have to dress."

"Oh, Madge, who is it?"

"I don't know. I told mamma I wouldn't come down-stairs; but I suppose I must."

"Yes, of course; but I wish she hadn't asked any one. I don't feel a bit like company, either."

The two girls went up-stairs to their rooms together. Rita hesitated at Madge's door, as if she wanted to say something; finally she ventured. She stepped into the room and put her arms around her sister's neck from behind and bent her head back.

"Madge," she said, "tell me, are you going to marry Douglas Weldon?"

"I don't know," Madge answered, looking her straight in the face. And then Rita left her and went to her own room, puzzled.

When they came into the drawing-room they saw their mother talking to a strange gentleman at the farther end.

"It's a man, and he is rather young," whispered Rita.

"Some one we're to angle for, probably," answered Madge, who had a great scorn for her mother's innocent little match-making manoeuvres. "I shall bait my hook with gall and vinegar."

Mrs. Synnott came forward and presented her guest. Madge bowed and passed by him to the piano, where she looked over some of the music. Rita was more gracious, and started a conversation:

this was her especial duty in the family, and one her certain charm of manner—the ability to feel an interest in everything through her sympathy with people in general—lent itself to with signal success.

"Are you *the* Mr. Farnsworth? I am reading your book, if you are, and I'm not at all sure how it will end. I'm delighted to meet you."

He was a rather tall, delicate-featured man, with sympathetic eyes, a small moustache, and wavy blond hair which was not close-cropped. He was conventionally dressed, but with an indescribable suggestion of the artistic temperament, which hinted rebellion against the narrow code of a man's costume. Perhaps this showed itself in the color of his cravat, the composition of his *boutonniere*, or the form of his scarf-pin. He was dignified, yet gesticulated while he talked, and used his hands gracefully and more freely than the ordinary modern man.

His face lighted with pleasure at his new acquaintance's unaffected compliment.

"I hope the end won't disappoint you," he said.

"Does it end pleasantly?" she asked, and then added, quickly, "Don't tell me; I'd rather not know till I come to it."

"Well," he replied, "it ends naturally, at any rate."

No one spoke for a moment. Mrs. Synnott was fluttering uneasily about, like an indecisive butterfly.

"How I wish I could write a novel!" Rita began. "I tried to several times, but I invariably fell in love with my villains instead of my heroes, and my attempts were very bad. How do you write books? Does the story come to you all at once, or do you invent and change as you go along?"

"I don't suppose," suggested Madge, breaking into the conversation, "that Mr. Farnsworth has met a single girl who has not asked him that question. Rita, why didn't you try to think of something original?"

Before any one could answer, a maid stepped into the room, and announced,—

"Mr. Weldon."

Madge greeted the arrival with that perfectly unaffected smile a girl has for the man she feels sure of. He seemed very much at home, and called the two younger women by their first names. He was a splendid big fellow, broad-chested, broad-shouldered, broad-minded, good-looking, level-headed, tender-hearted. He had still another quality, which won general approval,—one which Mrs. Synnott did not forget. She told her daughters, when she first knew him, she had met a Mr. Weldon who was so nice, and so rich.

Mrs. Synnott led the way almost immediately into the dining-room with her usual apologies for informality, no other guests, and the various other things that occurred to her at the moment, the lack of any of which seemed in no wise to affect the peace or comfort of her guests.

The Synnotts lived in one of those old Dutch houses one so frequently sees in New York, in West Twenty-Second Street, between Eighth and Ninth Avenues. That it was between these avenues, and

not between Fifth and Sixth, was one of Mrs. Synnott's severest trials in life. Madge used to say Sixth Avenue was her mother's horizon-line, and they lived on the wrong side of it. When Mr. Synnott died, long before the girls were grown, he left his widow this house, which his grandfather had built, and his life-insurance. They lived in the former, and tried to live on the latter, and did very well, everything considered. They had the *entrée* into the "best society" in town, they were met at exclusive dinner-tables always once or twice every winter, and appeared at a few of the Patriarchs and Assemblies in the course of the season; but their very limited income drew them somewhat out of the social swim. Madge said she grew tired herself of alternating two ball-dresses, only one of which was new, a whole year, even if other people weren't bored to death seeing her. They all had too much self-respect to take advantage of the wealth of those people who are willing to make stepping-stones of poor aristocrats to mount into a "higher set" than the one they belong to. Consequently their entertaining amounted to little more than an occasional small-and-early, which the girls called "cheap-and-hungry," and a "day at home." This was not enough for society: so the Synnotts had drifted into a somewhat bohemian clique, which Madge and Rita, if not their mother, found more satisfactory. Mr. Synnott, who had been a well-known amateur musician, had many friends who were especially interested in Madge's music, for it had the fire of genius in it. Bohemia—and Bohemia is a good judge—expected great things of her. Rita they loved, but it was not every one who could understand her extraordinary charm of being always simply and unaffectedly delightful. She was perfectly good, Madge said, without being "soft,"—which meant good without trying to be. Mrs. Synnott was decorative, and she amused people. Bohemia flocked to their "days," sipped their good Bohea, and nibbled their sugary biscuits.

Farnsworth talked to Rita during most of the dinner, drawing Mrs. Synnott and the others occasionally into the conversation, in a way that showed him a good diner-out and an easy guest,—a most comfortable thing to have at one's table. Rita, as she sat there, made him long to be an artist, just to be able to paint her. She had masses of burnished brown hair, which was caught up on the top of her head with an ivory comb. Her features were sufficiently irregular to license a difference of opinion as to whether she were beautiful or not; but her eyes were as lovely as her sister's, though different, and full of an ever-varying expression, and her well-shaped head was poised upon a perfect neck and rounded white shoulders.

The conversation at the table was only now and then general. Madge and Weldon appeared to have acquired the ability of retiring verbally from the rest of the company, which did not, however, seem to offend any one, so Mrs. Synnott did not interfere: she was exceedingly anxious that it should make a match. She loved both of her daughters, and had really devoted her life to them, though not altogether with success, because she did not understand her children. Neither of them was at all like her. Madge she worshipped, and stood somewhat in awe of, for she had never been able to influence her

in the least. She knew she was a girl capable of great passions, and a creature of strong impulses. Although failing in sympathy, she recognized the fact of her child's intense nature, with its strange changes and wealth of sentiment, and trembled for her future. She knew the dangers of a morbidly artistic temperament, and she knew this danger was so much the greater when the temperament was not held in control, but was pandered to as Madge's was. She thought with Douglas Weldon this future would be safe.

Eventually, in the course of the dinner, Mrs. Synnnett allowed Farnsworth to draw her into the conversation again, and remained there. She was a good talker, and a clever woman in her way. That is, she knew a good deal about music, and something about pictures, and could impress most people with the belief that she knew more than she did about everything. She could discuss a book whether she had read it or not. She had not read Mr. Farnsworth's.

"I hope we're to have another novel soon," she said.

"Only wait till I have read this one," interpolated Rita, gayly.

"Why, my dear, haven't you finished it yet? How could you leave it till you had?" She turned again to the young author: "How well you understand women!"

"Isn't mamma clever!" whispered Madge: "she's not read a chapter in his book."

"What! Oh, eh, yes," said Weldon, who had not heard what the others were talking about, but had been paying attention solely to Madge.

Farnsworth was flattered. It always pleases a man to tell him he knows women. It's like complimenting some people on their appreciation of Botticelli or their understanding of Wagner.

"Thank you, Mrs. Synnnett," he said: "you know how to praise. You praise sympathetically." He never dreamed the woman had not read his book. "Most people praise too collectively," he added, turning to Miss Synnnett.

"Yes, mamma is a very good critic," vouched Rita. It was true, too, as far as superficial criticism goes,—which is quite far enough in some books.

"I don't know about that," said Mrs. Synnnett; "but, since circumstances——"

"Over which we have no control," suggested Madge.

"Madge, you're rude," Mrs. Synnnett smilingly rebuked, and continued,—“since circumstances have obliged me to give up, to a great degree, a social life, I've devoted much of my time to books and music and art, and I ought to know something about them, unless I am hopelessly stupid.”

"The person who dared to call mamma stupid," said Madge, fairly in the conversation now, as the finger-bowls were being placed about, "would do so in peril of his life, while knives are still used for fruit, and the memory of Lady Macbeth lives."

"Don't you think Madge would make a good Lady Macbeth?" laughed Rita. "You know she always believed it was the tiger, and not the lady, that the barbaric princess chose."

"And Rita," smiled Madge, "would, I am sure, have given her lover the lady and chosen the tiger for herself."

"Our family is a mutual admiration society," said Mrs. Synnnett.

"I should like to apply for admission to the society," said Farnsworth, with some masculine coquetry in a look towards Rita.

"We'll adopt you," she said, "for a brother: won't we, Madge?"

But Madge pretended not to hear. "He's a flirt," she thought. "I hate him." Madge's conclusions were always instantaneous, but they were not like the laws of the Medes and Persians; and, as with instantaneous photography, the negative could be so altered in her mental developing-room that you would not recognize the final impression from the first proof.

The men refused to smoke, and all four drifted into the music-room together. Rita seated herself on the piano-stool with the readiness of one who does not play, and Madge and Weldon slipped out of an open window for a stroll in the little garden. Mrs. Synnnett followed the maid with the coffee-cups out of the room. Farnsworth stood leaning against the piano. He spoke to Rita:

"Who is Mr. Weldon?"

"Quite an old friend of ours. He is a young lawyer. I don't think he is exactly brilliant, but he is one of those splendid workers who always succeed, don't you know? Mamma is very fond of him."

When a girl feels obliged to account for the status of a young man in the family, it always turns out to be a sentiment on the part of her mother.

"Yes, I've heard of him from some friends of mine down-town. We were at the same college together; but I did not know him."

"Are you fond of music?" asked Rita, somewhat irrelevantly: "we all are, here, and Madge plays so well: you must hear her."

"I care for music almost more than for my writing. I only gave up hopes of doing something in it because I felt I could not divide my energies and do justice to both ends. Bigamy is not successful often with the Muses: even Rossetti might have loved Art more if he had not wedded Poetry as well. Writing seemed to me to be the surer and the more remunerative of my two ambitions: one has to take so many things into consideration, you know." And he smilingly slurred over his necessity.

Mrs. Synnnett joined them, and Madge and Weldon came back from their short walk.

"Madge, play us something," begged her mother.

"No, mamma, I can't to-night."

"Do, Madge, won't you?" pleaded Rita.

And all except Weldon tried to persuade her. She turned and looked them all straight in the face, with an odd little glance.

"Don't ask me," she said, "for I won't; and I'm sorry to be disobliging." And she sat down in the window-seat, where Weldon joined her.

Mrs. Synnnett apologized for her: it was something Mrs. Synnnett was quite used to doing. She said Madge had been practising all the afternoon, and they ought not to have asked her.

While she talked, Farnsworth watched the girl over in the window-seat. She certainly was disagreeable, he thought, but nevertheless she attracted him. "Not a nice disposition," he said to himself, "but I'd wager anything on her playing. I wish she would play now; but she won't, I can see that. There's something strange about her. Perhaps it's her beauty, which is an unusual type. I think the girl will have a history. I shall watch and see." He answered Mrs. Synnnett in the affirmative, and she rattled on. His thoughts went back to the window-seat. "She'll make that man miserable if she marries him; and I presume she will: the mother will manage that. He will bore her, although he loves her, probably, like a dog, but his nature will never be able to supplement hers."

"Would you write in our copy of your book," Mrs. Synnnett asked, "if I sent for it? We are not autograph-fiends, but I think that when one knows the author it's interesting to have his writing in one's book. Signatures of people I care about have always interested me."

"Thanks," answered Farnsworth; "I will write with pleasure; but I'm going to take the liberty of sending Miss Synnnett a copy tomorrow, to persuade her to finish the story, and I shall write in that."

Mrs. Synnnett looked pleased, and murmured something about that doing as well. The fact was, she was somewhat relieved: she might have had an awkward moment. The maid had brought the book, and she held it in her hand, but she had seen that the leaves of the last half had not been cut.

Rita was delighted, and told him so frankly, as he started to say his adieux.

"How do you decide on a *dénouement*?" she asked.

"I don't decide," he replied: "they are inevitable."

"Come in informally whenever you feel like it," said Mrs. Synnnett, cordially; "and we are always at home Sunday evening."

As he left the house he was thinking of Rita. "She is like David's picture of *Récamier*," he said, half aloud, "only nicer."

In the drawing-room, after the door closed, Madge was the first to speak.

"He's perfectly horrid," she said. "I don't ever wish to see him again."

"Why, Madge," remonstrated Rita, "how dare you say so? I think he's delightful, and a genius. You can't judge; for you've been awfully rude all the evening. I wonder what he thought of you?"

Madge shrugged her shoulders.

"I can imagine," she said. "He is sure that I am quite the most disagreeable girl he has ever met, partly because I wouldn't flirt with him, and partly because I was so frightfully impolite. And he is sure also that I cannot play a bit. He looked so bored when you asked me to."

Weldon stood by with his hands in his pockets, and said nothing. He never criticised Madge, even in his thoughts. Besides, she had devoted her whole evening to him, and he had been happy and was content. He felt they were ready for him to go: so he said good-

night, and strolled out down the street with a cigar Madge lit for him in the hall.

"I'm going to bed," said Mrs. Synnott, putting out the lamps. "I'm tired. How nice Mr. Farnsworth is! I wonder if he has made much money out of his book?"

"It isn't likely," Madge answered. "Leave one lamp: I'm going to stay up awhile longer."

"To play?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Synnott looked a mild rebuke, and then followed Rita out of the room. Rita took Farnsworth's book up-stairs with her, and finished it before she went to bed. It ended sadly. She remembered Mr. Farnsworth had said the ending was inevitable. She arranged it so there was general happiness, and wondered why he could not have ended it that way. She did not see any reason why he could not have done so. She did not understand this inevitability of its ending the author's way. She wondered if he were really right, and, still questioning, she fell asleep. So we often try to resist the *dénouement* of our lives, failing to understand the climax that the Author of our story has given us. So we too question, and fall asleep, sometimes, doubting if He is right.

Madge, when she was left alone, replaced the broken string of her violin, and then laid it down on the piano. She saw the lily she had accidentally broken from the stem in the afternoon, lying crushed on the corner where Farnsworth had leaned his arm. She placed the poor bruised flower in the water in the top of the vase; then she sank down on the stool, dropping her elbows gently on the piano-keys with a soft discord. She was thinking hard on a subject which had occupied her mind more or less for some time,—lately, however, more,—trying to come to a decision on that one question over which nearly every woman that has lived has hesitated some time or other in her life. And Madge's decision involved more than the typical one, perhaps. Now, as she leaned, her face in her hands, over the key-board, she asked herself again, for the hundredth time, should she marry Douglas Weldon?

She loved him; she loved no one any better; she could not at that moment think of any one she loved so much. But once she had heard a man play on the violin who had influenced her in a different and a wonderful way,—who had caused her to forget herself in thinking of him. She thought of Weldon, on the contrary, only when she remembered herself. She had first idealized and then idolized this musician with whom she blindly felt in such close sympathy. She went to every concert at which he played. He absorbed her days, and nights she dreamed of him, sleeping with his photograph, which she had purchased "for a friend" at the shop on Broadway, under her pillow. She fed on him in her mind and heart, until all her strength was consumed. She never met him, never spoke to him, and finally he returned to the foreign country he came from. Since, she had not even heard of him. Heavens! how long ago that seemed! It was eight years. She recalled it now, because she felt perhaps there was a

possibility of her loving that way again, some one she might know. She could never, never love Douglas so. She smiled as she thought to herself that Weldon would not like her to. He did not understand jealousy, and so completely absorbing a passion would interfere with his law.

Should she marry him, then, or should she wait for a man to come actually into her life, a man like that other who had only passed by, out of reach? Such a one might never come, and, if he did, would she be happy with him? (She changed her position, making another discord on the piano, which jarred upon her, and wrinkled her forehead.) Were two intense natures immeasurably sympathetic capable of living together in complete harmony? and, if not, would not the love turn into as immeasurable a hate? With a man and a love like Weldon's, on the other hand, a quarrel would be more than atoned for in the very pleasure of "making up." Weldon could give her all those things in life which she craved and which money alone could find. There need be no more economizing,—instead, luxuriating. That was it: there would be physical luxury, but would there be mental luxury? Would not life with a man who was not in sympathy with you, but followed you about like a dog, become tedious, commonplace, a long bore? She hated anything commonplace. To be bored, to her high-strung nervous sensibilities, was martyrdom: she would almost rather be burned at the stake. But couldn't she bring herself into sympathy with him? The trouble was, she did not wish to. Then she did not love him enough to marry him. But suppose she did love him sufficiently, and then that, after she had married Douglas, some one else—this other man—should appear. . . . She shuddered, and her lips grew hard and narrow. She stood up in the room and spoke aloud:

"I can't decide!—I can't! Things must drift."

As sure as one drifts, one goes down the river to the rapids, or else out into the shoreless, bottomless sea. It is only when one works with the oar that one goes, against the current, up-stream to the source of all things.

She took up her violin and played to relieve her thoughts. For a few moments the strains of music beat upon the air like waves that break on a sanded beach. Then she stopped, exhausted, and went into the library, before going up-stairs, and looked all about her for a book. "It was here before dinner. What's become of it?" she murmured, closing the door behind her.

Rita had just read the *finis*, and had closed the book, and was thinking.

CHAPTER II.

THE next morning Rita was in the music-room, placing fresh flowers about, when a package came for her. She had just taken the faded lily out of the vase on the piano, and, with it still in her hand, she tore off the papers about Farnsworth's book. She turned quickly to the fly-leaf, and found there underneath his name a quatrain:

This promised book
To you I send:
Give it a look,
And me—a friend.

Rita smiled with pleasure, and spoke aloud to herself, as she turned over the leaves towards the last chapter, with an undefined sort of feeling that perhaps in this, her volume, it ended differently. She heard her mother calling her, and shut the book suddenly, with the withered lily between the leaves, and went to see what she was wanted for.

When she came back, Madge was practising. She wished to show her her quatrain, but Madge said she wouldn't be bored.

"Rita," she asked, running down the scale, "do you like that man?"

"Yes, I do, and better than most men the first time I see them."

"I can tell you one thing,"—tightening a string,—"he's a flirt. You'd better be careful."

"Madge, don't be absurd. I haven't seen the man but once. I hope you don't think I'm silly enough to fall in love with every agreeable man mamma asks to the house? You're like a professional gymnast, the way you jump at conclusions."

"But you know, Rita, that you can't flirt: you're impossible at it."

"Well, what if I can't? and suppose that we had known each other some time, and that I did care for him? what if he were a flirt? Plenty of people would tell Douglas Weldon that you were a flirt."

"He wouldn't believe them if they did," replied Madge, picking a jig on her violin with her left hand.

"Perhaps it would be better for him if he would," suggested Rita, blandly.

"That's just it, Rita,—just what I told you. You'd better give it up. You're too sweet." And she kissed her. "You can't argue about flirting: you don't know what you're talking about. Now I must practise; I promised mamma I would, and I have a lesson to-morrow."

Mrs. Synnott was in the library, reading Daudet's last novel in the original, with a pocket dictionary. She looked up when her daughter entered.

"Rita," she said, "do you know anything about Madge and Douglas Weldon? Is she going to marry him?"

"I don't know," answered Rita.

"But he cannot be held off this way forever. He'll get tired of it."

"Perhaps that is what Madge wants."

"My dear Rita, how can you suggest such a thing? It would be madness for Madge to throw away such a chance. It's all very well for you to have your high ideals about love and marriage, but you know what Madge is. She will be a wretched woman if she can't have what she wants in the world. And if she can't love Douglas

Weldon I don't know whom she can love. He would make a perfect husband."

"Of course Madge will always have her music to fall back upon. I believe she is fonder now of her violin than of any human being."

"Dear me, Rita, you've picked up that idea from this bohemian set of your father's. Madge would starve on her music alone. You might as well talk of living by your short stories: I don't mean that they are not clever," she added, rather quickly, fearing she had hurt her daughter's feelings,—“you know what I think of them,—but they aren't remunerative."

"No, not very," and Rita smiled, "but perhaps some time I shall write a novel."

"Well, I hope so, I'm sure," answered Mrs. Synnott, in a not very encouraging voice. She was thinking of Madge again. "Douglas Weldon could give her everything she wished to make her happy."

"Do you think he would make her happy?" said Rita.

"As happy as any one could. I wish you had some influence with her. I haven't any. This affair worries me terribly. I want to do the best I can for my children, but sometimes I think it's not appreciated," sighed Mrs. Synnott.

"Mamma dear," remonstrated Rita, coaxingly, "you know we appreciate everything. "You know——"

"Oh, I didn't mean you, dear. I didn't mean any one, particularly." And she opened her novel and commenced to read.

Rita looked about the room for something to occupy herself with. She picked up a guitar finally, one that had belonged to her mother when she was a young girl, and strummed an accompaniment to some softly-sung songs, among the cushions of a big corner-seat.

It was an attractive room,—the walls hung with dark, large-figured *crêtonne*, books all about, and a fine collection of Delft china on the mantel and chimney. Photographs were scattered everywhere,—interesting ones, many of them, of more or less famous people, and signed at the bottom. There were two pictures in the room, one a Sargent portrait of Mrs. Synnott, and the other one of Henner's nymphs, a small study. There was a large unframed copy, in photograph, of a Burne-Jones head on the mantel behind one of the Delft vases: this was Rita's.

Madge, when she finished her practising, found the other copy of Farnsworth's book, and took it up into her own room.

Some days afterwards Mrs. Synnott was looking for it in vain. She wanted to really read it. She began to like Mr. Farnsworth immensely, he was so perfectly congenial in every way, and she had noticed a certain especial attention to Rita.

The two were often together. They enjoyed much the same pictures, and Rita was remarkably well read,—better than Farnsworth himself. They went to art exhibitions together, read and criticised books together, and they had not been friends longer than a month when he proposed reading to her some of the manuscript chapters of his forthcoming novel.

Cyril Farnsworth was an orphan of very good family but little or

no income, save from his pen, and a small legacy from his mother, which only helped him to live comfortably. Living comfortably with him did not mean the same as with some men. It meant nice chambers, in no matter what part of town as long as they were decently located and convenient; a large study full of old tapestries, old stuffs, old furniture, pictures, brasses, antique silver, and the wherewithal to add to these now and then, by wonderful bargains, which he knew how to make better than any one else. It meant fashionable clothes, though not many, and it meant flowers to give away, to grow on his desk, and to wear in his button-hole, even during a blizzard. He had never saved a penny, and probably never would; on the other hand, he was not in debt, and had never been, not even during his college days. In those airy years of free agency he had been president of the Dramatic Association, and chairman of the cotillon class, and editor of the *Literary Monthly*,—till one term when he fell head over heels into English literature, found a delightful professor there, and never really became free again.

He had a host of friends, for all of whom he cared a great deal. He was unaffected and unconscious. He had too much sympathy for people, and was never found lacking a generous impulse. He did not know how to say "no," but he could say "yes" if he meant it or not, though he would hardly be called a liar. With the world he was worldly; with his friends, or those acquaintances whom he liked, he was apt to be simply himself. Like all people of his temperament, he was a man of moods, and he had found Rita Synnott in sympathy with all of them. He had gone to her unreasonably depressed, or foolishly elated, and left her invariably with his mind at rest in that medium of calm which does more for the busy brain than a cool night's sleep. He never failed to find her where he expected her, in judgment and in thought. She even discovered those faults in his work which in many cases he had felt to be unsatisfactory to himself, and almost unerringly phrased those especial passages over which he had smiled with a certain sense of pleasure as he wrote them. He had never been bored in Rita's presence. They talked or they were silent, it made no difference, either way he was happy with her. And she gave him that most delicate of all flattery to a man, a glad welcome whenever she saw him, even if he had only left her a few hours before. This was all the more forcible in comparison with her sister's manner. In fact, Madge seemed always to be leaving the room as he entered it.

Madge interested and puzzled him. He could not help admiring her, in spite of her conspicuous disinclination for his society. He was obliged to confess that she was always handsome and at times strangely, indescribably beautiful, that she was exceedingly clever, and her wit brilliant, if sometimes scathing. She was often unwarrantably rude, and often as unexpectedly kind. She was as extreme in the one as she was in the other. She shocked him and surprised him with delight alternately, until she fairly bewildered him, and on one occasion he went to her sister for an explanation. What Rita said was, "Oh, you must know Madge as we do, then you'll love her as we do; but you must not try to find a reason for what she does."

He knew, before he heard her, that she would play well. But still when he heard her he was surprised, and wondered, not at the perfection of her playing, but at the feeling she put in it, and the beauty of her method. His first hearing her was by accident, for she had constantly refused to play before him. But one day, while waiting in the library for her sister, he heard the sound of a violin, and slipped in through the half-open door of the music-room. Madge had broken off in the middle of what she was practising, as she often did, and was playing parts of a well-known mass. She was not a religious girl, but she had a great love for church music. She had moved from the piano and her rack, and stood with her side-face towards him. Her body swayed slightly in harmony with the modulation of the music, which was sorrowful and came with a minor wail that sank heavily into Farnsworth's heart, steeping his senses in a momentary melancholy for which he knew no other actual reason. When she stopped he came forward, but for a minute he felt unable to speak; and when Madge saw him she drew back, her eyes, on whose deep fringes there were tears, blazing suddenly.

"Mr. Farnsworth," she said, "how dared you creep in and listen to me? You know I have always refused to play to you. You have taken a dishonorable advantage."

And, as unconscious as he that she was in her dressing-gown, in which she had stolen down-stairs in the middle of the afternoon, she swept indignantly past him, with the magnificent demeanor of an injured prima donna. It might have softened it a little for him if he had known she was putting the words of a poem of his to the music, but he did not know this, and that it was true only made her the more angry.

Into Weldon's ear Madge poured everything: how much she detested Farnsworth, and how clever he was!—that she could not understand how Rita could see so much of him, but how very handsome he was, and what perfect manners he had! She contradicted this last after the music-room episode. She described his behavior then as that of a "beast," although during the same conversation—it was a week afterwards—she spoke of his great appreciation of music. She and Weldon had just come in from a walk.

"Madge," he said, "it seems to me you're always talking about Farnsworth. I wish you'd talk about something else."

Madge was nonplussed: she did not know she had talked so much about him. She laughed.

"Why, Douglas, are you jealous?"

"No, not exactly that. I'm not the jealous kind."

"I know you're not. I wish you were. I can't understand a love without jealousy."

"Then you don't understand mine?"

"Oh, I understand yours as far as it goes,"—she laughed again, cynically,—“but it doesn't go far enough.”

Weldon liked to hear Madge talk in this way. She amused him, for he did not realize how much in earnest she was; and when sometimes she grew angry, he fairly worshipped her. She was grand in a rage,

and he was not enough in sympathy to be afraid of her, and, besides, he never was afraid of anything. Only sometimes he was a trifle discouraged or impatient. He answered then,—

"Madge, shall I never be able to satisfy you? Will you never learn to love me? What can I do to make you?"

"Oh, Douglas, Douglas!" she said, smiling seriously; "in the first place, never ask a girl what you shall do to make her love you. You must do it of yourself, whatever it is."

They were still standing, facing each other. She looked straight into his eyes, and said,—

"Why don't you give it up?"

He gazed calmly back into those large, unfathomable, blue depths of hers, without flinching:

"I will never give up."

And he meant it. He was determined to win her by his very constancy, if by nothing else. He was sure that would win her in time, for it would win him, and he could not reason any differently for her or for any one than he reasoned for himself. When Douglas Weldon put himself in any one's place, it was not a change of temperament or nature, it was only a change of locality.

"If you only would give me up," Madge said, "or get angry with me, like every one else, perhaps I would love you more. But you won't, of course. Why didn't you fall in love with Rita?"

He took her hand, and she let him hold it, wondering just what he would do with it. He had a firm, well-shaped hand, that still held her delicate, sensitive fingers tenderly. She could not but feel in it a sense of protection and strength.

"Don't you believe you do love me a little, in spite of yourself?" he asked.

Madge gave him a puzzled little glance and drew her hand away. She did not know whether she thought him a fool or a very wise man. But she felt she must make up her mind soon, in simple fairness to him.

"Douglas," she said, "you shall have your answer on your birthday."

"But that's not for nearly a month."

"Well, aren't you willing to wait?"

She would have been glad if he had not been: it would have pleased her to have him press her for an answer then and refuse to be put off. But Weldon's impatience had passed away, and he was willing to wait, especially with the certainty of an answer before him at a stated time.

There was a slight commotion in the hall, and the maid brought in Mr. Farnsworth's card. Madge made a grimace.

"Show Mr. Farnsworth into the library," she said, "and take the card to Miss Rita."

"Won't you play something for me, Madge?" asked Weldon, when the maid was gone.

"Why, I can't have any accompaniment," she answered.

"That doesn't make any difference to me."

"What shall I play?" she asked.

"Anything; only," bashfully, "I *should* like something with a tune."

"Oh, Douglas, Douglas!" she said, smiling. Madge's smile was often like the ripple on a deep pool: she smiled, but you saw a seriousness behind, like the darker depths beneath the dimpled water.

She thought to herself as she took up her violin how like him the speech was; he didn't care for music, it was only her he cared for; it wouldn't make any difference whether she played a national or a sonata,—he wouldn't understand. But she was partially wrong; for he would have much preferred the national air.

Douglas sat down in the window and watched her: it was something he loved to do, to watch her without talking. First she played some sprightly ballet music. Then she wilfully changed it into the parts of the mass she had played unconsciously to Farnsworth that afternoon a week ago. Douglas only saw the expression he worshipped come into her face, and dropped his cigarette into a vase near his elbow, so the smoke would not be between his eyes and her. When she finished, and he spoke, she started, and looked around as if she had forgotten who was there.

Farnsworth and Rita were discussing a new book in the library. Rita was disappointed, when she came down, that he had not brought his own manuscript; but Farnsworth said it was not quite ready to read to her yet.

"I don't think it will pay you to read Bond Breckenridge's new book," he told her: "it is nothing but a love-story pure and simple."

"But I like some love-stories. I don't mean that in choosing a book I should ask only if it were a love-story or not, but I do like to find love in it. Now, do you think me awfully sentimental?"

"No, indeed." And they both laughed, though neither could have told exactly why. "But this new novel of mine has no love in it. It's been my idea to write such a book for some time. I don't know how successful I'm going to be."

"That depends, of course, on how interesting it is, and what you have to create that interest. You must have something. I suppose love doesn't interest the world generally as much as it used to. What is it about, your book?"

"It's about—I should say it was about the lack of love. It's what some people call a Social Study. It deals with modern society."

"Do you mean it's like one of Mr. Howells's?"

"No. But I've taken a set of worldly people full of schemes and plans for life, some of which are successful and some of which are not. However it is, it makes but little difference. The 'set' continues on. Clever women make and keep places in society for themselves to which they have no right. Clever men marry pretty girls who are rich, and obtain a home which they only use as a convenience. People become engaged, married, and divorced, all with equal facility and without even a reference to love,—at any rate, not the true sort. Politicians are successful. Millionaires fail. Babies are born. Old people live on. Young girls die."

Rita did not answer immediately. She did not know quite what to say. She was wondering if he were writing one of those immoral novels. She hoped not, but she did not know how to say so. She concluded, however, that he would not have proposed reading it to her in that case,—although she knew some men, nowadays, were decidedly free about such things, especially the artists with whom Farnsworth spent much of his time (really, when he did not spend it with her, but she did not think of it in that way). She asked another question:

"Have you any religion in it? Most books have now."

"No study of religion, if you mean that."

"Yes. Mamma told me, I think, you were a High Churchman."

"Yes, that form of worship appeals to me more than any other. Some people tell me it's wrong, because it's reaching God through the medium of my senses; but I don't see why that's wrong, if I reach Him. Others tell me that what I worship is the Ritual, and not God; and I can only tell them they are wrong,—that the beauty of the service lifts me more out of my worldly self and into a purer mood of appreciation and thought, a loftier state of mind. I never argue about religious matters, because I can't. I only know what I believe, unbelievably, and that I am a poor example of those who agree with me: so I try to keep myself in the background."

"I don't know just what I do believe, but I often wish I had been brought up to be a Churchwoman: it might have made a difference; I don't know. You see, mamma was an Episcopalian and papa a Presbyterian when they married, and between themselves and their two families they could not decide which should give up to the other, and it ended in their not going to any church very often, and now mamma is a Social Scientist."

"Really!" exclaimed Farnsworth, much astonished. He had never in the least understood what a Social Scientist was, but he had always had an abhorrence of them, and believed them all to be cranks.

Rita laughed at his very evident surprise.

"You needn't be alarmed," she said: "she isn't much of a one. Between ourselves, I don't think she believes in it herself really, but it amuses her and gives her something to think of; and then we are all very fond of Miss Wright, who won mamma over. She's one of the great leaders."

"You're not one of them?" said Farnsworth, somewhat beseechingly.

"Oh, no! I don't know what I am. I wish I were more of something. I seem to believe in a God, but—don't be shocked—I don't know what kind of a one. Sometimes I've thought I was a sort of pantheist, I'm so fond of nature. I always spend my summers away off somewhere in the country, instead of going with mamma to the watering-places and 'resorts.' And—do you know?—I can make flowers live longer than any one else. . . . That has always been one of the odd differences between Madge and me, since we were little girls. Madge loves flowers too, but she always wore hers till they were bruised, or broken, and faded, and then she pressed them, if they were ones she wanted especially to keep, in her favorite book. I

never wore mine, or, if I did, not till they were dead. I put them in water and nursed them, until they blossomed themselves away, and only the stems and fallen petals were left." She looked at Farnsworth, and her face fell. His eyes were far away, and he did not seem to be listening.

"I'm boring you," she said, penitently. He started.

"Indeed you are not," he answered, looking at her earnestly. "I was only thinking . . ."

"Thinking what?" she asked, when he stopped abruptly, indefinitely expecting something.

He had been thinking what an exquisite, ideal little creature she was,—how that all her life she had been tossed about from her mother to her sister like a plaything, and yet she had kept a character of her own, sweeter and more stable than theirs. He could not remember ever having seen a look of discontentment on her face. He had been with her when she was disappointed and annoyed, but she had not let either feeling get the better of her. She never did a tedious or disagreeable thing, if she could help it, but if such things had to be done, and could not be put off any longer, she did them herself quietly, instead of leaving them for the sympathetic hands of some one else. She was the most restful person he had ever known. Just to look at her made him happier. But he did not tell her that these had been his thoughts.

"I was thinking," he said, "how you are naturally good and true without that stimulus with which I am a careless, wicked fellow." And, in spite of the pleasure which his praise gave her, Rita felt somehow disappointed with his answer.

Shortly after he went away, leaving behind the novel he had brought, unopened. When he said good-by he added,—

"You don't know how much I think of you, Miss Rita." Always before he had called her Miss Synnott. He had that serious look in his eyes which Rita liked. She answered him, with a smile that a more conceited or less irresponsible man would have understood,—

"And I of you."

She hoped he would linger a little longer, but he only hesitated a moment, and then went out of the room. She stood for some time just where he left her, the discarded novel lying forgotten on the floor at her feet, thinking over their conversation, and of what good friends they were,—simply good, honest friends.

On the steps as he was leaving the house Farnsworth met Madge. She had strolled out with Weldon again, and he had just left her. The air had put her in the best of spirits: she even felt agreeably inclined towards Mr. Farnsworth.

"You're coming to-morrow night," she said, "aren't you? You know it is mamma's night at home, and we are going to have some music. Mrs. Jones-Robbins is going to sing."

"Thanks," Farnsworth replied. "I shall certainly come now, after a special invitation from you. And I shall take it for a peace-offering."

"By no means. You're entirely too grasping. At the most it's only a very temporary flag of truce," said Madge, amusedly.

"Really, you know, you can't blame me: the end quite justified the means," he said, determined to make the most of his opportunity.

"But you'll acknowledge," trying unsuccessfully to look serious, "that it was abominable, contemptible of you?"

"Oh, yes, I'll acknowledge anything, if you'll pardon me," he said, serio-comically.

"I will on one condition,"—her manner changed completely; she was altogether in earnest now: "it is that you won't confine all your reading to Rita, but will read to me—once."

"It would bore you to death."

"Don't be foolish. I'll run that risk."

"Done, then."

And they shook hands. There was an indescribable sensation of magnetism, as if their two hearts were striving to beat in time, like the getting into step of two comrades in marching. It was a strange sense of unusual sympathy, that startled Farnsworth, so that he forgot to let go her hand till Madge suddenly drew it away, trembling. Smiling strainedly at him, she turned and went into the house without speaking. Farnsworth lifted his hat, and walked slowly up the street.

"There's something strange about that girl that draws me to her and at the same time repels me," he said to himself; and he thought of Madge all the way home.

That night he worked on his novel. He tried a change. He wrote a love-passage into it, which he felt strongly when he read it aloud to himself, late, just before going to bed; but in the morning, before taking certain chapters to read to Rita, he cut it out.

CHAPTER III.

MRS. SYNNETT was never happier than when receiving her friends on Sunday evening. The moment any one entered her rooms she made him feel welcome, and then placed him agreeably in conversation somewhere. She was with her guests like an artist with his colors: she knew how to combine those that went well together. And her music-room was always crowded, because people knew they would not be depended upon to amuse themselves and their hostess at Mrs. Synnett's.

This Sunday evening Farnsworth and Weldon had dined there informally, after walking home with the two girls from the afternoon service at St. Mary's, where they had gone to hear some festival music. Weldon was being made use of by Mrs. Synnett. He was always willing to be introduced to any one for the sake of helping her in any way. He did not have Farnsworth's tact of himself filling up a breach, but he would allow himself to be bored with perfect composure, when told how.

Rita was regularly sacrificed on the social altar every Sunday evening by her mother, without any of the parental compunction which filled the breast of Abraham when he led Isaac up the mountain. Nothing, of course, was expected of Madge, except what she would do of her own sweet will, which sometimes was more than the others were capable

of, but was more often rather little. She stood this evening with Farnsworth, at one side, telling him who the people were as they came in, and criticising freely. Rita saw the evident state of good feeling between them with pleased surprise.

"Ah! who is that?" asked Farnsworth, as a tall, handsome woman dressed in red, with a superb figure, greeted Weldon somewhat impressively and took him away from an irresponsive, middle-aged, thin little creature, a poetess whose volume had not yet come out, and with whom he had been trying to converse on his whole *répertoire* of topics.

"That's Mrs. Norris. Isn't she stunning?"

"Who is she?"

"Why, don't you know? She writes society articles for the papers. Every one is awfully afraid of her, except the men, and they all worship her."

"I don't wonder."

"No; do you? I'm with the men. I'm devoted to her. We're great friends. I'll introduce you."

"Thanks,—later; I'm in no hurry just now. Who's her husband?"

"Her what?" repeated Madge, laughing. "I'm sure I don't know. Nobody does. Nobody ever saw him or heard of him. She hasn't any."

"But I thought you said she was Mrs. Norris?"

"I did, but she's a *divorcée*. I should have thought you'd know that when I told you she was a society correspondent of the newspapers. They nearly all are; I think it must be one of the requirements; and they add to it the ability to keep their reputation better and longer than most society women, and against twice as great odds."

Farnsworth was watching her talk with Weldon. Her face was full of splendid animation. Health, spirit, worldly wisdom, freedom, were expressed in every feature and movement. She would have made a fine Goddess of Liberty as she stood there.

"We've known her," Madge went on, "ever since I can remember. She's awfully amusing, and so clever. You ought to hear her apologize for putting mamma's 'at homes' in her notes, because mamma pretends she doesn't like being in the newspapers, when we know, and so does Mrs. Norris, of course, that it really pleases her and that she cuts out and keeps every notice."

"She seems to like Weldon very much."

"Yes, because she can't flirt with him. He doesn't know how to flirt. You'd better give him lessons." She looked quizzically at him.

"Thanks," said Farnsworth, smiling. "I shouldn't like to interfere with your training. I should say he was in a fair way to learn here, if he is going to at all."

"That's one for you," said Madge; "but I told Rita, after the first time I saw you, that you were a flirt."

"Did you?" answered Farnsworth, provokingly.

"Oh, you're getting disagreeable again," said Madge. "Let's talk about the people. You'll know them all intimately before the winter's over. Most of them come regularly."

"Well, then, tell me who all those people are grouped in the corner."

"Where? Oh, yes. The man standing with the bright necktie is a Browning reader. The lady next to him, with the suspiciously golden hair, is Mrs. Hedder, the great amateur actress (don't you know?—five dollars a ticket, and no seat when you get there). They're always together; she says her husband doesn't care for society, and it's quite evident he doesn't—for that of his wife. The quiet little woman next to her is an uninteresting non-entity, but she's very rich, and takes a box for all of Mrs. Hedder's performances, and belongs to all of the Browning classes: so they are naturally polite to her. Her husband's here somewhere, I'm sure; yes, there he is over in the alcove, looking at a book. That's the way he spends his whole evening, generally with the same book, and we don't bother him, because we know it embarrasses him to meet strangers, and he can't talk to save his neck. His wife wants to be known as a society woman, though why the Lord only knows, for she always seems bored to death, and no one would take any notice of her if she didn't boast a *chef* and give one of the best dinners in New York.

"Those two men talking together beside her are both clever: the swellest one, with the big *boutonnère*, is an English literature professor, and a delightful essayist; the other's a newspaper editor. One's a Republican, and the other's a Democrat; and that's the way they go on all evening. The tall, aristocratic-looking woman just going to join them is Miss Wright, the Social Scientist." Madge paused, a little out of breath.

"Is it, really?" exclaimed Farnsworth, leaning over interestedly to see her better.

"Do you know her?" asked Madge.

"No; oh, no; but I've heard of her. Please go on. You can't imagine how entertained I am."

This was quite true, and Madge, who was also enjoying it, continued:

"The rest of the group in the corner are—the pretty woman in the yellow dress has written a successful play, which is running now somewhere. The handsome man behind her is an English actor, the leading man in Mary Anderson's company. She was going to marry him once, which is enough to make a lot of other women want to now. Next to him is a poet who writes delightful verses which every one reads. Just behind us—don't look around—is his opposite. The young girl with them plays on the piano,—really plays, like a dream,—the kind of music which makes the chills creep up and down your back. Now," taking a breath and smiling at Farnsworth, who smiled back, enjoying himself hugely, "the lady to whom mamma takes so many people is a new novelist; but of course you know her: you brought her here. That man poor Rita is talking to is a physiologist of some sort,—I don't know exactly what, but it's disagreeable, and no one else will talk to him, so she has to, though she doesn't understand half he says, as he has an impediment in his speech."

He looked at Rita just as she had turned her head away from looking at him. She was envying Madge with all her heart, but was honestly trying to pay attention to Mr. Roscommon. Farnsworth saw

the distant look in her clear eyes, and felt the kind little smile was forced. He wanted to go to her, to take her away from that man who seemed to be in the midst of a long harangue and made motions every now and then, as he talked, with a large, flat hand. He decided he would go after Madge had finished her amusing description.

"The best-dressed woman in the room is Mrs. Van Ostrand," said Madge. "She's a connection of the A——s, and is the friend who always sends us our Assembly tickets, and is one of the few of that set who come often to the house. She comes because it's different here and amuses her. The man coming in now is a husband without his wife, for a change, instead of the other way around. His wife is a great friend of ours, but she doesn't approve of Sunday night 'at homes,' so she comes to see us other times. The tall, lanky man by the piano is a widower with three children, who has been in love with Rita for the last few years, but who follows her about from a distance, so you can't exactly snub him. He's never had the courage to propose; and we've concluded that when he married before it must have been leap-year. He writes. Everybody here does something. Those who don't do anything else over-exert themselves in their attempts to do nothing.

"The handsome man with the gray hair is an army officer from the fort, who goes everywhere that Mrs. Norris does. Three times there has been a report spread that they were going to be married; but they aren't yet. You see that rather stout, bald man who is going around trying to make himself agreeable to every one who'll let him? He was a very popular singer once, but it's the ghost of his voice now that walks. I know that voices usually float, or soar, or something like that, but his doesn't any longer, I assure you: it has come down now, and walks. Of course he can't get professional engagements any more, so he goes to all the 'at homes' he can, hoping to be asked to sing as a favor. A great many people do ask him, but mamma doesn't dare, for I've told her I would not play when he sang. He sets my teeth on edge. I know it's horrid of me, but I can't help it. And of course mamma always wants to exhibit her daughter. It's dreadful to have the showman instinct in your mother. There, I've finished."

"I'm sorry," said Farnsworth, laughing heartily. "And you must tell me who this is," as a young college boy walked past them and stumbled over a chair, his hands being apparently the only things in the room of which he was conscious.

"That," said Madge, suppressing a smile, as the subject of their conversation bowed to her and then rolled his eyes up and stared hard at the ceiling to show he was perfectly at ease,— "that is Mrs. Osprey's son. She takes him around with her everywhere; she says he's such a protection;—though against what she needs it no one can imagine. That is she talking to the unappreciated poet behind us,—the very middle-aged lady in the girlish disguise."

"Why is it?" asked Farnsworth, "that people are so afraid of growing old? Nearly every one is the same. We value youth almost above riches."

"I know it," said Madge. "If women especially would only

learn to grow old gracefully ! But we don't, somehow ; we spend all our time trying to rub out the lines Time draws, like the photographer who, in 'touching up' a photograph, usually leaves it characterless. Well, most of the other people are charming, as you will find out for yourself. Now I'm going to present you to Mrs. Norris."

Mrs. Norris and Farnsworth liked each other from the first. She had read his book and enjoyed it, and she made him realize this without actually telling him so.

"Of course you're in love with Madge," she said. "Isn't she a wonderful creature?"

"Yes, she is ; but I don't feel that I know her yet : I don't understand her."

"You mustn't expect to understand her," answered Mrs. Norris. "There are some things, human as well as divine, that you must take on faith. Madge Synnott is one of them. I'd give anything if one of my children were like her."

"One of your what?" exclaimed Farnsworth, his surprise getting the better of him.

"Yes," said Mrs. Norris, looking at him amusedly and quite enjoying it. "Didn't you know I had two children, down in my old place on the Hudson?—dear, nice children ; but it's true I seldom speak of them, and they never come up to town. They're living with a maiden aunt of mine, a good old creature who always had all the maternal feeling of the family." Farnsworth was on the point of asking how old they were, but saved himself just in time, and spoke of Rita instead. Mrs. Norris echoed his admiration, but said she understood her less than Madge.

"I love her," she said, "but she's quite beyond me, and she's the one person in the world who reminds me I have a conscience. I'm never with her long at a time without seeing her do something which I know I ought to do, but I won't take the trouble. She's a clever little thing, too. She's a rival of yours: she writes."

"Yes, I know it," said Farnsworth ; "I've seen several of her short stories: they are quite original, and her simplicity of style is delightful. It is only because she is as yet immature in her work that she has not had more success. I believe with some great experience she would do great things."

"Of course she hasn't Madge's genius," remarked Mrs. Norris, with the complacent air with which so many women speak of the divine spark.

"Yes?" answered Farnsworth, in a non-committal voice, not sure himself whether he should speak so decidedly.

"What an amusing crowd there are here!" he continued, after a moment. "I suppose you know them all?"

"Yes, most of them. I wish I could be carried off and dropped right down in the middle of an entirely new set of people. These all get to look more or less alike,—do you notice it? each one seems to say to the other, 'I do so and so, what do you do?' and your first thought always on being introduced to any one is, 'I wonder what he's written.'"

"But yet they are not all writers, are they?"

"No, indeed; there are painters and musicians among them, and some very delightful people who read and listen. And here's one of the bores," she added, as an overdressed little woman passed her and bowed conspicuously. "That's the third time she's bowed to me to-night: she's greeted me from all over the room. Do you know why? she wants me to be sure to see her, and put her name in the 'amongst those present.' Isn't she silly?"

Farnsworth laughed as if it were a good joke. He liked this woman: first, because she was so candid, and because she had an opinion; then, besides, he liked her manner and her personality. They had been talking some time, during all of which she had stood beside him, as tall as he, and as straight, moving her head well and keeping her splendid figure in perfect repose. She was one of those few women who seem to be totally unconscious of their appearance. She had not once arranged her gown even surreptitiously, nor touched her waist, nor fastened a jewel, nor tampered with her fan, nor minded her glove.

"Come," she said, "we might as well sit down; there's no extra charge," laughing, and raising her eyebrows, "and Algernon Bolingbroke is going to read some Browning, I see."

The man with the bright tie, of the group in the corner, was leaning towards Mrs. Hedder, who was evidently advising him what to read.

"Are you fond of Browning?" asked Farnsworth.

"Well, to be honest, I don't care for any poetry: the rhyme annoys me. I've always thought I should like Browning, but somehow I can never listen; as soon as any one has commenced reading, a word or something in the poem suggests something else personal to me, and my thoughts go wandering off, and my attention is only attracted again by some sentence which strikes me forcibly, I don't exactly know why."

"Yes, but don't you think——"

"Sh!" motioned Mrs. Norris: "he's going to commence. I always pretend to listen, at any rate: I think it's brutal not to."

Mr. Algernon Bolingbroke stood by the piano, leaning slightly against it. He had a plain but strong and attractive face. A heavy lock of straight black hair fell over on his forehead, refusing to stay in place. His long frock-coat fitted him to perfection, and his *boutonnière* was a cluster of white tuberoses. He turned over the leaves of a well-worn book for a few moments.

Mrs. Hedder remained where he had left her, only taking a more intense attitude. She held a hot-house rose tightly in one hand which dropped over the arm of her chair, in the other she rested her chin, with her elbow on her knee, and, opening her lips a little, remained so, rigidly, through the whole reading, her eyes fixed straight ahead of her. She was thinking about the costume she was going to have for her next play, and deciding on the materials. Most of the people in the room drew nearer, or to one side, until some idea of a semicircle was obtained in front of the reader. The unsuccessful poet leaned against the casing of one of the windows, with his head thrown back, and gazed at the chandelier. A rival reader withdrew into a distant corner to whisper

witty criticism and complimentary innuendoes to Mrs. Osprey. Young Osprey slipped out of the room and through the front door into the street to smoke a cigarette. A group of true admirers of Robert Browning and appreciators of Bolingbroke's really good reading were just in front. Those who affected an admiration which they were not capable of feeling were withdrawn discreetly a little outside the circle, where they could watch the other people in the room. The successful new novelist and several others who had been having a very jolly time, and who never cared for readings of any sort, showed their gentle breeding, like Mrs. Norris, by good-naturedly preparing themselves to listen. Mrs. Van Ostrand found a retired place behind the piano, where she leaned back in a lounging-chair and closed her eyes; she would be quite rested at the end of the poem to go on to Mrs. Steering's. The small elderly poetess whose volume had not yet appeared sat inside the semicircle, close to Bolingbroke, because she was quite deaf, and, as it was, only caught a word now and then. Weldon sat in one window-seat, unconsciously looking at his hands. Madge sat in another with Captain Galloway, watching Weldon. Mr. Roscommon had just told Rita, with a gesture, that he would finish what he was explaining after the reading. Poor Rita commenced to look as if her head were aching.

Farnsworth could not allow it any longer.

"Do you know," he said, "it's a shame for Miss Synnett to be sacrificed to that man? Can't we rescue her from him?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Norris. "I'll go over with you. You take Rita off, and leave me for Roscommon. I mean it," she said: "it won't make any difference to me whom I am with during the reading, and for a little while after that he'll amuse me; he always does. He says every one has only three bones, or something like that; I never do quite understand exactly what his theory is, but it's something funny, and I pretend to get converted to it every time we talk together. Then I can always get rid of him, and that seraph never could."

"You're an angel of mercy," he said, in a mockingly *empressée* manner.

"Never," she answered. "I'm too old."

Rita fairly beamed upon them. Farnsworth felt guilty that he had not come before. How exquisitely pretty she was! She *was* a seraph; she was one of the very few people he could remember having seen to whom the stereotyped garb and conventional employment of the generally accepted angel would have been becoming. Madge once said, in the expressive way she had, "You might do anything you could think of to Rita, but you could never make her look flat."

Mr. Bolingbroke had the good sense, in so mixed an assembly, to give one of the very short poems; it was a tragic one, which ended abruptly, and one of the ladies in the outer circle, who had happened to listen, forgot herself and asked rather loudly if he wasn't going to read the rest of it. The unappreciated poet, with his eyes still fastened upon an artificial candle-jet of gas, thought how he would have ended the same poem. The rather deaf poetess said nothing; for she thought he hadn't begun yet. Mrs. Hedder simply sighed very ex-

pressively, and altered her position; she had decided she could manage to wear four gowns in three acts by changing the order of two of the scenes which did not affect her part in the least. But Mrs. Hedder's wealthy friend, the lady who attended all the Browning readings, murmured, "Sweet!" Mrs. Van Ostrand opened her eyes slowly and asked who was singing, and was very glad nobody heard her. Mrs. Norris, looking at Mr. Roscommon, said it was entirely too short,—which emboldened Mrs. Synnott, buttressed by the Browningites and politely seconded by the successful novelist and her clique, to beg for another selection. Accordingly, after the necessary amount of becoming hesitation, Bolingbroke, thinking to better meet his audience, recited "From Ghent to Aix," with not a little spirit. Weldon joined heartily in the applause which followed it, and several others looked pleased to have heard something familiar to them. Mrs. Osprey exclaimed that she had heard that before,—was that Browning, too? She was so fond of Browning! She had heard "Aurora Leigh" read beautifully once.

While Mrs. Synnott was shaking Bolingbroke's hand and thanking him, and the Browningites were crowding around, the rest of the company changed about. Mrs. Norris told Mr. Roscommon really she should think over quite seriously what he had just been saying, as she allowed Captain Galloway to drag her away from the physiological discussion. Weldon had joined Madge, and Farnsworth and Rita had made themselves comfortable in his window-seat. Rita said she ought to go and help pour the tea, but Farnsworth said he would not allow her to, that she had done too much for the guests already; and she remained where she was, only too happy to be commanded to do anything by him. Farnsworth could not but notice her pleasure at being with him, but he accepted it without question. Her manner had completely changed. She was full of animation and good spirits. She confessed she had heard scarcely a word of what that dreadful Mr. Roscommon had been talking about: she was watching Madge and him all the time.

"What were you talking about?" she asked. Her eyes never wandered from his face when he spoke to her; she thought it was because he had so much expression.

"Your sister was telling me who the people are," he said, smiling at her. She smiled back.

"No wonder you were laughing. Isn't Madge bright?" She looked away from him, just for a moment, towards her sister affectionately. "I'm so glad you're all right. You know there was a sort of coolness."

"There was a something. She certainly did not like me at first. She says she told you that night, after dinner, that I was a flirt."

"Yes, she did. Are you?" She asked it half seriously.

"Not guilty, your ladyship."

"Gentlemen of the jury, the prisoner is dismissed."

"But you ought to define the charge. What is flirting?" asked Farnsworth.

"Oh," replied Rita, sitting up very straight, and with a funny

imitation, in miniature, of one of Mr. Roscommon's sweeping gestures, "flirting is—flirting is a game," she lapsed back into her natural manner, "which two people play at, both mutually pretending an especial interest, and neither one believing in himself or in the other."

"If they are both on their guard, and know the rules of the game, there isn't much harm done, I suppose," said Farnsworth, "except that after a time they won't be able to tell the real interest from the feigned one, and then they lose the former and the latter is nothing to gain."

"Sometimes it does happen that one is not as experienced as the other, and makes a mistake and gets in earnest."

"Yes, and then we cannot but blame—— Ah! your sister is going to play."

"Oh, dear!" said Rita, anxiously: "don't forget where you left off, will you?"

Madge looked at Farnsworth as she took up her violin. She saw him stop talking instantly and lean back to listen. It pleased her. For a moment she thought she would ask him to play her accompaniment, but she saw Rita, and, after a second's hesitation, asked the young pianiste instead. The latter accompanied willingly and well. Madge played even better than usual. Everybody listened. Farnsworth's thoughts wandered off to the country home of his boyhood. He thought of the beautiful rolling fields his mother used to take him walking over; he could see her now, and feel the touch of her hand, and hear the low murmur of her sweet voice as she talked to him of his father. He could see the soft, gray clouds drifting over their heads, and again they passed through the wicker gate that made an opening in the delicious thick green hedges which bounded their garden. Rita, half hidden in the window-seat, wondered of whom he was thinking.

When Madge finished she glanced once more towards Farnsworth. The room was perfectly quiet; it was often the way when Madge played: people were so touched they were afraid to applaud her: the petty clatter of a few hands would be belittling of the music. She refused to play again, but finally, as they were persistent in their begging, she took up her bow, and, with a characteristic perverseness, played a lively, fickle Polish dance, that made every one start suddenly and blink their eyes like people aroused out of a mesmeric sleep. Farnsworth had not finished wondering when she stopped. Every one laughed, and clapped their hands, and said the usual things; but Farnsworth turned to Rita with something like relief.

"What did she do that for?" he asked.

"I don't know," she answered. "It was just like Madge."

The young pianiste was playing something, and those near the piano listened. Madge turned over the leaves for her. Once in a while Rita and Farnsworth exchanged a word. When the piece was finished there were some well-meant applause and some inappropriate exclamations, while Mrs. Synnott asked for something else, and accepted, rather quickly, a graceful refusal.

Madge joined the two in the window-seat for a moment.

"Mrs. Hedder is going to recite," she said. "I'm frightened to death, because Douglas always laughs at her. He asked me to open the window: he said he smelt already that 'jasmine flower.'" Madge passed on to some others.

"She always recites 'Aux Italiens,'" explained Rita. But they were disappointed; for this time Mrs. Hedder recited something else. She stood behind, but at a distance from, her chair, as if it gave her a kind of moral support, and recited a fairly dramatic, not very original poem by Algernon Bolingbroke, with more gesture than feeling. She finished, after being twice kindly prompted by Bolingbroke from memory, amidst loud applause, and several requests of the author for copies.

Farnsworth and Rita then went on with their conversation. They indulged in mutual confidences about their childhood. They compared their youthful likes and dislikes, finding pleasure in similarities and matter for surprise in differences. They were both comfortable and happy, unconscious for a time of their somewhat uncongenial surroundings. Somebody did something else, they did not know what; their voices were subdued, and back in the recess disturbed no one.

"I don't know why it is," said Farnsworth, "but I seem to talk differently to you than I do to most other people. I seem to speak more of real things. And I remember afterwards what we talk about."

"I'm glad," was all Rita said. She wanted to say more, but she did not know what.

"We've known each other two months now, haven't we?" asked Farnsworth.

"Not quite; one month and three weeks yesterday," she said, and then wondered if she ought to have let him know she remembered it so exactly.

"Do you know, I've worked much better—more evenly—since then? You've helped me a great deal."

"I don't see how I can have," said Rita, modestly, "but it's good of you to say so."

"Sh!" said somebody, coming up to the window, really only to see who were there: "Mrs. Jones-Robbins is going to sing."

"Oh, dear!" thought Rita: "it was so nice just talking!"

Mrs. Jones-Robbins had a beautiful voice. She was the soprano in one of the swellest churches in town, and could always be counted on to attract at least one-half of the congregation. It was a great compliment to Mrs. Synnott that she sang for her, for she seldom sang now in private houses; but Mrs. Synnott had obtained for her her first hearing when she came from Vermont to New York, plain Miss Jones, with a voice like a bird's, only not so well trained. That was years ago. She had studied abroad, and married, and been divorced, since then. She sang two German songs and a French song, and after she had finished people commenced to go,—Mrs. Osprey, wrapped in an opera-cloak trimmed with swan's-down, under the protection of young Osprey, who had been yawning violently for the last half-hour, among the first. The rest dawdled over their departure, as visitors will, half of them

saying either too much or the wrong thing. But finally the last carriage door was slammed, and the front door gentlier after it, and the Synnetts and Weldon and Farnsworth were left behind. The men, with tact due to Farnsworth, took their departure almost immediately.

"Didn't Mrs. Jones-Robbins sing well?" asked Mrs. Synnnett.

"But has the jasmine flower faded for good?" asked Weldon.

"Don't!" exclaimed Mrs. Synnnett. "What do you think she told me?—she is going to play Pauline in 'The Lady of Lyons' at the Lyceum after Christmas. She asked to put me down among the patronesses."

"Mrs. Norris is a delightful woman," said Farnsworth.

"I knew you'd like her," said Madge. Rita said nothing: she stood by, listening.

The men bade them all good-night.

"Tuesday is my birthday," said Weldon to Madge.

"I have not forgotten," she replied, looking him in the face earnestly, but with eyes that kept their own counsel.

Weldon made some remark to Rita.

"Good-night," said Farnsworth, coming up to her. "I shall not forget the definition of flirting. I'm going to put it in the novel."

She thought he ended the evening flippantly. She was sorry, and went up-stairs rather sobered.

He shook Madge's hand, but they said nothing.

Then the two men walked down the street in silence to the corner, where they separated.

CHAPTER IV.

FARNSWORTH worked hard all Monday on his novel. At first his ideas came not at all spontaneously, and writing was very tedious; but the noon post brought him a note from Rita Synnnett, asking him to go with them to a ball-game the next day. She said the Yale Alumni were going to play against the Harvard Alumni; some of them were professionals, and they all were picked players, Weldon among them, who was going to pitch for his side,—which was the principal reason for their wishing to go.

Farnsworth sent off a reply thanking her, and saying he would join them to-morrow at two, and quoted a passage from his manuscript which he liked, for he knew Rita always sympathized with his exclamation-points. Then he went back to his writing. He found ideas crowding on him now, and wrote as rapidly as his fingers would move the pen, and most satisfactorily. It was so pleasant to have something in anticipation to think of when he wanted to rest his mind for a moment. And the fact of even so small a proof that others had thought of him gave him new spirit and encouraged him in his work. There are some natures who crave being in mind when out of sight. Farnsworth was one of these. Nothing made life more worth the living to him than little proofs, no matter how insignificant, that others had him in their thoughts. It was only another form of his longing

for sympathy. And it did not interfere with his fondness for solitude : he often liked to be alone.

During the evening, once, seeing Rita's letter as it lay on the desk among his scattered papers, the thought flashed across his mind what life might be with such a woman as she always by him. How one could write with the encouragement of a constant presence so sweet as hers ! how one might overcome those periodical despairings of one's existence, with so hopeful a heart as hers beating against one's own ! Life would be purer and larger ; work for and care of such a woman would be one of those blessed privileges which elevate one's life past even one's own high aims.

"But of Rita Synnott I am not worthy," he said, with that self-abasement which characterized certain of his moods. No one knew and despised his own weaknesses more than Cyril Farnsworth, and no one, perhaps, took fewer pains to overcome them. "Of Rita Synnott I am not worthy. Love should flood her life with the glad sun of noonday : the love of a man like me would only mean the paler light of the twilight moon, over whose face too many clouds are often passing. I will not think of love and her ; I will not break the friendship which now means peace and happiness to me. She gives me this : why think of asking more,—more than she would likely give, more than I, God knows, deserve ? What have I to offer her ? Only prospects ! It would be cruel indeed to yoke her to me under the burden of a career like mine, which is only begun ; to ask her to share all the disappointments, the sacrifices ; to offer her 'Grub Street' in place of her own luxurious home. It is madness. I will not think of it."

And so he reasoned with himself, and a great and pure love, which does not come to every one, which had sent forth its first shoot in this man's heart, was pruned to the roots. It could not flower now, but it was gaining strength to blossom all the larger and more beautiful when its time should come again, if it did not die meanwhile of starvation or neglect, or be choked by those weeds of passion which grow quickly, and whose blossom too is bright, but whose flower the bee would shun, for its honey is poison.

"I must be wedded to my work," Farnsworth said. He had taken Rita's letter up in his hands ; he slipped it between the leaves of a volume of Keats by his elbow, and, after walking up and down the room a few times, settled himself again at his desk.

That is the way a man has. He decides it is to be friendship and not love, and then he walks up and down his room a few times, with his hands behind his back. But the woman,—she has to sit still. It is not for her to choose which it shall be. She does not pace up and down her room, and her hands lie empty in her lap.

Farnsworth was late the next day, and they were ready and waiting when he arrived. Madge said it was just like him.

"Oh, you literary men !" she laughed ; "you poets !"

He brought them all flowers,—a bunch of mignonette for Mrs. Synnott, who put them in a bowl for the table, a heavy damask rose for Madge, and a bunch of white and blue violets for Rita. He was especially kind to Rita, and walked by her side down the street. This

left Madge for her mother, and Madge was not good company. Somehow or other, it annoyed her, although she was ashamed of it, to see Rita and Farnsworth together ahead and talking so earnestly as they were.

"I think we're rather *de trop*," she said to Mrs. Synnott.

"Dear me!" said the latter, "I do hope we are. How nice he is! And I was wondering what we should do for flowers at dinner to-night."

It was Weldon's birthday, and Madge had promised to give him his answer that day, and she must keep her promise. The day was going, but so far she had decided and undecided until she was half distracted. She wanted to say yes, but she was afraid to,—more afraid than she had been a week before. Why? She would not answer the question even to herself. She would keep close to the others, or rather close to her mother, all the time, and he could not ask her then, and perhaps something would prevent his coming in the evening. She would put it off as long as she could.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Synnott, fretfully, "there's one of the jet ornaments off my coat here in front! Madge, let me wear your rose: it will cover it nicely."

Madge did not answer immediately. When she did, she said,—

"Can't you pin it on, or something?"

"No, I can't: I've lost it," said Mrs. Synnott. "Never mind: if you can't spare your rose, I'll ask Rita for some of her violets." She started to catch up with the couple ahead. Madge followed slowly. "Poor Rita!" she thought; "I know what those violets are to her, and she'll do it,—but she shan't."

"Mamma," she said, taking hold of her arm, "I'd rather you took the rose. I don't know as it makes any difference, after all." And she gave it to her.

"Thank you, dear," said Mrs. Synnott, complacently.

"I am decided," Madge was thinking to herself. "He's a splendid, good fellow. I will say yes." And she began a lively one-sided conversation with her mother.

The Athletic grounds were crowded. A brilliant array of coaches and turnouts were there, with an equal display of crimson and blue. Weldon had secured good seats ahead for his party, and they were shown immediately to them, in the midst of a crowd of people wearing the colors of Weldon's Alma Mater. They stood for a few moments talking with some friends near them before the game was called. Farnsworth and Madge found themselves together. She saw he noticed that her rose was gone. The spirit of coquetry took possession of her. There was a sort of nonchalant air about Farnsworth that piqued her.

"Well?" she asked, raising her eyebrows.

"What have you done with it?" asked Farnsworth, knowing she knew what he meant.

"Why?" asked Madge. It pleased her that he noticed the rose was gone; it pleased her more that from his manner he seemed to care.

"Why?" repeated Farnsworth. "I don't know why, except that

I gave it to you and would have liked you to have worn it,—at least to have kept it.”

“I’m sorry,” answered Madge. “Really I hated to give it up, you don’t know how much, but mamma wanted it to—to—well, to cover an emergency; and I gave it to her, rather unwillingly. I thought you wouldn’t mind, but I am glad that you do.” She added this in a slightly-lowered tone.

Farnsworth looked towards Mrs. Synnott, and saw the rose. He laughed.

“Oh, I understand,” he said, “and I don’t mind, really.”

But Madge believed that he did.

The game was called, and they all sat down. Mrs. Synnott asked Madge a question about the playing, but she did not answer. Madge was thinking again, and her decision again wavered. She hoped now for the second time that Douglas would not come in that evening. Then she shook herself mentally, and resolved to watch the playing.

The two nines were most evenly matched, and the game promised to be an exciting one. Time was called for some reason or other during the first inning, and Weldon came towards Madge. Mrs. Synnott, who never had mastered the game of base-ball, asked who had beaten, and was surprised to hear that they had only just commenced.

Weldon looked very handsome in his knickerbockers and loose jersey, his tanned throat bare, and his curly golden hair tossed about and shining almost like metal in the sun. As he stood there, Madge could not but admire him, he seemed such a perfect type of physical manhood; his figure was worthy of a Grecian frieze, and his forehead might have worn an Olympic laurel.

“Do you want to make a bet, Madge?” he asked; “half a dozen pair of gloves to a box of Turkish cigarettes?”

Madge laughed, and said,—

“That’s about as even as a girl usually bets. I’ll take you; but I intend to win.”

“So do I,” said Weldon,—“everything I fight for. Madge, you always pay your debts?”

“Yes, if they’re cigarettes.”

“But you know it isn’t the ball-game only that I want to win to-day, and if you lose you needn’t give me the cigarettes if you’d rather give me something else I want more.”

“Do you really want—this—other—more than your cigarettes, Douglas?” Madge asked, with some cynicism.

“I can’t do without either,” he answered, laughing, as he went back to the field.

Mrs. Synnott stopped him on the way:

“Why does that man behind the man with the bat say ‘one strike,’ or ‘two strikes,’ when the batter doesn’t strike at all?”

Weldon explained:

“Because the pitcher pitched a good ball, and the batter ought to have struck at it. A batter is only allowed the chance to strike at three good balls. When they are not good balls,—that is, when they are not sent over the base, and high or low as the batter wants them,—they

count against the pitcher, and are simply called 'balls.' When they are good balls, they are called 'strikes,' whether the batter hits them or not."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Synnott, who didn't quite understand yet, but thought it wiser not to say so. "It's so interesting. I do love a baseball game." When he had gone she turned to Madge:

"Why don't they let the batters strike at the ball till they do hit it? I should think it would be fairer. And how many of these innings are there, anyway?"

"Nine, usually," Madge answered; "but if the score is tied at the ninth they play on till one side gets ahead."

"Of course," said Mrs. Synnott, "one side always does beat, doesn't it?"

Apropos of base-ball there are two kinds of women,—the woman who doesn't understand it at all, but watches it, like a person with no ear for music who goes to the opera because other people do, and because the *mise-en-scène* is generally pleasing; and the woman who understands it herself but cannot explain it to any one else; if she tries to she muddles hopelessly not only her listeners but herself besides.

Rita was a cross between the two. A great difficulty with her thorough understanding was that, no matter how prejudiced she might be in favor of one nine, her sympathies always carried her off to the side of the one being defeated. In the course of a hotly-contested game this was apt to be confusing. She found, however, on this occasion that her great friendship for Weldon rather kept her interests on his side altogether; and perhaps the fact of Farnsworth being an excited up-holder of the same nine had also something to do with this.

It was a magnificently-played game. The enthusiasm was tremendous, the raucous and shouts scarcely dying away for a moment. At the end of the eighth inning the score was tied.

At the beginning of the ninth Weldon's nine was at the bat. Two men had been struck out. O'Donnohue, of the Buffaloes, was the next batter: it was their chance to get ahead. Weldon stood near to "coach," and they had a man on third base. One strike and three balls had been called. A ball flew towards the home-plate, was hit by O'Donnohue, and tore along the ground, a hot liner between first and second base. Second base fumbled it, and then threw it to the catcher.

The man on third base had started running towards the home-plate. Farnsworth stood up in his seat, a great mass of people swayed forward from one side, as the runner dropped and slid onto the plate just before the catcher touched him with the ball.

Such a shout! such a waving mass of flags and streamers! The grand stand shook, and the coaches trembled on their springs! Then every one stopped, saving their strength for the finish. It was the middle of the ninth inning, and Weldon's nine was one ahead.

Mrs. Synnott opened her eyes. She had shut them when the runner dropped.

"Is he dead?" she asked.

"No," said Madge, "but the other side is." She had fully caught the enthusiasm of the moment. Weldon had been playing splendidly,

and pitching for his nine almost better than his opponents' man, who was a professional. He had looked heroic in the pitcher's box, with all those other strong men watching him almost breathlessly and depending on him for what seemed their life or death.

He glanced at Madge now, and flung his cap up in the air, and she waved her handkerchief and a bit of ribbon he had given her back to him. Some people behind her were saying how handsome he was, and she felt a sense of grateful pride that this man loved her.

The score stood three to four in favor of Weldon's nine.

He took his position again in the pitcher's box, calm and possessed as a statue. If he could keep the other nine from making a run, the game was his. An unnatural quiet fell on the crowd. There was something intense in the pitch of excitement.

Weldon looked around at his men and nodded encouragingly: he smiled at the short stop, a nervous little fellow who could not keep still.

"Play!" sang out the umpire.

Something seemed to tighten everybody's nerves. Bodies were bent forward, eyes were strained, and hands were clinched tight.

Martin, a member of the Chicagoes, was at the bat.

"One strike."

"Foul."

"Counts for nothing," said Madge, aloud, for her mother's benefit.

A little barefooted ragamuffin dropped over the fence and threw the ball back into the field.

"Ball one."

"Ball two."

"'Fraid Weldon's giving out," said some one behind Madge.

"No, he isn't!" she exclaimed, looking around, forgetting herself in her excitement.

Then Martin struck the ball hard. The crowd on the stand rose *en masse*, as the "centre field," running backward, caught the ball neatly with his hands up over his head, but stumbled and dropped it, and Martin had his base.

The audience was silent still. Yale and Harvard hearts thumped too thick for utterance yet. The crimson and the blue fluttered softly in the breeze.

The rival pitcher came to the bat. Weldon threw the ball to first base, and almost before it touched his hands back again had it over the home-plate. The next ball the rival pitcher sent away over the head of the left fielder, and took his base, and managed to steal second, while Martin ran to third.

"Look at him! look at him!" shrieked Mrs. Synnett, excitedly: "he's going to that other bag. Why doesn't somebody stop him!" People were too interested even to laugh.

The first ball pitched to the next batter was hit with a ring, and came straight and hard as a rock back into the pitcher's box. There was an indescribable sound, which was felt rather than heard, as the ball struck Weldon, who swayed and fell.

"Time!" shouted the umpire, running up, and the men from the two nines crowded around.

Madge turned deathly pale, and her lips blue. She looked as if she were going to faint. Mrs. Synnott, who of course was never without a vinaigrette, slipped a fashionable, somewhat useless one into Madge's hand; Madge covered it up with a handkerchief, and used it, and seemed a little helped, but she leaned heavily against her mother.

"Why doesn't some one find out what it is?" she asked, faintly.

There were tears suggested in Rita's eyes, and she had leaned over to take Madge's hand, when one of the men came up to Mrs. Synnott.

"Mr. Weldon sent me to you," he said, "to tell you he's not hurt."

Madge had straightened up.

"What was it?" she asked.

"He's broken two of his fingers, and was stunned for a moment,—that's all," said the professional player, to whom such an accident was not a very serious matter, and, lifting his hat, he left them.

Madge bit her lips hard, but said nothing. Mrs. Synnott wondered if she ought to go to him, and said of course she couldn't. Farnsworth said there was a surgeon there setting the fingers, and that she could be of no service.

"Let's go home," said Rita.

"No," said Madge. "I want to wait and see who wins. That is what Douglas came for, and he will want to know all about it."

In only a few minutes the men in the field took their places again. Who would pitch? every one was asking. No one there could take Weldon's place. The game was as good as lost for his side. Then they looked up, and saw Weldon himself standing in the pitcher's box, no longer flushed and gay, but apparently steady, and in earnest.

Madge gasped, and her face flamed crimson with pride and fear, for she knew that set expression of his face was not his natural one. The unfortunate batter and he shook hands, and with the exclamation, "He's going to pitch in spite of it!" the audience cheered and applauded him.

The score was three to four. One man had been struck out. There were three men on bases.

"Low ball," shouted the umpire.

Weldon braced himself in his box, and wiped some cold perspiration from his forehead. He noticed that the linen band was tight around his fingers, and then forgot them entirely.

"Ball one."

"Ball two."

"Strike one."

"Ball three."

"Strike two."

"Strike three."

There was a shout of encouragement, and a new batter came up.

Two men were out.

Would Weldon give out? Would the man on third base come in? The audience was again breathless with excitement. Those on the grand stand stood up. So did those on the coaches. Yet every one was still. Madge Synnott was trembling violently.

The new batter took up his bat. The umpire put on a mask and

watched more narrowly. The catcher was crouched close behind the batter.

"If another run is made in this inning," breathed Madge, dejectedly, "and the score tied, the game is as good as lost!"

Madge's hands were like ice; Rita had hold of them.

Weldon drew back and threw the ball right over the home-plate. The batter struck it straight. It came high over the pitcher's head, aimed for a spot between him and the centre field. The man on third base started for the home-plate. There was a low murmur from the crowd. Weldon jumped and caught the ball in his left hand.

The batter was out, and the game was won!

Such shouts! such 'rahings! such tremendous clamor! Such a waving of color, and throwing up of hats! Such a pouring forth of people from stand and carriage! and such a weak, white hero as it was struggling against enthusiastic men who were determined to carry him triumphantly off the field on their shoulders.

Farnsworth managed to get a carriage to take his party home; for the excitement of the end had been almost too much for the girls.

"I always do enjoy these games so much," Mrs. Synnott was saying, "and then it's so nice to be on the winning side. How brave Douglas Weldon was! I do hope he hasn't made his fingers worse."

"I shall never come to another ball-game as long as I live," said Madge. "I think they are brutal."

There was silence for a few moments; then she exclaimed,—

"Wasn't he magnificent!"

Farnsworth left them at their door, but promised to return for dinner.

Madge went straight to her own room, to get over her hysterical feeling by herself. She sat down in front of her bureau and had a general clearing out of all the drawers, and at the same time had a general clearing out of her heart and mind. When she had finished she felt rested, and calm, and happy to have reached a firm decision at last. She tried to think which of her dresses Douglas had admired her most in, but, not being able to remember his ever having mentioned any one particularly, she put on the one that she thought he would like, and pinned on his bit of color she had worn that afternoon with one of her little brooches. Then she went down-stairs.

Later, Farnsworth returned for dinner, as he had promised.

Madge was unusually silent, and they all seemed to feel more or less the reaction of the afternoon. While they were at the table a messenger-boy brought Mrs. Synnott an opera-box for Friday night from Mrs. Van Ostrand. Farnsworth promised to join them, and Mrs. Synnott said she would send word to Mrs. Norris, and ask Douglas Weldon if he came in later, as she thought perhaps he would. When she said this she had to make an effort not to look at Madge.

Weldon was not long in coming in; in fact, he arrived soon after they had gone to the music-room. He was quite himself again, and looking as unconscious that he was a hero in those women's eyes as an old heroic statue is. His hand was in a sling, and he seemed only to be ashamed, and embarrassed by it.

The girls waited and let Mrs. Synnott make the congratulatory speech. Weldon turned to Madge as soon as it was polite.

"What about my bet?" he asked, looking handsome and strong and powerful against anything.

Madge smiled honestly up into his face, and put her hand into his left one.

"You've won both," she said.

"Madge," he whispered, "come into the hall, where I can kiss you."

Mrs. Synnott was watching them furtively, but she was not yet certain. She had been suspecting they were engaged for the last week, but she could not tell, Madge was so peculiar, so different from other girls.

Farnsworth was telling Rita some plots he had for stories. It was a way he had of telling beautiful and subtle short stories which he never wrote. He meant to, but, somehow or other, he never accomplished half that he meant to do. He always felt a story so thoroughly as he told it, Rita used to think it was as good as going to a play to listen to him. He told her he would give her a plot for a long story and she should put it away in her head, as a present from him, and use it some time. He repeated the outline of a strong original story, and added a detail here and there.

"But so many of your stories end sadly. Why?"

"Because it is natural for some stories to be sad. There are always happy ones to read, too. It depends on what sort of people you write about whether your story is sad or happy. Your story, their story, must end according to their characters. If you write of people who would, according to their nature and conduct, mar their lives, and yet in your book show them to make them instead, your writing is false, and therefore valueless."

"Ah, I see," she said.

"I do not altogether disregard the advice my dear old father gave me to always end my novels happily, because, he said, he never recommended a book to any one to read that did not end 'all right.'"

"What are you aiming at in your writing?"

"Well, at present I am working to have people see what is sweet and what is bitter in life, hoping they will see, besides, the wisdom of choosing the sweet. I am not trying to teach, but I want to suggest. My aim in life—if I dare to say I have one—is to help people. If by my book I can pass honestly an idle hour, drive away, for a few moments even, a burden or a sorrow, with a smile, or tear, or thought, I shall feel my work has not been done in vain, so long as it accomplishes this by the true means."

They talked on very seriously. Mrs. Synnott forgot she did not wish to interrupt them, and, suddenly thinking of Mrs. Hedder's dinner, asked him if he were going.

"No," he answered: "I'm afraid Mrs. Hedder didn't like me. I made a mistake. I was very enthusiastic over her performance in the 'School for Scandal,' last winter, and found she hadn't acted in it: it was the other leading amateur."

Madge and Weldon came back from the library. Madge asked

Farnsworth if he would play some accompaniments for her. He said he would with pleasure, somewhat surprised at the request, if they were not too difficult. She chose some music, and took up her violin and bow. She was sorry to have interrupted him and Rita, she told herself, they had looked so very happy; but she wanted to tell Farnsworth herself of her engagement. After they had been playing a few moments, she said, so low that no one else but he could hear, with the music,—

"I wish to tell you something."

"What is it?" he asked, looking up at her, and then back again quickly to his notes.

"I'm engaged to Douglas Weldon."

"Ouch!" exclaimed Rita. "Excuse me, but that was awful."

Farnsworth was more careful, and the accompaniment went on correctly, and Madge played, and waited. He was startled, and yet it was absurd for him to be so. He had expected it when he first met her, only somehow lately he had become used to not thinking about it. It was a good match for her, but he was afraid they would not be happy. That was their risk, not his; yet he felt—without any reason, he told himself—as if it was his too. Weldon could never be in sympathy with this wonderful girl. It did not occur to him in the light that Madge could never be in sympathy with Weldon.

"Well, have you nothing to say?" asked Madge.

Farnsworth was confused.

"I beg your pardon," he said; "you took me by surprise; but surely I need not tell you I wish you every sort of happiness."

They played on for some time without speaking again. Madge had been somewhat indifferent at first, but she finished the piece with feeling and beauty. There was something humanizing in her playing: it was that which had always moved Farnsworth. When he rose from the piano-stool they looked into each other's eyes a moment as they had looked once before that day on the steps outside the house, and Madge said,—

"That is the last time. You must never accompany me again."

Farnsworth wondered what she meant.

Weldon walked out with him when he went away. He knew Madge had told Farnsworth,—she said she was going to,—and Douglas felt that he must talk to some one, his happiness was so great. Farnsworth congratulated him, and spoke warmly of Madge. He liked Weldon, and, in spite of the difference between them, he could appreciate his character.

"Am I not the luckiest man in the world?" the latter was saying. "Think of it, old chap! Madge Synnott, who was always to me like one of the Muses, or all of them put together, loving a great matter-of-fact sort of a man like me! I'm just wild with joy. I don't know what to do with myself."

Meanwhile, Madge was breaking it to her mother. She did it characteristically.

"Mamma," she said, "prepare for a shock, but please don't say anything. I'm engaged to be married."

"Oh, Madge! who to?"

Madge laughed at the absurdity of the question.

"You'd never guess," she said, merrily. "It's Douglas Weldon." Mrs. Synnott, now it had come, could scarcely believe her own ears.

"I'm so glad! It's just what I wished. When will it be?"

"Mamma, dear, don't hurry so. I don't know when. The engagement is to be kept perfectly quiet for some time."

"I knew it last Friday," said Mrs. Synnott.

Madge laughed. "Why, I only accepted him to-night."

"Oh!"

Rita had come and put her arms around Madge and kissed her. She waited until they went up-stairs together, before she spoke. Then she said,—

"Tell me all about it, Madge. I'm so, so happy for you!"

And the two girls sat and talked for hours.

Just as Rita had crept into bed, Madge called softly through the open door-way,—

"Rita, haven't you anything to tell me?"

"No," said Rita, hesitatingly.

"Really?" asked Madge.

"No, not yet," answered Rita.

"What do you mean by 'not yet'?" said Madge.

"I don't quite know myself," said Rita, a little mournfully.

Madge could not sleep; and several hours after their talk she heard an only half-suppressed sigh from Rita's room. She started to speak again, but changed her mind.

CHAPTER V.

THE Synnotts straggled down to breakfast, all late, and Madge the last. Each one was thinking of the same thing, and trying to talk of something else, while Mrs. Synnott worried about her younger daughter's breakfast, till Madge begged her please not to treat her as if she was an invalid because she was going to be married. She said although everything was as cold as ice she could manage to get along, as she wasn't ravenously hungry. They were speaking of sending a note to inquire for Weldon's fingers, when a message came from him for Madge.

In it he said he was coming to see her that morning, as business had called him suddenly out of town. He would be obliged to leave that afternoon.

"Oh!" murmured Rita, sympathizingly.

"That's too bad!" said Mrs. Synnott. "I wanted him to go to the opera with us."

Mrs. Synnott knew he would have insisted on getting a carriage for them, and a carriage was one of those expenses for which Mrs. Synnott had an especial antipathy. But she sat down at her desk and wrote a note to Mr. Algernon Bolingbroke, asking him if he would

go instead, begging him to excuse the lateness of the invitation, as the box had just come; she knew he would, they were such old friends, etc.

Madge had said nothing, but her forehead wrinkled. It was not so much that Douglas was going away, but it was the dreadfully matter-of-fact excuse of "business" which irritated her. He ought to have waited at least till they had been engaged a day before he let anything that had to do with "business" take him away from her. She would let him see that she did not like it.

But when he came her irritation vanished,—he was happy in such a grateful way to have won her, and so honestly, almost boyishly, sorry to have to leave her. She could not but realize a feeling of joy that this man loved her better than any one else in the world,—that he whom her mother and Rita greeted so warmly, whom yesterday thousands of people had admired and applauded, who to-day could boast of a countless number of friends who loved him as a man like him can be loved, who probably had no enemies, and had never done an unkind or mean thing in his life,—this man had chosen her out of all his world, and preferred her love to the affection and admiration of all these others, and had intrusted his whole happiness—the happiness of a big, splendid man—to her small hands. It was something of a selfish joy of Madge's, the knowledge that she had what so many envied her the possession of, with the feeling that Weldon could protect her from everything: she did not realize that he could not protect her from one thing,—herself.

He brought her a huge box of flowers of every sort, which Mrs. Synnott thought must have cost at least twenty dollars. There were enough to scatter all over the house; and Madge could not avoid a comparison between their meaningless profusion and the small bunch of white and blue violets Rita had worn yesterday, and which she had noticed still fresh on her sister's dressing-table when she came downstairs; but she excused the lack of a more delicate sentiment in Douglas, and told herself that a man who had his other qualities of character did not lose by the lack of this one. She caught the spirit of his great gladness, for her nature was always prone to sympathize with every strong emotion. She was as a reed through which the wind of any mood or emotion could blow some sound of melody. There was a contagion in his joy which she felt, and she bade herself stop thinking, and be satisfied, and rest in the steady comfort of his unselfish love.

Weldon stayed to lunch. Rita heaped the table with flowers, and wished Farnsworth would happen in. She wondered if he would think it queer if she sent a note for him to come. She decided he would, so did not write. Mrs. Synnott brought out a tiny bit of her own wedding-cake and put it among the roses in the centre of the table. They all were inordinately—almost foolishly—elated.

Madge was in the highest spirits. She called Douglas "Mr. Weldon" all through the luncheon, and flew from topic to topic in conversation, leaving behind her a trail of fiery nothings. She mimicked people. She posed like Mrs. Hedder, and recited "Little Miss Moffet" *à la* the suppressed school of Bolingbroke. She said she

was going out that afternoon to buy something for herself and something for Douglas,—she didn't know what, but something. She felt she must spend some money. She had a little up-stairs put by to pay her music-teacher with. She would spend that; she would spend it all. They laughed until they cried, and they were all hungry, and the laughter increased their appetite, and they ate of everything, much to the gratification of the flattered cook in the kitchen. Mrs. Synnnett insisted on Weldon's smoking at the table, and Madge lit a cigarette for him, and lit one for herself, which Rita rebelled against and Mrs. Synnnett only tolerated because it was Madge who did it.

Then they went into the library, where Rita and her mother discreetly left the other two, making some palpably weak excuse to leave the room, which only rather embarrassed them all.

"Probably he'll lose his train," said Mrs. Synnnett to Rita on the stairs.

"Not Douglas," said Rita.

"It would be awful if he did," said Mrs. Synnnett.

"Why?" asked Rita.

"Why, I've sent and asked Mr. Bolingbroke to go in his place to the opera."

"Oh!" laughed Rita. "I really thought it was something serious. That wouldn't make any difference to Douglas."

"No, I suppose it wouldn't," answered Mrs. Synnnett. "Only I was thinking——" But she kept her thoughts about the carriage to herself; she felt they were ideas with which Rita would not sympathize.

Farnsworth spent the day writing on his novel and having a serious talk with himself. He commenced to feel a lack of accomplishment in his hero, that it was time for him to do something big to win the sympathy of the readers, and this suggested to him the need of his accomplishing something more himself. From analyzing his hero he came to analyzing his own character. He felt the lack of force in it, the force which accomplishes against all odds,—even against a certain inability,—the force which makes success. He knew the greatest stumbling-block of his nature: it was its sentimental intensity, its excessive sympathy,—dangerous weaknesses. "Sympathy with false sentiment," he thought to himself, "is worse than no sentiment at all. Artistic temperaments, such as mine, are apt to become too nice and fine instead of great and true."

He faced the need of his making more money, of preparing himself in a worldly way to better think of matrimony. He had never before thought much about marrying, but he had come now to believe it was the central point of the circle of existence to which the radii of years converged and from which they diverged. He believed now it was a man's duty to marry, if possible, some time. He stood out against his former theory that an artist should be wedded only to his art. He was by no means a man of theories, nor was he always loyal to those he did boast of. He maintained that kindness was truth, while Madge believed beauty was truth. Rita had no theories whatever, and he liked her all the better for that fact.

The opera was "Siegfried," and the Synnetts were there for the overture. Some of the regular holders of orchestra-seats looked up surprised: they were not used to seeing any one in Mrs. Van Ostrand's box before the middle of the first act at the earliest. Mrs. Norris was seated in one corner, and was already taking mental notes, for the Sunday edition of her paper, of those who were there, and of those who were coming in, and who was with whom. She looked exceedingly handsome in pink, and her presence seemed enough alone to fill the box, and would have, had Mrs. Synnett ever been known to allow herself to be kept in the background, and if the two younger women had not had beauty and strong personality enough to make them hold their own.

Madge was near Mrs. Norris, and seemed to be more by herself than the others. Farnsworth, who sat next to her, was hurrying through a conversation with Rita: they were never together long now without getting into an earnest talk about something. Mrs. Synnett was arranging herself so as to see and be seen.

They received the first act apathetically, and just after it Bolingbroke came in, and, after greeting them all, sat down behind Madge. She never treated him seriously for a moment, and they entered immediately into a bit of bantering.

Mrs. Synnett and Mrs. Norris went on with their social observations, which they tallied with such remarks as—

"Isn't that Mr. Manwarring in the Coles' box? What does that mean?" and—

"Mrs. Bender Smythe looks like a fright, doesn't she?" etc., etc.

Rita and Farnsworth left the box for a stroll along the corridor.

"Do you understand Wagner thoroughly? I suppose you do," she said.

"I'm a Wagnerite, if you mean that, and am familiar with most if not all of his operas. I glory in them," said Farnsworth.

"I enjoy them without altogether understanding his music; but I'm going to Mr. Damrosch's lectures, for I know I must miss a great deal by not knowing them better. I'm afraid perhaps I enjoy the thoughts the operas give to me more than the author's own thoughts."

"Have you ever been to Baireuth?"

"No, but we're going the next time we cross."

"I should like to be there with you."

"Oh, that would be lovely! I don't mind saying that to you, because we're good enough friends to be honest, aren't we?"

"Yes," he answered, "we are."

They walked along until they came to a lounge at one end of the corridor, and there they sat down for a few moments. Farnsworth was saying over to himself, "We are good enough friends." He had an impulse to speak out, to contradict her, to ask her if she was sure they were only friends. How could any one be sure? He looked at her sweet fair face, so full of what we call, in default of anything else, soul,—he looked into her eyes, large and calm and tender,—and he asked himself how could he dare to love her. He did not know if it were love. It was not the sort of love he had given the women in his

novels. It was more like worship. He always seemed to be looking up to Rita Synnott when he thought of her. She seemed to meet his ideal of everything. He felt always purer in her presence. The thought of her as his wife awed him: it was the feeling of being in a holy place. He took off the sandals of social deceit with which he walked in the artificial paths of society, when he came into her companionship. There was none of that mad longing, that wild desire to possess her for his wife at all costs, which was filling now the breast of the man about whom he was writing in the pages scattered on his desk at home; but all the diviner light of his life seemed to come from this little woman, bringing with it a sense of ineffable peace.

He had not spoken, when Rita said,—

"Let's get Madge. We ought not to have left her in the box. Bolingbroke is sure to talk to mamma, and Captain Galloway, of course, has joined Mrs. Norris by this time, and Madge will be lonesome. It must be horrid to have your *fiancé* go away as soon as he is one."

And Farnsworth led her back to the box. As they entered it, the music started. Bolingbroke had taken his place behind Mrs. Synnott. Mrs. Norris gave a final, somewhat significant, glance towards a tall, military-looking man in the orchestra, and settled herself comfortably. Rita and Farnsworth took their seats and turned their faces away from each other towards the stage.

Madge smiled at Farnsworth. He leaned over and whispered to her that they had come back to get her. She shrugged her shoulders, and asked why they had not come sooner.

Why did he want to come back after her? she thought. She did not know it had been Rita's idea. Was not Rita enough? Was it possible he had proposed and been refused? No; she was sure Rita loved him, only she was not sure Farnsworth loved Rita. If he did, why did he not propose to her? She knew he was not rich; but that made no difference to them, as he must know. It would not make any difference to her, with a man like Farnsworth. She started. This was the first time she had thought of Weldon since the opera began. She had forgotten she was engaged; she remembered it now. And the music was rousing her deepest self, her most dangerous instincts, filling her with vague longings, a great unrest, a strong emotion, which no thought of Douglas Weldon could satisfy or calm. Alvary was in splendid voice: some one said his wife and eldest child were in one of the boxes, and that may have the more inspired him. Madge clasped her hands together and leaned forward, listening to the Siegfried theme, as it rose and died away with a last faint bugle-note among the flickering shadows of the painted forest. She turned her face towards Farnsworth, and in a few moments he turned and looked at her, moved by some irresistible impulse. He felt again the magnetism of her eyes, until she turned back to the stage first. Farnsworth had not lost a note of the music, but there was a difference: it was almost as if he had heard it more clearly and had been more wholly lost in it. When Madge turned away, he fell back into his former state, except that he felt, in certain sympathy with him, Madge Synnott by his side.

When the act was finished, even Mrs. Synnott had nothing to say: they all had felt the music too strongly to dash on the instant into the cold water of an ordinary remark. Before any one had spoken, the responsibility was taken away from them by the entrance of a couple of visitors, the first Captain Galloway.

Madge asked Farnsworth if he would take her out. He said of course he would, with pleasure; and, as the others were talking among themselves, they slipped out quietly.

"I wonder if Mrs. Norris is going to marry him," said Madge, meditatively. "She has certainly waited long enough, if she is going to."

"I think she is wise to have waited, if she marries the man she wants to in the end."

"What do you mean by that?" Madge asked, somewhat peculiarly, thinking of herself and Weldon.

Farnsworth looked up from the carpet, made somewhat uneasy by the tone of her voice.

"Nothing," he said.

Madge was not sure whether she believed him or not.

"Shall you practise what you preach?" she asked.

"No, I suppose not," he answered.

She spoke of the music: "I could feel how much you were enjoying it."

"Yes," he said, "and all through that act I was conscious of the sympathy of your enjoyment. What is it, Miss Madge?"

"What is what?"

"This sympathy between two people, as seems to be between you and me."

"I do not know," said Madge, "if you don't."

They passed other couples walking in the corridor, some of whom bowed, but they noticed no one. No matter where it was, if he was walking with Madge, Farnsworth never saw anything or anybody else.

"I chose my seat purposely," said Madge, "to be by you. I can always enjoy music better with a sympathetic person; but if there is an unsympathetic person between you, you might as well be in different boxes."

For just an instant Farnsworth wondered if the girl was trying to flirt with him; but he repelled the suggestion as unworthy of both her and him. She was too evidently in earnest. The same expression was on her face as when she held her violin,—the expression which carried him away from the real into the imaginative world.

They both were thoroughly under the influence of the music, and could discuss emotions in a manner which would have seemed ridiculous, even to them, under more ordinary circumstances. It is a dangerous time when two like people reach this stage,—people of a like temperament. It is called the artistic temperament, the intense temperament, the sentimental temperament by some people; it is all the same thing. Those who haven't it do not understand it, often do not believe in it. Those who have it, sooner or later learn to know its wide extremes,—learn to know that they can enjoy the more, as they can

suffer the more in turn ; learn to know that as the capacity for bliss is greater in them, so is the capacity for sorrow.

Rita Synnett had a purely artistic temperament, but her life had been one of comparative self-denial, of considering herself last, and her nature had received a check. It was normally sympathetic, sweet, and helpful.

But her sister's had been allowed free range, and Madge was accustomed to give way to her moods and emotions without regard to the comfort or convenience of those about her. She was morbidly sympathetic. All the instincts of her artistic temperament were intensified.

Farnsworth had been accustomed to give way to his moods and his impulses because there was no one in his immediate personal neighborhood to suffer by his doing so, save himself. He had, however, the restraint of a certain manliness, which had always helped him. The sympathy between two people like Madge and him can only be half understood.

"How different even appreciative people are!" said Farnsworth. "Mrs. Norris, for example: she is enjoying the opera, I am sure, without feeling it the way that we do."

"She likes it because it's big and grand and thrills her. She likes all the instruments. She likes anything big. Did you ever notice her rings, and her pins, and the pictures and furniture in her house?—all big, but good, too."

There was another pause between them. Conversation between these two was always by fits and starts.

"Mamma's enjoyment is manifold and intricate," said Madge. "She wouldn't care for the music alone, nor the acting without the people, nor the people without the opera-house, nor the opera-house without the decorations. Mix these all up in some sort of harmony, and mamma is delighted."

"Yes," said Farnsworth, politely. Somehow or other, he was not as interested in Mrs. Synnett as he had been. He thought of Rita, and he wanted to propose going back to her, but he did not like to suggest it: he felt that Madge would resent his doing so, and would think herself not sufficiently interesting. The truth was, she was almost too interesting. When he was with her he seemed to be shut off from all the rest of the world.

"Why did you dislike me so much when we first met?" Farnsworth asked, breaking the next silence.

"I don't know that I really did," answered Madge.

"You certainly appeared to."

"Yes, but I don't think I even then succeeded in deceiving myself. I wanted to dislike you. You did not like me."

"I should not say that. You did not give me a chance to find out if I did or not. You always shunned me."

"Ah, but a girl can't put herself forward and force a man to like her or not: he must make his own chances."

"But you devoted yourself to Weldon."

"And you to Rita. I heard from Douglas this morning."

The conversation was broken again. Was it possible he was jealous, Madge wondered, that he should have brought up Douglas's name in the way he did? She did not know; and what difference could it make to her if he were? She thought the conversation had better end.

"I think it is time to go back," she said.

He offered her his arm without a word. He was wondering what she had meant by it all, and what he himself had meant by taking it so seriously. He did not understand Madge Synnott to-night any better than the evening he met her. He did not understand himself to-night much more.

The musicians were just finding their places. Several men were taking leave of Rita. Farnsworth saw them, without noticing who they were: he was arranging Madge's cloak at the back of her chair, and he found himself as nervous over it and as anxious to do it right as if he were arranging the cushion of a queen; and there had been a perceptible tremble of Madge's shoulders as he leaned over them.

Rita hurried her cavaliers off, fearing Farnsworth might be jealous or hurt, or think she enjoyed their company as much as his. Mrs. Norris was sending Captain Galloway away, and asking him to time the famous kiss in the last act for her. Mrs. Synnott was wondering how long the next act was: it was getting late.

The rest of the opera passed without incident. Lili Lehmann was as popular with the Synnotts as with every one. Madge said the one thing that made her resigned to being who she was, was that she couldn't be Lili Lehmann if she wasn't. When the prima donna was applauded, she watched Farnsworth's hands, thinking what wonderful artistic hands they were, and smiled approval. Once she leaned over and whispered,—

"How you men must envy Alvary!"

"I don't know," he answered. He thought at the moment he envied Weldon more. Then, ashamed of his thought, he turned away from her, lest she should read it in his mind.

In the confusion of putting on wraps and getting out of the box, Madge said to Farnsworth,—

"Douglas was to bring me to-morrow afternoon to hear 'Siegfried' again. Of course he won't be able to now, and he has sent me the tickets. Rita can't go: she has an engagement. Will you come?"

"Thanks, I'll be delighted to."

He was putting her into the carriage, and, when he turned to help Rita, Bolingbroke had just secured that privilege. He shook hands with her instead, and said good-night, thanked Mrs. Synnott, who was making exemplary efforts not to yawn in his face, for the pleasure she had given him, crossed swords with Mrs. Norris, and looked at Madge.

"At two," she said.

"All right: thanks."

He nodded to Bolingbroke and called a cab. He felt strangely excited,—entirely too much so to go to Delmonico's with Bolingbroke.

"How Madge Synnott appreciates music!" he thought, bracing himself back in one side of the cab to resist as much as possible the

cobble-stoned motion. "Her enjoyment of it was so deep it intensified mine. What a wonderful, beautiful girl she is, and how inexplicable everything she does! How she will love when she really loves! I don't believe she loves Weldon. I don't believe yet she will marry him. I knew when I saw her she would have a history. Such a love as hers would be wasted on Weldon; and she will feel this, sooner or later, herself. She is a woman who would make any sacrifice for the man she loved, and would demand as much in return; and she would not be disappointed if his nature was sympathetic." He himself had already felt the responsibility of resisting her influence even in the purely friendly footing they were on. His characterization of people in his novels had taught him to observe his own as well as others' actions, and find out the whys and the wherefores.

He had been talking to himself in the cab in a half-whisper. When his brain was excited he often thought half aloud. He looked out now at the streets,—for it was raining,—and shivered. He leaned back and shut his eyes. He could feel the touch of Madge's hand upon his arm, and the influence of her eyes looking into his. He thought of the difference in the sympathy of the two sisters. Rita's came like the sun and chased the clouds away. Madge's played through all his moods and lit them up, like lightning in a blackened sky. Her temperament was more like his than Rita's was. The effect of her sympathy was to be with him in the same state of mind rather than to help him out of one into another. It intensified, almost exaggerated, whatever the feeling was, but at the same time it gave the company which both misery and joy love. She never rested him, but on the other hand she filled him with a wonderful stimulus and urged him on mightily. There was a lack of something somewhere, for though, perhaps, under the influence of her mind he did spasmodically bigger work, under the calm encouragement of Rita's personality he wrote more evenly and well. Madge fired him with ideas which he never carried out. Rita prepared the way for the embodiment of his own ideas which he had not hitherto been able to formulate.

The four women in the carriage were unusually silent. Each one had her own especial thoughts to occupy her, except Mrs. Synnott, and she was half asleep. It was something unusual for Mrs. Norris to be silent, but the others did not notice it.

Rita was thinking that, music and all, she had found the first act the most interesting, and wondered what Madge had meant by two o'clock, and why she had so monopolized Farnsworth. She did not think it was right, for Weldon's sake.

Madge was going over in her mind carefully every bit of conversation between Farnsworth and herself, regretting she had said some things, and wishing she had said certain others. She resolved never again to talk so seriously with him; she felt it was not wise, and she felt it was not being exactly true to Douglas; and then she shut her eyes, and thought how long it would be before two o'clock to-morrow.

Mrs. Norris was thinking if she would dare tell Madge what was in her mind. She thought she would like to, but somehow she did not feel that Madge was in a receptive mood that night: so she was silent.

If Mrs. Norris had not been at the time so engrossed in her own personal affairs, she would doubtless have noticed more the absent-mindedness of the Synnetts. As it was, she did not notice anything; and of course she did not know of Madge's engagement to Weldon. She had noticed casually that Madge and Farnsworth had been together the greater part of the evening, and was glad to see it.

As Madge was getting out of the carriage in front of their house, her foot slipped on the step, and her ankle turned. She fell, but when they picked her up she said she could walk without any trouble, and went into the library. She said she was more alarmed about her dress than she was about her foot, for doctors were cheaper than dressmakers. But before she was ready for bed her ankle was swollen and painful, and they sent for their physician. Mrs. Synnnett meanwhile brought smelling-salts, cologne, Pond's Extract, and other restoratives, and with her myriad suggestions and queries drove Madge almost distracted. She was wondering if she would have to break her engagement for the opera to-morrow. Rita in her pity for Madge's accident had forgotten all about her remark to Farnsworth when he bade them good-night, and her monopoly of him during the greater part of the opera.

When the doctor came, they found it was only a slight sprain, which he said would keep Madge in the house a few days,—that was all.

Mrs. Synnnett, who said her nerves had received a great shock, marched off to her room with the salts and cologne and several other of the bottles she had brought for Madge, to use herself.

Rita offered to sit up with her sister till she went to sleep, but Madge thanked her and said she would rather be alone. In a little time they were both asleep and dreaming,—dreaming of one man. And he was sitting at a thickly-strewn desk, a blank sheet of paper before him, his head in his hands. He was thinking of one of these dreamers,—of one only.

And miles away, in his rather cheerless hotel chamber, another man was saying, "God bless her!"

CHAPTER VI.

MADGE was in the best of spirits the next morning. Before she was fairly awake she knew there was something to open her eyes for, and she thought of her afternoon engagement with Farnsworth. Then she remembered her ankle. Of course the opera was out of the question; but there was no reason, to her mind, why she shouldn't get down into the library and receive Farnsworth there. She was sure Douglas would not mind: she did not want to be home alone, and Saturday afternoon Rita always went out with their mother to pay visits.

Madge sent along her visiting-cards with them. She said it was a case of an old saying in a new frock, that two was company and three a crowd, and no one wanted a crowd of Synnetts coming to their house, and Rita was the oldest and the polite one in the family, so she was the

one to go. Mrs. Synnott said of course Rita must go; and so poor Rita went. She hated paying these duty-visits, but she did not believe in refusing her mother anything that she was able to do with only inconvenience to herself.

Of course, Madge thought, it was not to be expected that she would spend the afternoon alone. She would write Farnsworth and ask him to bring some of his work to read to her. He had promised he would, once; she would remind him of that promise now.

She sent off the note at the same time with a short letter to Douglas, and spent the rest of the morning in a lounging-chair in her own room, playing odds and ends of music on her violin.

She came down-stairs to luncheon with a cane. Rita told her it was so becoming, she had better remain convalescent for the rest of her life. It was only a slight sprain; all the swelling was gone, and there was no pain, but she kept a rubber band about her ankle.

At the table Rita said her mother would have to take her cards too that afternoon, so she could stay with Madge.

"Mr. Farnsworth is coming to read to me," said Madge.

In spite of herself, she felt conscious. She looked Rita straight in the face, but she felt her own expression was hard.

Rita was silent.

"You'd better be careful," said Mrs. Synnott, eating a conserve while waiting for the salad. "Douglas will be getting jealous." She said this as if it was something funny.

Madge felt she must explain:

"We were going to the opera together. Douglas, you know, sent me two tickets, and you and Rita both said you couldn't go: so I asked Mr. Farnsworth to, last night. But as I can't go myself now, and as he had always said he would read me something of his, I thought this would be a good chance. You see, Rita, you mustn't monopolize all Mr. Farnsworth's readings." And she smiled pleasantly, and Rita tried to feel it was all right.

Mrs. Synnott was glad. She said it would keep her from being bored. She was sorry she couldn't stay and listen too, but really these calls must be made; as it was, she didn't see how they were ever going to get through them all. She wished so many people wouldn't take the same day. She wished society people would go back to the old way of not having "days;" you could pay so many more visits when people were apt to be out and you didn't have to stop and see them.

Rita came into the library, hunting for her card-case, just before she and her mother went. Madge was sitting there, trying to read, and feeling a bit conscience-smitten. She called Rita to her.

"Do you mind?" she asked.

"No, dear, of course not," answered Rita; but it was a sorry little smile on her face which Madge saw.

"If you do," she went on, "I'll excuse myself and not see him."

"Why, Madge," answered Rita, "I've no right to mind Mr. Farnsworth coming to see you; and I don't."

But she did; and Madge knew it.

Rita turned and looked at her sister as she went out of the door.

"How beautiful she is!" she thought. "How could any one help loving her?"

Madge was dressed in a gobelin-blue velvet gown, cut after an old picture in the Louvre. It was a favorite dress, and she wore it on any and every occasion. It was perfectly plain, and dragged in the back, while a bit of silver-brocaded petticoat made a bashful appearance at one side, and the narrow sleeves came away down over her wrist. She wore about her neck a string of beads and a cross of lapis-lazuli.

There was half an hour still to wait before she could expect Farnsworth. She took out a letter of Weldon's which she had received and read that morning and had stuck in her belt when dressing. She thought she would re-read it; but she remembered everything in it,—which was not very much, for Douglas was not a letter-writer,—and so changed her mind, and opened a book instead, and sat forgetfully twisting her letter into a tight little roll like a curl-paper.

When Farnsworth came, her face lighted up with splendid animation. He had heard from the servant at the door how nearly well she was, and he entered the room rather jauntily. He stopped in open admiration before her where she sat back in a great arm-chair, leaning against a heap of soft shimmering pillows of delicately-toned brocades and silken stuffs, with one exquisitely-slippered little foot on a cushion on the floor.

"You look like a crown-princess of yesterday who has forgotten her frame," he exclaimed, "and you must let me offer homage."

He knelt in front of her in playful gallantry, took her hand, and kissed it. He felt the fingers quiver underneath his lips, and his own heart suddenly beat thicker. He rose up rather hastily, and tried to cover with some conventional inquiry after her ankle the strange alarm and embarrassment he felt.

Madge answered him quite calmly, but the fingers of her hand were closed tight, and she was straining her eyes out of the window, so hard that tears came in them. They both felt the necessity of making some effort to save the afternoon from being spoiled. Together they threw off the unnatural tension of the first few moments. She laughingly told him about her accident.

"When I got out of the carriage," she said, "I did not get out of the frame of mind I was in when you left me. I was 'in the clouds,' and of course I never dreamed of coming down from them by an iron bracket. I was brought back to the conventional world and my ordinary self rather suddenly, and was winged in the descent. Isn't 'winged' the proper term?"

"I'm not a sportsman: so I can't tell. I suppose there is a moral, that we must not go wandering off up in the clouds where we don't belong, for we are sure to come back home some time, when we must get out of the carriage and had better be minding the step."

"Yes, or a simpler one than that for me: not to think seriously any more"—she caught her breath—"in carriages." And they both laughed nervously, as if they had escaped something.

Farnsworth asked after Mrs. Synnett and Miss Rita. Madge told

him what they were doing, and then asked if he had brought his book to read to her.

"Yes," he said; "I've brought several parts which I wish to read to you and hear your opinion of." He took up a package of papers on the table, and began making a selection.

Madge leaned back, smiling for very happiness, eager to have him begin. She thought him very beautiful,—peculiarly so for a man. His hair curled slightly, and was brushed off his forehead on either side. Such a forehead! it reminded her of the Severn drawing of Keats. And his voice was a softly-modulated, flexible one, a musical voice, which seemed to have as many octaves as a piano, and which could express any and every emotion.

"I will keep perfectly still," she thought, "and give myself up to it all while he is reading; for I want to enjoy it. Besides, I shall probably never hear him read again—this way."

"First," he said, "I'm going to read you all the references to the character of my heroine, along in the first part of the book."

He read portions here and there, looking now and then towards Madge, who nodded her head approvingly or half smiled, but sat perfectly still, bent forward, with her two hands clasped on her knee.

She did not speak as soon as he finished, but after a moment said,—

"It's perfect."

"I am glad you think so."

"Does she know it?"

"Who know it?"

"Rita."

"Know what?"

"That you have taken her for your heroine."

"I haven't."

But, as he said it, for the first time he knew that he had. It was a revelation to him. It was true he had unconsciously taken Rita Synnott for his heroine. He wondered if she had found it out for a moment, but knew she would not have discussed the character so openly with him if she had. Besides, she was too modest, too self-depreciating, to recognize her own character truly drawn. He wished Madge had not made the discovery: it would make it hard, next to impossible, to read the rest to her.

"Didn't you do it purposely?" asked Madge.

"No; I did not know I had done it until you told me."

She was glad of that. It made her feel that she had a certain power, or at least influence, over him. A sudden question flashed across her mind. Was he ignorant, too, of the fact that he loved Rita, if he did? Could she open his eyes to that, too?

She should not try.

"Whom does your heroine marry?"

"No one."

"Why?"

"There was no one worthy of her."

"But she was in love with some one?"

"Yes, with an ordinary man utterly unable to appreciate her."

"Read me about him."

He knew it was too like Douglas Weldon, and he knew, besides, she would exaggerate the likeness. He did not dare to read it.

"I didn't bring those parts with me," he said. She knew he was not telling her the truth, but she did not know whether he had chosen Douglas Weldon or himself for his hero. She felt sure he had drawn one or the other.

She started to ask who this man did marry, if not Rita, but she changed her mind.

"Well, you have something else with you, then, to read?" she said.

"Yes," he answered; "oh, yes." Then he went on to read to her other passages from his book, watching her face as he read, while improvements and changes to be made for the better flashed across his mind.

As for Madge, she had given herself completely up to the influence of the time-being, as she had decided to do. For her, at present, the library was the world, and she and Farnsworth were in it together, and life was those passages from his novel which he was giving her. It was all very wonderful, but she accepted it without questioning; she knew if she questioned, everything would tumble down. She was feverish in her subdued excitement, and the stem of a rose with which she was playing had dried in her feverish fingers, and the petals were drooping.

"I want to read you now," said Farnsworth, "the only real love-passage in the book."

He read her the few paragraphs he had written that night about two months ago and afterwards cut out. It was the expression alone to himself of a man's strong overpowering love for a woman bound by the ties of matrimony to another,—a twofold confession, of weakness and strength,—the owning up to himself of the fact, and the earnest, stern resolve that the woman should never know, and that his life should not be wasted, but be put to some good use in helping others to what happiness he could.

It was well written, there was no doubt about that. The language was glowing and true, and brought conviction with it. Farnsworth was carried away now as he had been that first night when he wrote it. He felt again the absorbing intensity of the man's love, and the manliness of his nature, the unselfishness of his passion which rescued both him and the woman from the utter wretchedness and failure in which a weaker character might have involved them.

When he had finished, there was perfect silence for several moments. Farnsworth leaned his head on his hand. He looked up at Madge. She was looking at him with tears in her eyes, and an expression which hinted at a suffering which was sweet. He started to go towards her, as in a dream. He would have taken the beautiful vision into his arms, he would have kissed the tears away from her eyes, but she rose and faced him, and then, unconscious of her sprain, turned and walked to the window. It brought Farnsworth to his senses.

He made a tremendous effort to compose himself.

"You ought not to stand," he said. "You will make your ankle worse."

She sat down on the window-seat without a word.

"I see," he went on, determined not to forget himself again, and to help her, "that you feel this as strongly as I do. I am almost sorry I read it."

"Don't say that," she said; "and don't think me too weak, will you? Probably the ankle had something to do with it." And she tried to smile.

He sat down in the seat she had just left, after arranging a couple of pillows behind her.

"I had thought of cutting this out," he went on.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because if I keep it in it will influence me to change my ending. I rather want to change the ending, though. I want to make it end happier."

"But I thought you said once that the ending of a book was inevitable?"

"It is inevitable. And I feel if I make a good strong man out of my hero some happiness must and will come to him, if he doesn't miss it through some weakness or other in his character."

"How could happiness come to him?"

"Why, if he behaved as he starts here to do, will he not become more worthy of the love of my heroine? And could not in time a love for her replace this first misplaced passion of his?—something deeper, something purer?"

"No, not if his first love was worth anything, if it was as strong as you have made it."

"You don't think so?" It was strange how she influenced his opinion: if she did not altogether impede its current, she turned it a little aside. With Rita he always argued his point, if he believed in it, till he won her over.

"Besides," Madge continued, "do you think this second changeable love of his would be worthy of her patient, unaltering affection?"

"No; of course I suppose he never would be worthy of her," Farnsworth vacillated, following Madge's lead: "he couldn't be and have fallen in love with the other, a married woman, first. Not that I blame him altogether for that. When a man falls in love with a married woman, some blame must be attached to the woman herself." He hesitated a moment, and then went on: "But then, if my heroine loved him, unworthy as he might be, would not happiness follow? The past can be forgotten, can be outlived."

"I think you are wrong. I think it cannot be. It would shock you, probably, if I told you what I thought."

"No," he said, "I know what you mean, and I have thought of that. But if he and the other woman should go away together I cannot believe that would be happiness."

"Oh, you are here," said Rita, coming into the room. "How do you do?"—to Farnsworth. "Mamma wishes to know how you feel, Madge."

She felt very uncomfortable. She recognized the fact that the two people before her were intensely moved and wrapped up in what they were talking of. She had come into the room with as much stir as possible, but until she spoke they had not seen her. She saw the manuscript in Farnsworth's hands: it was on a different block of paper from the manuscript he had read to her from. Then he was reading a new work to Madge: he had not read to her for over a week now.

"Don't let me disturb you," she said to Farnsworth, who had risen and was offering her the big chair and cushions. "I can't stay, thanks." She spoke in a strained little voice. She turned to Madge for a reply to her question.

There had been a fierce flash of anger in Madge's eyes, but it had died away now, and instead had come a revulsion of feeling. She did not want Rita to go.

"Oh, I'd forgotten all about my ankle," she said, "it's so much better. Mr. Farnsworth has been reading me parts of his novel. Isn't it fine, Rita? Stay and hear it."

"I've finished now," said Farnsworth; "but don't go, Miss Rita."

"I—I can't stay. I promised mamma to write some notes for her." And, wondering, she left them, puzzled and sad.

"I must go now," said Farnsworth. "I'm afraid I've stayed too long as it is."

"Yes, I'm afraid you have." Madge spoke in a sort of stage whisper. She stood up, leaning heavily against the back of a chair. "It is my fault," she added.

"No! oh, no!" said Farnsworth, gathering up his papers.

"Good-by," he said, but did not offer to take her hand.

"Good-by," she answered, steadily, and watched him go, and listened till she heard the street door close behind him.

Then she saw a small leaf of his manuscript which he had dropped. It lay on the floor before her, and she recognized the first sentence of the love-passage he had read to her. She seized it in her hands, kneeling down, and covered it with kisses, and, crouched there on the floor, buried her face in the cushions of the chair.

She was *distracted* all through dinner, and went early to her own room. The harder she tried to think and reason, the more confused her thoughts grew. A telegram came for her from Weldon, but she did not open it: she let it lie on her dressing-table. She knew it was from Douglas, who had probably heard from her of her accident.

She rang and had her violin brought to her, and played to herself for an hour or more. At times while she played the tears rolled down out of her eyes, and at others she almost smiled, and finally she grew quite calm.

"It has come," she thought. "I must only find if it has come too late, or not." To-night was the first time she had owned to herself that she loved Cyril Farnsworth, loved him better than joy or sorrow. It was the sentiment of her girlhood for the unknown musician, intensified and enlarged by all the added strength that comes with womanhood.

She had to consider her duty to herself, her duty to Douglas, her duty to Farnsworth, and her duty to Rita. If Farnsworth loved her as strongly as she loved him and as she thought he had shown that afternoon, she did not believe he loved Rita or ever would. She had accepted always so much from Weldon that she did not seem to hesitate at this new sacrifice of making him give her up; but she could not bring herself so easily to sacrifice Rita.

She wished she knew how much of himself Farnsworth had put into his novel. She could not blind herself to the fact that he had been devoted to Rita. Dared she believe that he had loved Rita at first, and that he now came to her with a stronger, mightier devotion? or ought she to look at it in the light of her stepping in between her sister and Cyril, inspiring a passion which would give way, if she withdrew herself, to a calmer love, which would bring both her sister and this man real happiness?

In that case she would be married to Douglas Weldon, or else—— She was in a measure bound to Douglas Weldon, and Cyril Farnsworth knew that. But they were not married; the tie could be broken: surely Cyril did not think it insurmountable already! He had not tried to break it; that she must acknowledge. He might have thought it dishonorable. Her own notions of honor were somehow hopelessly mixed.

She heard Rita come up-stairs and go into her room. A few moments after she crossed the hall with her cane, and joined her. She found her sister sitting by the window, with her face close against the glass. She was looking at the deep-blue sky and thinking how far away from her everything seemed, and how long it would be before morning, and how sad and lonely she was. She looked up, startled, when Madge came in, and a little afraid of her.

"Rita," her sister said, sitting down by her side and putting her arm around her, "talk to me. I want you to talk to me."

"I haven't anything to say," answered Rita.

"But surely you see I am in some trouble?"

"I don't know. Oh, Madge, Madge," and she turned and hid her face in her sister's neck, "why must you take him away from me? You had Douglas: wasn't that enough?"

Madge could not speak. She rocked herself to and fro on the bench, with Rita held tight in her arms.

Finally she did speak.

"Rita," she said, "I'm so weak, and I know I'm cruel; but look at me, and tell me, does he love you? do you know he loves you? has he told you he loves you? If he has, I promise, I promise you I will give him up."

"I cannot," sobbed Rita. "I cannot." Her tears stopped. "He has never told me in so many words; but you must have seen, Madge, how until after your engagement with Douglas he was always with me. Then I began to see less of him. I was glad to have you friends, and he was just as nice to me, of course, only you always seemed to make him go to you before long. I don't say you did this purposely, Madge, but I don't think you've acted rightly by Douglas, nor does it seem to

me that you can love me much. If you loved Farnsworth, then why did you accept the other?"

"What makes you think I love Farnsworth?"

"Don't you?"

Madge did not answer.

"Has—Cyril told you he loves you?"

"Yes." Then, after a pause, "No," said Madge.

"Then, oh, Madge, perhaps he doesn't."

Madge smiled as if she did not believe this.

"Give him up; give him back to me," pleaded Rita. "Perhaps he does love me, after all. Men are not like us, and it's hard to know. I think you almost magnetize him. It's something in your eyes. I feel it sometimes too. I would do anything in the world for you, Madge; you know it; all my life I've done what few things I could to save you trouble or to give you pleasure; but I cannot, and I will not of my own accord, give up Cyril Farnsworth, nor let you take him from me if I can help it."

Madge's face had grown hard during the latter part of her sister's speech.

"You shall give him up," she said, seizing Rita by the wrists and holding them so tightly that Rita almost cried out from the pain. "How dare you speak so to me? He doesn't love you; he loves me. Has he not shown it? Are you blind?"

Rita bit her lips to keep from crying as Madge's fingers tightened again about her tender flesh.

The anger suddenly died away, as it had that afternoon in the library, and Madge dropped her head in shame. She fell on her knees on the floor in front of Rita, and covered her sister's hands with kisses.

"I am wicked and cruel," she said,—*"false to Douglas, and unnatural to you. Forgive me, Rita; tell me you forgive me."*

"I will forgive you," said Rita, listlessly. Forgiving Madge did not bring Cyril back to her.

"I am so miserable, so wretchedly unhappy," Madge said, in a voice choked with tearless sobs.

"Whose fault is it, Madge?" Rita answered, her sympathy for her sister numbed by what she had just gone through.

"I will give him up to you. I will not see him willingly until I am a woman again and Douglas Weldon is back. And of Douglas you must help me to become more worthy."

She stood up and kissed her sister's forehead, and then, leaving her still by the window, she went into her own room, wholly overcome by the force of her emotions. But she slept calmly all night.

Cyril Farnsworth went straight to his home from the Synnetts'. He had barely time to dress for a dinner-engagement. He thought for a second of sending a messenger with some excuse, but changed his mind. He was particularly lively and witty during the dinner, and kept both his *vis-à-vis* and his neighbor laughing most of the time. Farnsworth could talk easily to three women at once, and make each one think the other two were boring him.

He collapsed somewhat when left alone with the men, and took his

leave immediately after rejoining the ladies in the drawing-room, on the plea of a headache.

"Too much inspiration on that new novel," said his hostess, pleasantly.

"Or too little," he replied.

"We will be the judges of that, when we are allowed to read it," she said.

As soon as he had left the house his paleness and evident illness, his brilliant wit, his personality in dress, and his devotion to Rita Synnett, were generally discussed for two minutes.

Once out on the sidewalk, he looked at his watch. It was after eleven. A bright full moon smiled cynically down upon him and whitened the broad pavement of the avenue. He felt dizzy, and as if he were not walking straight, although he had taken but very little wine. It was a cold night, and there was enough motion in the air to flicker the shadows of the bare tree-branches. There seemed to him to be motion everywhere, and everything seemed to be unsettled; even the stars twinkled in and out, and now and then a cloud passed indcisively across the face of the moon.

Farnsworth walked far up the avenue, and then crossed over on to the boulevard and walked on, he did not know how far. He walked till the moon began to grow gray and the eastern hues of dawn to creep into the sky. The coming sunrise filled him with an emotion which threatened to unman him, and he turned and hurried home.

He fell asleep in the broad daylight, mentally and physically exhausted, having resolved only upon one thing,—the need to resist the mad infatuation for Madge Synnett, and the imperative necessity of his not seeing her again, unless he heard her engagement to Douglas Weldon was broken.

In the mean time he would go away somewhere.

CHAPTER VII.

It was noon when Farnsworth awoke. He had not intended going to church, so took no heed of the hour. His sleep had done him but little good, for he was still tired and restless. He lay quietly for some time, thinking of Madge Synnett.

He could even then feel the influence of her personality, and this influence was increased tenfold by the fact which he could no longer be blind to,—that she loved him. That he loved her he had never dreamed until yesterday; and now, out of her presence, he doubted if he did. When he was with her there had been no questioning but her beauty and sympathy had cast a spell upon him, and he would have laid down his life for her if she had asked it. Now, out of sight of those eyes which inspired him with the sparks of genius, away from the possibility of contact with those fingers which thrilled him with an inexplicable mental ecstasy, separated from that presence which was always in sympathy with his own varied self as are the notes of a common chord in music, he found strength and time to question.

Was this irresistible attraction, which came suddenly like a sweet delirium upon him and swept away his power of reasoning, and even his power of will,—was it love?

It was not what of late he had come to think of as his ideal love; that he knew. Was his ideal out of his reach, too high for him, and was this that especial form of love which was given to natures like his? or was it possible that a man was capable of both kinds, and a choice allowed him? Was he capable of that other form, his ideal? He thought of a comparison he could make, but he refused to, even to himself. Over and over and over again in this world the man is blind because he will not see.

He dressed himself and had his breakfast, thinking over the same ground again and again. When he stood still and thought only of Madge Synnott, and pictured her to his mind in all her beauty, her great eyes mournful with the secret they must not look, her lips trembling with the love they must not falter, he could barely keep himself from rushing that moment to her, in spite of her engagement to Weldon, in spite of everything. He felt at such a moment that work was nothing, joy and sorrow nothing; there was only one woman in the whole universe, and that was she. And when he forced himself not to think of her, but to think of both their lives, of hers and his, and what the work was that he wished to do, and what his ideal of love and life had always been, he cursed himself for his weakness, and what he then called his passionate sentimentality, and thought only of escaping Madge's influence.

That was the final outcome of his mental struggle. He recalled thankfully that nothing yet had been said by either that was absolute or irremediable. Indeed, she had seemed to recognize, as well as he, the impossibility of their being anything more to each other than they then were. He did not believe, somehow, that it was entirely on account of her engagement to Weldon; for engagements were broken every day. But he would not be the means of breaking Madge Synnott's. He felt, again, and imperatively too, thank God, the need for him, before it was too late, to make a stronger fight against the morbid sympathy and oversensitiveness of his nature. He would go away somewhere for a while, as he had decided the night before, until everything was calm and Douglas Weldon was back. In love, when a man turns coward he is apt to be lost: he does not often run away and live to love another day.

He sat down at his desk and looked over his last night's letters, which were still unopened. There was one in a woman's handwriting which he did not know. The envelope was a big square one, and the letters of the address were large and striking. The post-mark was Cornwall-on-the-Hudson. He opened and read it through several times, with an expression of surprise and bewilderment; then he laid it down and laughed.

"It makes me feel better," he said aloud to himself. "There is happiness in the world, if we only know where to look for it and how to enjoy it. I feel as if I had been living in a hot-house and this letter had taken me into an old-fashioned garden. It makes me want to go

and see Rita Synnnett; but I must not. I should tell her everything. I always do. I will accept this invitation, however: it is just what I wanted to do,—go away somewhere. And I like that woman: she is true and splendid. I will take the afternoon train to-morrow."

He sat down and wrote a note, and posted it when he went out later.

He rang the bell at the Synnetts' to inquire how Miss Madge was, but refused to go in, rather to the maid's surprise, and went away, leaving some flowers for the young ladies. He had stopped at his florist's on his way; he had chosen a few sprays of jasmine, which the man happened to have, for Rita, and, after a moment's hesitation, some queer purplish orchids for Madge. He planned to write to Rita from the country the next day, explaining his absence from town.

Madge Synnnett had found a letter too that morning, which had come in the late delivery the night before, directed in the same hand as Farnsworth's. She wondered what Mrs. Norris had gone down to Cornwall for. She read Douglas's letter through first,—a kind, loving, clear letter,—that his business was nearly arranged, that he would be back on Wednesday, that he felt he must be quite an old man now, it was so long since he had seen her, and a few other things that are quite appropriate for a personal love-letter but are hardly interesting enough for indiscriminate publication. Madge felt that she did not deserve the letter.

She then read her Cornwall note partly through, with an exclamation of surprise and delight.

"Mamma! Rita!" she said, "do listen to this."

"Who is it from?" asked Mrs. Synnnett. "Oh, Mrs. Norris. I can tell the handwriting from here."

"No, it isn't: it's from Mrs. Galloway."

"What!" exclaimed both Rita and her mother.

"Yes. Listen, and I'll read it to you:

"MY DEAR MADGE,—What do you think I've done? I've married that brave, good-looking captain. Did it Saturday morning, and only made up my mind the night before. What do you think of that? I'm fifty years old to-day! I'm only sorry I didn't do it sooner. The world has seemed twice as big and beautiful since, and not a lonely spot in it. We've come down here for a week, and we want to have a few people in the house with us and have a jolly time of it all around. There has been a splendid snow-storm, on which a delicious sun is sparkling. (When I came into the breakfast-room this morning the captain pointed out of the window and said there were my wedding-jewels all displayed.) There will be splendid sleighing. You are to come Monday morning, and I shall send for Mrs. Synnnett and Rita later on in the week, when some family relations who are here leave us. The train at which I shall go to meet you—we shall go to meet you—leaves the Forty-Second Street ferry at eleven o'clock. Love to all.

"Ever yours,

"MARGARET GALLOWAY.

" 'Margaret Norris has disappeared. Lost child. Madge, do you think the children will call him father? I want them to, so much. You know—or you don't know, but you might as well, now—that Mr. Norris was not a good man to them or to me.' "

"How funny!" said Mrs. Synnett.

"How lovely!" said Rita.

"Isn't it splendid!" added Madge.

"Shall you go?" asked Mrs. Synnett. She didn't exactly understand why she should not have been asked to come first, and the girls to come later.

Rita watched her sister, and something like a smile came into her face when she heard her say,—

"Of course I shall go. My ankle won't keep me; and when Douglas comes back I will get her to ask him down." She looked lovingly at Rita.

"But Mrs. Nor—Galloway doesn't know you're engaged," said Mrs. Synnett.

"I know it; but she likes Douglas, and will be sure to ask him when she knows he has come back; and, anyway, I would be quite willing to suggest it to her."

"Why don't you announce your engagement down there?" suggested Mrs. Synnett.

"I'm not ready to, yet," replied Madge, turning a little sharply.

"I don't know but you are right," added her mother. "You don't want the world to think you have jumped at the chance."

Madge simply raised her eyebrows and looked at Rita, but said nothing.

She made her ankle an excuse not to appear in the music-room that night; she stayed in the little library, and flirted with young Osprey most of the time, in a somewhat unsuccessful attempt to amuse herself. He was a very boyish, somewhat conceited young man, but usually he was not monotonous.

He confided to his mother, on their way home, that Madge Synnett was a "stunner," and if it wasn't for the differences in their ages, and her lack of "shekels," he would "go in for her." His mother listened with retrospective pride, he was so like, she thought, what she was at his age; she had always attracted both the old and young. But she should keep him out of the way of that designing girl and her mother. "Willie" must marry a fortune. It would never do for him to marry a poor girl. He was a born gentleman, *non fit*. His was one of those aristocratic natures that sometimes spring up in the alien soil of America, for whom labor of any kind was not intended. He was being educated; this was his second year in the Freshman class. Mrs. Osprey did not believe in pushing bright boys.

When the two girls were alone together, Rita remarked on Farnsworth's absence during the day.

"I wonder why he was not here?" murmured Madge.

"I wonder," echoed Rita. It was to her as if no one had been there.

"Rita," Madge spoke after a few moments, "I never knew you to let your flowers go without water before. Your jasmine is lying here almost dead."

"Is it?" said Rita, blankly. "Somehow I don't seem to care any more."

There was another silence between them.

"I think I will go to bed," said Madge.

"Good-night," was all that Rita answered.

Mrs. Synnott went with Madge to the ferry. She had been trying to have a talk with her alone for several days, but somehow had not been able to manage it. She wanted to ask her if she knew what was the matter with Rita the last few days.

"Is there anything the matter with her?" asked Madge.

"Yes, there is; and you must have seen it. Don't pretend you haven't, Madge. I'm afraid it's about Mr. Farnsworth; and if she won't take me into her confidence I don't wish to force myself," said Mrs. Synnott, "but I do hope nothing has come between them."

"Come between them?" whispered Madge, half to herself.

"Madge, don't echo my words. I thought you knew something about it. Have they had a quarrel?"

"No, I'm sure they've not had a quarrel."

"I'm glad of that. Probably it's only some of her ideal notions about marriage, and it will be all right in time. I'm sure they love each other; only I do wish she would make more of a confidante of me. No one knows one's children better than their mother, or can better sympathize with them; but you and Rita,—I don't say this bitterly, I only state it, for it's true,—you and Rita never seemed to realize this with me." She waited for some answer, but, as she received none, she continued: "I think I may say I made the match between you and Weldon. I planned it, and hoped and prayed for it. I saw what a husband he would make for you, dear, and I hope you will be very happy, and I know you will be." There was a little tremble in Mrs. Synnott's voice, she was so happy for Madge. She did love her so fondly; and she loved Rita too. "I saw how it would be between Rita and Mr. Farnsworth from the first: in fact, I might as well own up to you that's the reason I asked him to the house,"—this somewhat triumphantly. "I knew he would appreciate her."

"Mamma dear," interrupted Madge, "people can overhear us. You're a dear, sweet mother, and we both know it; but don't you think we'd better talk about something else?" "I shall go mad," she thought, "if she doesn't stop."

"I just want to tell you," Mrs. Synnott added, in a lower tone, "that several people have asked me about Rita and Mr. Farnsworth, and said they had heard they were engaged: so you see I can't have drawn too much from his attentions."

"What did you say to them?" asked Madge.

"Oh, I always contradicted it flatly, of course, but in such a way as to make them sure there was something in it."

The ferry-boat had reached the slip. They were just in time for

the Cornwall train, and, after a hurried good-by to her mother, Madge found herself alone with her thoughts in a seat in the train.

There were a few tears under her veil, but, on the whole, she felt happier than she had been for some time. She felt she was in the act of giving up Cyril to Rita, and experienced a degree of satisfaction in having done what was right. In the excitement of leaving town she felt stronger than she really was, perhaps, and surer of herself. But it was a step in the right direction, and she knew it. One step, however, is only a tiny portion of a long journey, and one action a small part of a whole character. To be sure, she felt that if an accident should happen, as accidents did on railroads, it would not so very much matter. Her future life was a riddle which she was not sure she wished to solve. And meanwhile she was nearing her journey's terminus; and Rita was thinking what a brave strong girl she was, and how happy she had made her, and how happy she must make herself, in the end.

One thing Madge was determined on, and that was that she would not be the skeleton at the wedding-feast of her friend Mrs. Galloway. She told herself she must learn to enjoy others' joy and to live altogether in the present. One never knew what might happen. So, when the brakeman shouted into the car his version of the name of her destination, Madge nodded smilingly back to a tall handsome couple on the station platform, and showed them a moment later an apparently happy, perfectly unreadable countenance, as they shook hands warmly, and she said,—

"Allow me to kiss the bride."

"And you may kiss the groom too," laughed Mrs. Galloway. "I share everything with my captain."

"Aren't you both awfully proud?" Madge added, as they seated themselves in the two-seated cutter. "You ought to be."

"We are," smiled Mrs. Galloway, "and I've rechristened our place 'The Barracks,' and the captain says I'm the Daughter of the Regiment." They all laughed.

Madge felt invigorated and lifted out of herself. The snow lay thick and glittering everywhere, like diamonds, with the air delicately sharp enough to cut them. There was no wind, and the bare branches of the trees had little caterpillars of snow stretched lazily along the tops of them. Their own bells and those of other sleighs jingled in a pleasant, pure comedy way, and the road was solid, and the horses went at a fine pace.

Madge wrapped her fur about her neck tighter, and buried her face for a warm instant in her muff. They passed some small boys on the road trudging along with their big-mittened hands hanging down like hams at their sides, and their woollen scarfs, as red as their fresh young cheeks and noses, wrapped round and round their necks just below their merry mouths.

Madge drew in a long breath.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "this is delicious!"

"Isn't it splendid? I can't see why I never came down to enjoy it before," said Mrs. Galloway. "I suppose it was that dreadful news-

paper. I hear there's an awful fight after my place." She and her husband laughed merrily.

"She has confessed," said Captain Galloway, "that the sword is mightier than the pen."

"There," his wife replied; "if I hadn't resigned, I should put that in. Let's don't go straight to the house," she added. "We have plenty of time." And Captain Galloway turned up another road.

"I am enjoying this so much," said Madge.

"I must tell you who are to be with us," Mrs. Galloway said.

"That reminds me," interrupted Madge: "let me tell you first that mamma and Rita sent their love, and mamma suggested to me the advisability of letting you know accidentally that she had no engagements for the end of the week. I think she really wants to come down very much. Now go on and tell me who are here."

"Well, Alice Lester, because I knew you liked her, and her brother,—that is, he is to come down every afternoon; he must be in his office during the day; he's a splendid fellow, has killed bears in the Rocky Mountains, and all that sort of thing; he isn't flirting with any one, and so makes himself generally agreeable, and is a great help. Mrs. Hedder, and Algernon Bolingbroke *en conséquence*, and they're arranging a little play to give in the ball-room at the end of the week. Lieutenant and Mrs. Leeds, the captain's younger sister and her husband,—such dear, jolly people, who have commenced to call me Sister Meg. I've asked Mrs. Osprey down for one day, and said she might bring along her protection. You know she said I wanted to get married and couldn't; and I wanted her to see with her own eyes, else she won't believe it. There are several others coming down to spend a day, and—oh, yes, I forgot; I've asked that Mr. Farnsworth whom you introduced to me at your house, whom I liked so much."

Mrs. Galloway was watching her young companion. She believed there was something between these two, and she was going to help it along.

Madge was something more than unprepared for this. A wave of strange feeling seemed to sweep over her whole body. She felt it from her head to her feet. Mrs. Galloway saw a certain change of expression, and told herself she was right, that there was something between them. There was a rut in the road, which shook them up considerably, and when they were settled again Madge was quite composed.

"What a jolly crowd!" she said. "And when does Mr. Farnsworth come?"

"He comes upon the next train. We'll send this cutter right back for him. What are you throwing away those beautiful orchids for, Madge, you extravagant child?"

"They're useless now," said Madge. "I didn't want them any longer."

When they arrived at the house they were welcomed by Alice Lester and Captain and Mrs. Leeds, who were just going for a walk. Madge refused to go with them, on account of her ankle, and went up-stairs to her own room to rest until lunch-time.

She threw herself on the bed with her hat and wraps still on.

"There is a fate in it," she whispered to herself. "Here I've come straight to the one person I left town to escape. Why struggle any longer against it? If Cyril Farnsworth loves me, why should not he and I be happy together? By what right are we to be sacrificed for the others, if the sacrifice won't bring them happiness?—and I know it won't."

She sat up on the edge of her bed. All her good work was being destroyed, all she had accomplished the night before undone. A feeling of this came over her.

"There's no use in my exciting myself and going all over this again, like an hysterical girl. I've decided once for all. I have made a promise to Rita, and I made a promise to Douglas before that, and I will keep them both." She propped up the structure of her duty with this resolve, but again sentiment weakened a side, and it threatened to topple, as she added the thought,—

"And I do not know that Cyril does love me. It's a bad sign that Rita should have been able to make me doubt. What made Mrs. Galloway look at me when she spoke of Farnsworth? Can she suspect anything? No; of course not: if she did she would only think it all right, and try to throw us together. She must not do that. I wish she knew about Douglas."

She was taking some of the things out of her hand-bag. She put Weldon's photograph on the table.

"There," she said, "you are to be my safeguard. I wonder if Mr. Farnsworth knows I am here, or if he will be as surprised as I was. Come in," she said, in answer to a rap on the door.

It was a maid, to tell her luncheon was served, and to offer to unpack her boxes, which had just been brought up. Madge gave a few directions, a final touch to her hair, a questioning look at herself in the glass, and went down-stairs.

Farnsworth had been prepared in somewhat the same way that she had been. He arrived while the ladies were in their rooms, and had learned from Bolingbroke,—besides all the details of the little comedy to be played Friday night, when Mrs. Hedder would surprise them all, really surprise them, by doing something totally different from anything she had before attempted, and if successful would do before "The Lady of Lyons" at the charity performance at the Lyceum Theatre on the 30th,—besides this, he had managed to learn who were in the house.

"Oh," Bolingbroke said, "besides Mrs. Hedder and ourselves, there are some army people, relatives of Captain Galloway,—awfully jolly, you know, but of course not at all intellectual; Miss Lester and her brother,—delightful both of them, though she's not much good as an actress; and I believe that fascinating girl Madge Synnott was to have come this morning."

"Did she?" asked Farnsworth.

"I believe so, but I don't know surely," answered Bolingbroke. "Mrs. Hedder and I have been rehearsing until just now."

Farnsworth was already thinking hard: he would leave to-morrow or the next day; he would find some excuse, without letting her know

that he was running away from her. They must meet as people on the best and gayest of terms : that was the only way for both of them. He wondered if Mrs. Galloway had told her he was to be there.

They met in the breakfast-room, with every one else. He had intended making some conventional remark, but he could not. They shook hands, and he passed on to Mrs. Hedder, who shrieked a welcome at him from the other end of the room. But in that one moment they both knew that each had been surprised.

It did seem to be a very gay party of people. Real happiness is always more or less infectious, and Captain Galloway and his bride were full of joy in a beautiful big way that left no one, as it were, out in the cold. Madge, with that power which she had before made use of, gave herself entirely up to the surroundings of the present moment, and Farnsworth, in his efforts to appear merry and at ease, forgot in the happiness of the others that he was not what he seemed to be.

They were in no hurry to leave the dining-room ; and the women stayed while the men smoked after the last course. Finally, however, they began to break up. Mrs. Hedder and Bolingbroke took Miss Lester into the ball-room for a rehearsal, and Lieutenant and Mrs. Leeds went with them. Captain and Mrs. Galloway took the two children out for a sleigh-ride before going to the station for Mr. Lester. Madge and Farnsworth were left alone. Madge hesitated as to what she should do. It would be foolish to excuse herself, and it would be a confession of weakness in her own eyes. Somehow, nothing seemed actual to her. It all seemed a dream, and had seemed like one since early morning.

"I can thank you now for the orchids," she said.

"They were an odd color, weren't they?"

"Very."

"It's a pleasant surprise to find you down here."

Madge looked up at him sharply. How dared he speak to her in such a commonplace way?

"Oh," she said, "please don't be conventional with me."

Farnsworth was wondering what had become of the orchids. He knew he must not ask.

There was a silence between them, which they both felt the absolute necessity of breaking, without the ability to do so. The harder Madge tried to think of something to say which would be ordinary but not inane, the more impossible it grew for her to say anything. The silence became unbearable.

"How long do you stay?" she questioned.

"I'm asked for a week."

Madge waited as if she expected him to say something more. Then, thinking only of what it would mean to her if he should remain the whole week, she said,—

"But you won't stay?"

"Why not?" he asked.

He had decided not to, but he thought it best not to tell her so. She must not know he was running away from her. He hid his weakness, from an unconscious fear that if she knew it he would not be able

to inspire her with strength. It occurred to him now that this was the opportunity to impress upon her that he acknowledged no strained relations between them. He knew safety for her, and for him too, lay in her believing this. He must force her to ignore their last meeting and everything that might have resulted from it. His answering question to hers was unkind, but he felt it necessary: his own unkindness hurt him as much as it did her; so he looked away from her, and said,—

“Why not?”

But his appearance of strength only maddened Madge. If he had been weak, perhaps she might have been stronger; but it stung her to find him so true to her and himself. It made her feel her own lack of faith to Douglas, and also made her doubt again the love of Cyril for her. She thought that if only their position could be reversed she would appear to a better advantage in his eyes, realizing that she would in her own. She had a strange confidence in her own ability to be the strong one, and all the time grew weaker. And yet, again, with the wonderful perversion of her nature, his strength and manliness increased her love and admiration for him. It was at these moments that she sympathized fully with Cyril's own struggle; but invariably these moments were replaced by the other, stronger feeling.

She felt once more she must know if he loved her.

“Cyril Farnsworth,” she said, rising, “can you ask me that?”

Again she looked at him with wide-open eyes. Again Cyril read in them the love and passion with which they brimmed. Again he drank in, with his spirit, the sweetness that her lips but tremblingly withheld.

He exerted all his strength and power of will over himself. He held his arms crossed tight behind his back. A thought that had hammered at his heart before took possession of him. He tried to speak it,—to tell her they had been flirting together, and that it was time to stop. Cruel as it would be now, it would be kind in the end. But he could not do it. The fatal sympathy between them held him back. He doubted if she would believe him, and if she should he dreaded then her hatred. At the crisis his weakness was uppermost, and he failed. He stood silent before her. He raised his eyes and let them tell the truth, and before them Madge's dropped.

“I see, you will go,” she said, and left him half stupefied, wondering how much he had done and undone, and how, in spite of everything, this had happened.

Madge went to her room, shut herself in, and spent a couple of exhausting hours with herself. She held Douglas Weldon's picture tightly in her hand, and scribbled Rita's name all over a piece of paper on the table by which she sat, as if these things helped her. Just before she went down to dinner she sent word she would like to see Mrs. Galloway a few moments. “It is the one thing to do: it will be the best protection I can have against myself and him. He will see I'm not too weak to do what I decide is best or right, and he may stay on if he likes. We will not be likely then to be thrown together.”

When Mrs. Galloway came in, she tried not to look hard, for she did not want her friend to know she was less happy than she herself.

"I want to let you into a little secret of mine," she said, "first, before any one else. I am engaged to be married to Douglas Weldon. And I thought perhaps you would ask him down. He is coming back to town on Tuesday night or Wednesday."

Mrs. Galloway was very much surprised; it rather upset a little plan of her own, too; but she remembered that she had surprised everybody and that she did not have a monopoly on surprises. Besides, she had always liked Weldon exceedingly, and then altogether she began to think it was just the thing, after all. It must have been Rita Farnsworth liked, and she had been so taken up with her own affairs of late she had not noticed the direction matters were taking at the Synnotts'. At the same time that she thought of these things, she remembered Weldon had a lot of money and Madge had none; that he was strong and matter-of-fact, and Madge over-sensitive and delicate; that he would probably bear with any amount of flirting on Madge's part, and never dream of flirting himself; and that he was generous and true: so she kissed Madge, and told her she had not the least doubt it was made in heaven along with hers. She said she was so glad for her that she even felt happier than before,—something she had supposed an impossibility.

She was delighted, too, when she found she was to announce it at dinner that night, and said they would all drink her a "rousing bumper."

And Madge was satisfied.

No one else was surprised besides Mrs. Galloway. Other people had been expecting this for some time. Mrs. Hedder said Madge would make a very effective bride, and her mother would probably give her away, which always seemed to add a little novelty to a wedding-scene.

They drank her health, and Weldon's, and Captain and Mrs. Galloway's, and their glasses clinked, and their laughter mingled. They all talked at once, under the excitement of the jollity and the wine, and the servants, looking on, thought how happy every one was.

Madge was following the laughter and repartee, and absolutely not thinking. But Farnsworth was thinking in spite of it all. He felt they were now completely separated, and with the belief that she was lost to him irretrievably came the increased longing for her, the rash desire to call her his own in face of everything.

Oh, men! oh, children! it is always the moon, the beautiful, silvery, changing moon, that we cry for. Life puts her finger on our lips, touches our hand, and says, "Thou shalt not," and straightway lips grow wishful, hands stretch out grasping, and we say, "Why not? We will."

CHAPTER VIII.

BREAKFAST, Mrs. Galloway told them the night before, was a "movable feast" and "come as you please." She said she never knew when she went to bed what time she wanted to get up, but when she

was ready she appeared, and she had always found breakfast there. It seemed to be a sort of supernatural gift on the part of her servants.

A perfect morning had the effect of bringing most of the party together before ten o'clock. Madge, expecting when she had retired for the night not to sleep a bit, had on the contrary slept splendidly in the bracing atmosphere of the country, and awoke refreshed and rested.

She felt almost as if she were already married to Douglas, since the announcement of her engagement to him. She was glad in the morning that she had announced it. It only seemed to her that Farnsworth had taken it rather coolly: of course he had known it before, but still there was something different between a public and a private engagement. She did not think Farnsworth was moved easily, or rather that he showed it when he was. The previous afternoon was the only occasion she could remember when he seemed to have entirely forgotten himself. She had been moved more easily and more often than he,—which was not as it should be.

She asked herself, while dressing, if it was possible that he had been flirting with her; but she would not believe that; she could not believe that, remembering his eyes as he looked into hers yesterday. Only, she would give worlds to know how much he really cared for her, even now. She felt sure of one thing, that he would not marry Rita unless he loved her. Suppose, then, he did marry Rita: what would it prove? Would it prove that he had never loved her,—Madge? Absurd! If he never truly had, would he dare believe then that she had really loved him, as she had only too plainly shown? This would be insulting to her, and to Weldon. But to look at it in that light was to face her own conduct towards Douglas, and this she had not the heart to do. Was it possible that a man could love two women at once? She wished she could stop thinking about these things: it never did any good: it always only confused her, and weakened her in the end.

She made up her mind that when Douglas came back she would have an honest talk with him. She would explain to him just how much she loved him, if he would let her, and just how much she did not, if she could do it delicately. If still he wished to marry her, she was ready. She went so far as to experience some pleasure in the fact of how much it would please Weldon to learn she had announced their engagement.

Another thing she was determined on, and that was to treat Farnsworth differently. She would like to puzzle him a little about herself, as she was puzzled about him. She had finished her dressing by this time, and went down to the breakfast-room feeling quite safe, with Douglas coming to-morrow and every one in the house knowing that she was going to marry him.

She was the last one. Some had finished, and were looking out of the windows; others were still sitting by the table, talking. It was another perfect day. The sky and the earth together were like a great flawless turquoise set in bleached ivory, only here and there the dazzling sun on the crusted snow lighted it into the colors of mother-of-pearl.

Madge was greeted with a burst of good-humored raillery from them all. Alice Lester was the last.

"You've a letter from him, Madge, and we're all dying to hear what he says."

Madge blushed, and took up Weldon's letter.

"Oh, come, you must read it aloud," said Bolingbroke.

"Very well," answered Madge. "Listen:

"'Honored lady'——"

There was a chorus of "Oh!"s. Madge was hastily reading through the letter, which was a short one.

"Go on," urged the others.

"'Yours respectfully, D. W.'," said Madge, laughing.

And Lieutenant Leeds said,—

"Quite proper. Exactly like mine." Whereat Mrs. Leeds was visibly affected.

After she had finished her breakfast, Madge joined one of the groups at the window. Mrs. Galloway was walking down the path with the two children.

"Where is she going?" Madge asked.

"Nowhere," some one answered. "She said she would take the children for a bit of a stroll and get her morning's rouge on."

"Have you ever noticed how splendidly Mrs. Galloway walks?" asked Madge, turning around, and finding Farnsworth just behind her. "Really you don't seem to notice how she does walk, but while you're admiring her carriage she 'gets there.'"

Farnsworth smiled, and said he had noticed it. He thought he had never seen Madge look more radiant: she looked like a different girl from yesterday.

"Let's put on our wraps and go out to Mrs. Galloway and the children," she said to him. "A little walk won't hurt my ankle." She did not wait for a reply.

"Good-by," she said to the others in the room. "We're going to meet our hostess."

"Oh, it isn't fair," cried Mrs. Hedder: "you're engaged, and you're going off with the only eligible young man."

"Come," said Bolingbroke, "that's hard on me."

"It's your own fault," laughed Mrs. Hedder. "You've been a bachelor so long, you're as ineligible as if you were married."

"Oh," exclaimed Madge, as she stepped off the piazza and breathed in the cool, fresh air, "it's like drinking pure soda-water, isn't it?"

It was slippery, and Farnsworth offered Madge his arm. She accepted it, but only touched it lightly, so that he hardly knew her hand was there. They laughed and chatted in perfect good faith, and soon met Mrs. Galloway and the children coming back. They all stood together for a moment, praising the day and the view. One of the children, a little girl, came up to Madge and slipped her small hand into her muff. Madge stooped down and kissed her. The child stood on tiptoe and whispered to Madge, pointing to her mother,—

"Have you seen her big captain?"

"Yes," whispered Madge in return.

"Isn't he nice?" exclaimed the child.

"Yes, indeed he is," said Madge, emphatically.

"Well," whispered the child, proudly, "I'll tell you something. He's our father."

Then they strolled on back to the house.

Later, when they were all together in the big hall, Mrs. Galloway came in with a set of plans and arrangements to scatter them. The three who must rehearse must get it all through with in the morning, because they were going down to the skating-pond of a not-distant neighbor in the afternoon, to skate, and to have tea in a little ice palace afterwards. Lieutenant and Mrs. Leeds had to pay some farewell calls, which also must be done during the morning. Captain Galloway and herself were going to meet Mrs. Osprey and her son, who were coming on the noon train. There was a cutter and the captain's own horse at the disposal of Farnsworth and Madge Synnnett.

"Now," she said, "we have military discipline, and every one must obey. Douglas Weldon is coming to-morrow, and Mrs. Synnnett and Rita Friday. There's the schedule, time-table, *carte du jour*, and list of attractions of The Barracks."

Madge's first thought was that she must get out of driving with Farnsworth in some way; but while she was trying vainly to think of any excuse she changed her mind, thinking she was not afraid for herself, and that if any one was to disarrange Mrs. Galloway's plans it was for him to do so. Besides, they had spent the morning so far in the pleasantest sort of way, and why shouldn't it be finished as it had been begun? Her impulse was to go, and impulse was her *deus ex machina*.

Farnsworth said nothing. Perhaps it was because he wanted to go.

While they all stood in the hall the cutter was driven up in front of the door. Madge went up-stairs to get an extra wrap, lest she should be cold driving. In her own room she hesitated an instant. She knew she ought not to go in the cutter with Farnsworth. She tried to think of some excuse to send down-stairs which would not arouse suspicion. She felt a foreboding that more depended on this moment than she knew or could realize. She also knew that she was strangely happy in the company of this man, and the danger of that happiness to herself only lent an extra-pleasurable emotion. She was determined to go. Never in her life had Madge Synnnett learned to act contrary to her longings, and it was too late to begin now. She left the room without having looked once towards her dressing-table, where Douglas Weldon's picture was, purposely.

They were all waiting to see them off, and wondering why she was so long. There were several witticisms made about Weldon, and Mrs. Hedder promised to tell and warn him. Mrs. Galloway said she would be answerable for his willingness.

Just as Madge stepped into the sleigh she saw a little frozen bird in the snow. She stooped to pick it up, but changed her mind, as the poor thing was already dead, and left it lying in its great, cold, white grave. But the sight had moved her pity. All her earlier *bonhomie* seemed to have disappeared. Her hand as it touched Farnsworth's,

getting into the cutter, trembled as it had before the afternoon he kissed it, and startled Farnsworth again, and made him stumble as he took his seat.

The people stood on the piazza, laughing and shouting to them. The two in the sleigh shouted something back. Alice Lester made a clumsy snow-ball and flung it aimlessly after them, and with a sound of bells and crunching snow they were off.

"I'm almost sorry," thought Mrs. Galloway, "it's not Farnsworth instead of Weldon; but perhaps he is better suited to Rita."

Mrs. Hedder led the way to the ball-room and the rehearsal, and Lieutenant and Mrs. Leeds started down the path, taking the children with them. Lester had gone back to town and business on the early train.

Meanwhile, the two in the cutter were gliding swiftly over the snow. To neither did the beauty of the day appeal any longer: they were wrapped up in their two selves, and saw nothing when they did not see each other. They went on for some time in silence.

Madge was not wishing herself back now; she was morbidly enjoying the pleasure of going at a swift pace over the shimmering road with this man, they two out of reach as it were, for the time-being, of the whole world. It was a dangerous channel for her thoughts to lie in.

And Farnsworth, taking the first turning, not knowing or caring where it led to, was letting his imagination run riot with his better sense. All his gayety, too, had disappeared, but he felt uneasy and restless. They came suddenly on a beautiful view of the river. He pointed it out to Madge, and she echoed his exclamation of wonder.

Once she shivered. He looked at her quickly, and asked,—

"Are you cold? Shall we turn back?"

"No," she answered, "no." And she returned his gaze, and smiled at him a little pitifully. There was a line between his eyebrows that was not always there.

Farnsworth was struggling mightily with himself. All the feeling of yesterday had come back to him. Again he felt influenced by every breath she breathed. He was trying not to give himself up to the enjoyment of a terrible delight that the ride was giving him, Madge Synnett here by his side, racing against the wind—and perhaps the world.

The horse was a magnificent animal, and sniffed the morning air with as much evident joy as they experienced, bounding on over the snow like a racer. For a while they made an effort to talk, but their conversation was in bits, and so forced or broken as to be almost ludicrous, and again they were silent.

They took no heed of time.

Madge was uncontrollably happy and wretched at once.

It was Farnsworth who finally broke down the barrier between them.

"Madge," he said, "I cannot stand this. I must take you back." He turned resolutely up a cross-road as he spoke. "In spite of all honor and manliness, I shall forget Weldon and yourself, and tell you what I must not."

Madge did not answer, but a great throb of joy seemed almost to take her breath away from her. He did love her, then! Well, why should he not say it? Who was Weldon, or any one else, to say he should not? Fate said he should. Fate had thrown them together until it was too late to take them apart. She felt this, but she could not tell him so.

"Forgive me, Madge," he said, "but I am suffering."

"Suffering!" she cried, a note so full of pain it seemed to beat against his heart and wet his eyes with tears.

"My God!" he said, "and you too suffer? Then you do love me?"

"Love—you!" repeated Madge, in a voice that despised the feebleness of the word which it was forced to use, a voice that filled the syllable with meaning and burst it in its passionate excess.

"Love—you!" she said again, and bowed her head.

He waited a moment, and then he turned to her.

"Look at me, Madge," he said.

Her eyelids quivered like the wings of a little fledgling, and then she uncovered the windows of her soul, which bade him enter and see. Farnsworth looked into them, and saw what he had before only half believed, and in them too saw the reflection of his own. Every pleasurable emotion he had ever experienced seemed crowded into one. It was, while he gazed, as if he were listening to the sublimest music, and looking at the most perfect painting that ever hung behind an altar. It was as if he breathed in perfumed air from flowered deserts and drank ambrosial nectar from fabled fountains. She was as beautiful as a dream, and as real. Slowly his head dropped till his lips touched hers.

The horse made a sudden start and turned violently to one side, frightened by a dark bunch of withered flowers in the road. The snow had drifted there, and the steel-shod hoofs of the horse broke through the crust, and before Farnsworth could obtain control over him, the horse, thoroughly frightened, was running like mad.

Farnsworth was not an athlete, and seldom or never drove. He did all he could do, which was to pull with all his strength on the reins, but it had no more effect with the terrified animal than if he had been a playing child.

They tore around a sharp corner, just grazing a fence, and were turned partly over, but managed to get righted. Madge sat perfectly still, but clung to him. They were now on a road where there was but little snow and more danger. Farnsworth did not know how soon they would be by the Storm King embankment, and he cried out as he thought of their chances of being dashed over it. Even then they came in sight of this very danger.

"Can you jump out?" he said to Madge.

"Why?" she asked.

"Don't wait to ask," he answered. "That is death ahead of us."

"Then," she said, "we will meet it together."

"Great God! what do you mean?"

"I mean that I choose death with you to the chance of life without you!" And she flung her arm about his neck.

"You're mad!" he said. "Come, and I will jump with you,—now!"

"No!" she screamed, in her excitement, clinging to him with both her hands, and holding him back. "Don't you see? don't you understand? it is the easier thing to stay."

They swayed to one side with the cutter. He seized her wrists and held them both in one hand, and put the other around her waist.

"Come!" he shouted, and clinched his teeth.

They were almost on the edge of the embankment, but before he could spring with her out of the sleigh it stopped, and they were thrown back against the seat, unhurt. The traces had broken, and they looked up in time to see the horse give one leap into the air and disappear, and they knew that he had fallen to the river. Farnsworth's arm tightened around the girl. Her head dropped upon his shoulder.

"Madge," he said, bending over her, "are you hurt?"

"No," she answered, "but I want to cry a little,—only I can't."

Farnsworth stood up beside her, thinking. He was trying to recollect where he was, and where he had been that morning, and what it was that had happened since then,—what it was that made him feel as if his life were lived, and that the life of another man now lay before him.

"And what now?" asked Madge. "Cyril, the horse will not have to go back."

She smiled a little bitterly. She was wondering how she could return to that house to Rita and to Douglas. There was the effect in her mind of a wild hope which she did not dare to formulate.

"We can never go back to where we were this morning," Farnsworth said.

He was thinking of what had passed between them since then on the road. He meant since they had broken faith with Douglas and with their own selves each could never go back to the same place in his or her life. They had proved themselves unworthy of the trust placed in them. He tried to understand the new chaos in which his mind and heart were. The being brought face to face with death had somehow changed things to him, and placed his own self in a clearer light, which had illumined even his feeling for Madge Synnett. He saw the truth and grasped it at last, but the revelation had come too late.

"Cyril," exclaimed Madge, and seized his hand and kissed it. Joyful tears came easily now.

She had misunderstood him. She thought he meant they could not go back to Cornwall and to Douglas.

He looked down on her bent head, and knew it all before she spoke again; but he felt powerless to explain, to draw back from what he saw he had brought upon himself. He knew he had given her reason to misunderstand him. And pity now crept into his heart. It is a dangerous thing for love when pity creeps into its abiding-place: there is never room for both.

Madge looked up at him, and talked to him through her tears:

"Yes, yes, you will take me away! We cannot go back! You will take me away, away from it all!" She grew suddenly calm. "Don't think me foolish," she said. "I will show you I can be sensible." She wanted to show him that she could be everything, everything, for his sake.

He listened to her dumbly, every word she said sinking into his heart and deadening its beats. He saw how beautiful she was, but he was content now to stand by and look at her.

"Do you know where we are?" she asked.

"No, but we are near some village. You can see it there on our right."

"Yes," she said. "We might get a train there."

"Madge," Farnsworth said, "shall we take the train for Cornwall, or for town?"

"Cyril!" she exclaimed, drawing a little away from him. "What do you mean?"

"Ought we not to go back?" he went on, but rather hopelessly. "We will explain our accident, and when Douglas comes you can break it to him quietly yourself: wouldn't that be kinder to him?"

"No! no!" Madge interrupted; "don't ask me to do that! Remember what I did last night. Think how those people would talk! Oh, I could not go back! It will be no harder for Douglas to hear of it this way."

She did not mention Rita, but she thought of her. So did Farnsworth. She stood in front of him by the sleigh. A little sparrow loafing on a fence near them chirped blithely. The sun shone warm and pleasant. She put her two hands upon his shoulders and made him look at her.

"Are you sorry?" she asked, with the old strange beauty in her eyes.

And Farnsworth tried to give himself up to their intoxicating witchery again. But he spoke soberly:

"Sorry,"—and he kissed her on the forehead, and then upon her lips, softly, tenderly,—“for what?”

And Madge, who did not know the answer, was satisfied.

"Cyril," she said a few moments later, as they were walking to the station, having found some one to take care of the sleigh and rugs,—“Cyril,” and her hand trembled in his, and the fierce light came into her eyes, “I would kill the woman who would take you from me now!”

And Farnsworth smiled at her.

Farnsworth noticed how every one about the station and train looked at Madge admiringly, and it was with a feeling of pride, even then, that he said to himself, “And yet she is mine.” It was something like the feeling one might have if one were an Eastern prince in the possession of a beautiful slave. Madge's love was one of adoration. The incense of worship was novel and pleasing to him, though he knew the pedestal he stood on was not his own.

CHAPTER IX.

IN the train Farnsworth and Madge made some plans. It was then a little past one o'clock. There was no one she could go to quietly, and they decided to be married that same afternoon. Madge was excited, but overpoweringly joyful. The car seemed to her to be on wings, and when she reached town she felt as if she were in a city built in the air. Everything seemed different to her, and countless little things worthy of notice which she had passed all her life before without observing. Once or twice she complained playfully to Farnsworth that he was too quiet and made her do all the planning, but when he said it was because she did it so well, she was pleasantly silenced. Farnsworth obeyed her like a child, only taking the lead when the urgency called for a man.

Once he said,—

"Madge, I wish I were rich, for your sake."

But she only shrugged her shoulders, and said, give her a crust every time, instead of a banquet, if it was his crust.

Before they reached New York he had asked her where they should go for their honey-moon.

"Cyril," she answered, "it has always been my dream to go on the ocean with my husband. I want to go on a little voyage with you. Can't we go south?"

"Yes," he said. "There's a Bermuda steamer sails to-day. I had thought of that myself."

"Oh, Cyril," murmured Madge, touching him with her hand, "how much in sympathy we are!"

"Yes," said Farnsworth, but almost with an interrogation.

Three letters were written,—one to Douglas Weldon, to reach him before he should go to Cornwall, one to Mrs. Galloway, explaining, or trying to explain, and one to her mother. She did not write to Rita.

It was when she was writing these letters, in the Murray Hill Hotel, that Madge commenced to realize the general wretchedness she was creating.

"Poor Douglas!" she thought; "I'm sorry." But when she wrote to her mother she did not dare even to send her love to Rita. Something very like remorse came to her then, but she made an effort to throw it off. "It is too late to repent now," she said to herself; "and I don't repent. I tried to do right and I failed, but I did the best I could. Besides, he loves me: so he doesn't love Rita, and I did not take him from her, after all."

She and Farnsworth were both under the influence of the same desire not to think, but to constantly *do*. And that night the Bermuda steamer bore out of New York harbor two people who had taken their passage only at the last moment,—a bride and groom, it was whispered through the flowered saloon.

They were Madge and Cyril Farnsworth; and when the gang-plank had been lifted, and they stood on the deck watching the shore in the fading light, there were tears in both their eyes, and a longing for rest in both their hearts, and a belief that it would soon come—in one.

"I only wish," said Madge, "that I had my violin."

"Madge my wife," said Farnsworth, "and already wishing for something?" And he looked past her over the water.

"No," she said: "already your words have made me forget my wish."

He was thinking of his novel, which lay scattered on his desk. It had not been touched since that night of "Siegfried." Would it ever be finished now?

As the boat passed out of sight of land that evening, Madge's letters were being carried to their several destinations.

Mrs. Synnott and Rita were making their toilets for a dinner-party, when the maid brought a letter to her mistress. She laid it down on her dressing-table, seeing it was from Madge, and went on trying the effect of different ornaments in her hair, thinking there could be no very important news from Cornwall. When she had thrown aside all her own jewelled pins, and borrowed, through the maid, one of Rita's to wear, she took up the envelope. She noticed then that the post-mark was New York. She experienced a certain uneasiness, and slowly tore open the letter, thinking.

She did not read it through. When she came to what the letter was sent to tell, she stopped and screamed. Then she remembered the maid, and how everything must be kept quiet, even before she understood what everything was. She stood by the dressing-table a moment, breathing with difficulty. Every hope and plan of the last four years was in that short instant broken away from her. She felt as if she had lost her positive gravity and were dropping off from the world.

She tried to call Rita; but she could not raise her voice, and she crossed the landing into her daughter's room. Rita stopped what she was doing, alarmed at her mother's expression.

Mrs. Synnott sank down in a chair before she spoke. There were tears in her eyes, but she almost laughed: it was so strange,—so unnatural.

"Rita," she said, "Madge has run off."

Rita stared at her.

"Don't look at me so," said her mother; and then for the first time she realized what it would mean to this daughter.

"Oh, my child," she cried, "it's Farnsworth!" And Mrs. Synnott went into violent hysterics.

Rita spent some moments calming her mother. She did not feel hysterical herself; she only felt very cold, and seemed to do everything as if she were a machine. She could not for some time comprehend what the blow was that had fallen, not until after she had read Madge's letter to herself several times. And even then, somewhat stunned by the shock of it, she did not fully realize all it must be to her.

"I don't see how you can take it so calmly," whimpered Mrs. Synnott, almost exhausted by her own display of emotion, and missing the comforting company that a similar performance on the part of her daughter would have been.

Suddenly she started up with a new thought:

"Who'll tell Douglas Weldon?"

"Probably Madge wrote to him the same time she did to us."

"What's the matter with your voice?" asked Mrs. Synnott. "It doesn't sound natural."

"Doesn't it?" said Rita, wearily.

The maid tapped at the door:

"The carriage is here, ma'am."

"What?" asked Mrs. Synnott.

"Very well, Jane," said Rita, and then, turning to her mother, "It's the carriage."

They had both forgotten the dinner-engagement.

"What's to be done?" said Mrs. Synnott. "We must send a messenger. I know it's dreadfully late, but we can't go. I couldn't face a dinner-table. Oh! it will be a regular scandal!" she added, with a habit of exaggerating her own thoughts with her words, and apparently about to go voluntarily into another period of hysteria.

"There needn't be a sensation," said Rita, knowing that was what her mother meant by "scandal." "Why should there be? Everything was done rightly. Notice of the marriage will be in the morning papers, so Madge says in her letter, and every one will learn it in the usual way. We must not show to the world that we are—that we are——" She stopped, not knowing what to say. Mrs. Synnott could not help her.

"Mamma," Rita continued, "we must not let the world see we are so much more than surprised. We owe that much to Douglas Weldon. He does not want the world to sympathize with him."

She did not speak of herself, but her mother knew.

"You forget," she said, "that in Mrs. Galloway's note this morning she said Madge had announced her engagement to Weldon."

"Yes, I forgot that," said Rita.

"But what about Mrs. Delevan's dinner? I know you think one of us ought to go, and I suppose I ought to; but oh, Rita, I can't. Why, I talked to Madge only the other day about you and him, and she said——"

"Never mind what she said," said Rita, coldly. "If you won't go I must, and I suppose I might as well."

Her voice and manner were a quiet reproach to her mother, but Mrs. Synnott did not dissuade her. She really was not fit to go herself, and she selfishly reasoned that it might do Rita good by taking her thoughts away from herself. She did not understand that it makes but little difference what becomes of a being's thoughts after the heart and soul are gone. And Rita Synnott had that night seen her love thrown away into utter darkness, and her faith in mankind undermined, through the destruction of her faith in her sister and the man she loved. And she laid the stress of the blame on Madge.

Rita put on her wraps.

"What will you say?" asked Mrs. Synnott.

Rita thought a moment before she answered:

"I shall tell Mrs. Delevan, privately, that you were unable to come at the last moment, tired out by the excitement of my sister's marriage

to Mr. Farnsworth this afternoon, and tell her it is not to be made public until the morning. She will never know then that we were not present at the ceremony. Good-by."

"Won't you kiss me, dear?"

Rita went to her mother and kissed her. Her face was like a dead person's, thought Mrs. Synnott.

When Rita had gone, she took off her dinner-dress, and bathed her face, and then went into Madge's room. Rita's example was working upon her mother's mind. She began to realize what an idol she had always made of Madge, and what a slave of her other child. She thought of Rita's strength of character as brought out now, and she guiltily felt that she had never really known her daughters. She thought, too, of what she knew now was true, of Rita's love for Cyril Farnsworth.

"I wonder if they were engaged," she said aloud to herself, choosing some of Madge's things to pack up and send to her. "I should not dare to ask her. Besides, it would be cruel to her. I don't believe they were. Farnsworth is not so bad as that. I don't believe he knew his own mind."

Perhaps, she thought, she, the mother, had been some to blame. She had tried to manage matters as she thought best, but it was evident that she did not know. It was very hard on Douglas Weldon. She wished he and Rita would grow fond of each other; but she knew that was impossible now,—at any rate, for Rita. She recognized that quality of her daughter's character; while she conceived the probability of Weldon's loving again, some girl who would be totally different from Madge.

"At any rate, I will make no more plans for any one." She spoke aloud again. "Things must take the course they will. Perhaps when Madge and Farnsworth come back, and are happy, it will all come out right in the end. Though I don't see how it can, for Rita," she added, after a moment.

Rita came home early. Before her wraps were taken off she fainted. But the maid and her mother soon brought her to, and she insisted on going up-stairs to her room to undress. She put on a wrapper and threw herself on her couch.

"Mamma," she said, "they knew it!"

"What do you mean?" gasped Mrs. Synnott.

"I mean what I say," repeated Rita, in a dull sort of monotone, all the expression, all the *timbre*, gone from her voice. "They knew it."

"How?"

"I don't know, exactly, but I believe some one who had friends going to Bermuda on the same steamer as Madge and Cyril was down there at the dock and saw them go on board; then he knew some one at one of the newspaper offices, and—oh, I don't know, but it was the one thing that they all wanted to talk about."

"Well?"

"I said it was true, and I smiled, and tried to look gay, as if I had been to a wedding. They asked me if my lilies were wedding flowers, and I didn't say no. And I don't know what else was said or happened. I only know I came away as soon as I could."

"Do you think they suspect all the particulars?"

"I don't know," sighed Rita, pitifully, "and I don't think I care."

"Come here," said Mrs. Synnott, stretching out her hands. And Rita went to them, and the two women sat in a big chair together, with the mother's arms about her daughter.

"Rita," she whispered once, "I'm going to be another woman from to-night,—a less selfish woman, a truer woman, if you will help me."

But Rita only answered,—

"Dear mamma! dear mamma!"

Some time after midnight a special delivery letter came from Mrs. Galloway.

"I've explained it all right to the people here," she said, "and you can count upon me to see that there is no foolish gossip in the society papers."

It was very kindly meant, and they were grateful, but it did not touch the two women then. They were past caring for the world's opinion, learning a deeper lesson which was set before them.

Mrs. Synnott felt that Rita would like to be alone, so presently she left her.

Rita went to the window, and sat down among the cushions of the seat there, resting her elbows on the sill, and her little cold white chin in her little cold white hands. It was where she was sitting when Madge came in and found her three nights ago. She sat for a long time in a sort of stupor, looking up at the sky.

"I don't understand this living on and on," she said, "and I know one thing: I will never again be afraid to die. Didn't he love me at all? Oh, I felt so sure he did! Yet he never said so; I'm not sure now he even hinted it; and perhaps it is my own fault that I am suffering now. Is it? Isn't it? What difference does it make?"

She looked at the stars again for a long time, without thinking of anything.

"There isn't a single person in this whole big world," she thought, "that can comfort me. There is no one I can go to. If only I was more of a Christian, I believe I could go to God."

Again her thoughts were formless. She found herself mechanically counting the twinkling lights in the winter sky. "I must do something," she thought now. "I must have some sort of duty in the world. No one has ever told me, but there must be something, somewhere, for me to do. First I will go away for a little while, and when I come back I will write hard. Perhaps I will write my novel. At the least I can try."

She sat with her arms dropped and her face buried in them a long time.

"Only," she sobbed, "only I am so alone!"

She lifted her head. The dawn of another day was creeping over the sky: it seemed to reach a little of its light into Rita Synnott's heart. It was like the lifting of a great weight from the breast onto the shoulders, where one can carry it, as Rita sank down upon her knees, moving her lips, and crossed her hands in front of her.

Another pair of aching eyes saw the dawn coming over the great

city,—a man who had walked since dark up and down the length of his room, and would walk for hours more, and who would know no rest for many days, but who knew how to carry burdens so that in the end they would drop off of themselves.

CHAPTER X.

IT was the steamer's second day out. The first day had been a good omen indeed for perfect and beautiful happiness; and Madge and Cyril had spent it in the sunshine on the deck, enjoying together that ineffably sweet inertia which some people feel the first day on the ocean.

There had been one of those beautiful sunsets only seen at sea, where the sky was a faded emerald and the sun a disk of burning coppery brass which would defy even a Teniers to imitate. The swinging motion of the gulls, floating back and forward like foam on the waves of the air, had the same effect on the senses as the crooning melodies of a negro nurse. All the day and all the evening Madge and Cyril had lain back in the chairs and dreamed dreams.

Nothing yet seemed actual to them. Madge said she knew in a few moments they would be landed at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, or else that she would wake up. And yet the awakening came sooner than even she expected; but it was of another, of a fatal kind; and even that first night the reality of life and the "natural course" of things began to make themselves felt.

Madge was experiencing in a vague way something very like disappointment in Cyril Farnsworth. Not that there was anything lacking in his treatment of her, but that she missed perhaps a superfluous something which she had expected. Whatever her feeling was, it was the reason in her of a strange thought for a woman the first quarter of whose honey-moon had not yet lost its silver tips,—the fear that Cyril would not always love her.

This fear was, too, undoubtedly, a certain form of jealousy in a nature too prone to it before there was any cause. A night's brooding over Cyril's too reasonable and quiet devotion made her morbidly, unreasonably uneasy. It even occurred to her that perhaps she had let him be too sure of her affection, as she had felt too sure of Weldon's. She quieted her conscience about Rita by saying if Farnsworth chose to love and marry her she was not to blame. She told herself that if he had loved and married Rita instead, she would have been silent. Surely, as it was, Rita could not blame her for the *dénouement* of affairs. So she stupefied her conscience, and repeated the moral drugging system at necessary intervals. But the very reasoning which was a narcotic to her conscience kept a little hidden jealousy of her sister from anything but the slightest doze, which the veriest jar would destroy. Whenever she spoke of Rita, Farnsworth listened, but he would not talk of her himself. At least he did not. Why not? He never of his own accord mentioned her name to her,—Madge. And he had a way of changing the conversation, or she thought he had.

She wanted him to tell her more about himself. She would have been better pleased if, instead of being silent so much, he had told of all his life so far. There must be much to tell in a man's life between twenty-one and twenty-eight. She was jealous of this past from which she was shut out. Besides, she remembered, he and Rita had used to talk of the past often together. It did not make any difference to her that they had talked of childhood. She never had time for reason and excuse. She could forgive and forget even a sin, but she never excused.

There was a former acquaintance of Cyril's on board, a handsome woman, a Mrs. Something-or-other, who was travelling with a maid, and who treated Farnsworth, Madge thought, too familiarly, as if there had been something more than an ordinary friendship between them at one time. When she asked him about her, he said he had met her travelling abroad somewhere. She thought this was too indefinite.

The second morning she had gone down into the cabin for barely half an hour, and when she came back Cyril and this woman were walking the deck together. She had to stand alone several minutes before Cyril saw her. All this she foolishly allowed to jar upon her.

Farnsworth felt a false note was somewhere breaking in upon their harmony. But he did not know where or how, and for the first time, while conscious of a change of mood in Madge, he could not sympathize with it.

He did not like being told he was bored because he sat an hour in her company without talking. He had not been told so before in the many silences that had always been between them. He could appreciate no difference now. He did not know that the very doubt of his own love for Madge which he himself was now trying to turn his back upon, having been too weak to grapple with it, Madge had already stumbled on.

And Madge did not know that her own unwhispered fears of her power to hold his affections were born of an instinctive intuition that she did not altogether possess them now.

The afternoon came on, of the second day out. They were sitting quite alone, and hidden from the rest of the passengers, behind the life-boat. All the morning she had been expecting some caress. Her hand often rested on the arm of his chair, on his sleeve, on his rug, constantly in reach of his, and yet only once had he touched it, and then it was to rather playfully lift it from his shoulder with some remark *apropos* of the people about them.

With the partial screen of the life-boat, in the excess of her love and joy Madge felt oblivious of every one. She had been longing for a kiss for hours. Love's sweets are easily stolen, but she waited in vain to be robbed.

Finally she yawned,—not a real yawn, but a false one,—and said it was stupid on deck, and she was going down to the cabin for a while. He allowed her to leave him, and did not follow her. Really, he was half inclined to. He guessed that she expected him to. But he stayed behind and went on thinking.

She was not gone long, and when she came back she thought he

had been talking to the handsome blonde woman again, having passed her in the passage-way.

She was silent, and somewhat angry, as she joined him, with the hard look in her face which Cyril pretended not to notice and welcomed her back with a smile.

She brushed against him as she sat down, but he appeared to be unconscious of the contact. Really it had given him a sensation, but not a pleasant one. Formerly her touch had thrilled him with delight, had drawn him to her; now it seemed to repel him. It was as if he had smoothed a piece of velvet "the wrong way." He saw the hard expression of her face, and this time it cast a damning shadow over the beauty of it, and an impassive nonchalance seemed to Madge to rise up from him and strike her in the face.

At that moment she felt she would like to cut him with a sharp knife, to make him feel intense pain just for a second. Involuntarily her thumb and taper forefinger closed, as if a bit of his arm were between them; but she would not have done so childish a thing as pinch, and in an instant this feeling passed away. Only it left her bitter, and she made some slighting remark about the woman she had passed on her way to the deck. It was a witty but not a nice speech, and Farnsworth but half laughed. This half-acknowledgment of its humor shamed her, and made her wish to justify herself. She questioned him about her. He refused to answer, and told her she was absurd. But he did not lose his temper; and Madge thought he was not serious enough.

When she questioned, he bantered. His coolness exasperated her beyond measure. She thought him wilfully disagreeable and cold, and she was determined to rouse him at any cost. She knew he could be roused, and she believed in her power to calm him. Moreover, she had worked herself into an angry mood, and she felt the need of some climax, some turning-point for it. She was not capable of letting it quietly subside of itself.

Besides all this, she spoke without thinking. Madge always counted her ten after she spoke, instead of before.

She told him she believed he had flirted with this woman, as he had flirted with Rita, only this woman was more worldly.

"I did not flirt with your sister," said Farnsworth, slowly, looking Madge straight in the eyes with an expression almost as hard as her own.

She did not like his manner. She laughed disagreeably.

"Cyril," she said, "don't think you can deceive me so easily."

"Your sister"—he spoke with short stops between the words—"is the last woman in this world I would flirt with."

It was casting oil on the flames of Madge's jealousy. Her eyes blazed at him, her body shook.

"You needn't lie to me," she said. "You did flirt with her, or Rita would never have confessed she loved you."

Cyril had not taken his eyes off her. Still staring, he seized her hand and held her by the wrist, in a grip that bruised.

"Did she?" he asked, between his teeth.

She wanted to say no, but she thought the truth would humble him, and she had been humbled enough.

"Yes," she answered.

He dropped her hand, and turned away, but she saw in his face that she had gone too far.

"Cyril!" she cried, ready to relent; but it was too late. For a moment she cowered before her husband, but only for a moment: she closed her eyes with her hand, for she did not seem to see plainly, and then opened them again.

Farnsworth could not speak: he dared not trust himself. He had just sufficient strength at that instant to keep from cursing her. He stood, as she rose from her chair.

She drew herself up and passed him with a fierce glance, and went along to the passage-way. In those few moments she both hated and loved him passionately. If she could have killed him, she would have died too, clinging to his lips.

She noticed now for the first time that the vessel was rolling heavily, and that huge clouds were hurrying over a dead-black sky. At the door-way she turned, and looked back.

"No," she whispered, and went on. "I thought he was going to strike me. I almost wish he had. It would have made a different ending; and now, now, oh, I do not know if I'm saved or lost."

Inside, she had to cling to the railings to support herself, and even then she was thrown from side to side along the whole length of the passage, feeling the knocks no more than she did the red marks of Cyril's fingers on her wrist, till she reached her own state-room.

The deck was a scene of confusion. Sailors were hurrying to and fro, and the officers were all at their posts. An ugly storm was expected. Every one was ordered below, and the sailors commanded to clear the decks.

But Farnsworth, who had walked away when Madge left him, was quite hidden between some rigging and the end of a life-boat, and escaped notice.

He was conscious of the storm only in a secondary way, in that he felt the sympathy of nature with his own racked and tortured being. His arms were lifted above his head, and he held by his hands to the rigging, while his body was plunged forward and back with the motion of the ship. He was wet, without knowing it, by the waves which now and then broke over the vessel's side. He threw off his hat to let the wind blow on his forehead, where there seemed to be an ever-tightening band of steel. His hair grew wild in the wind, and his eyes were big and seemed to be straining to leap their sockets, and yet he was beautiful. He was in that mental agony when the heart and soul are crucified, but the body still lives even after the bones of one's hopes are broken.

The lightning seemed to burn a vivid track through the past few weeks of his life, and all the weakness of his character looked hideous in the white glare.

As was his nature, when condemnation could do no good, he over-condemned himself.

"Almighty God," he said, "I've played with life as if it were a game, and men and women toys. I've been little else but a painted wooden image in the ark."

He thought of Rita, and the tears poured out of his eyes, streaking the salt of the waves that had dried on his cheek. He could not avoid thinking again of what his life with her might have been, with a shudder of great self-abasement, nor avoid the comparison of what his life now promised to be. No calm, no peace, no rest, but only the unceasing rising and falling, backward and forward, of the sea seemed shut in by his horizon. A life made up of moods. He saw the mockery of his passion for Madge, and at length, utterly alone with his Maker, as a human being only can be in a mighty storm, he realized that his worship of Rita, which he had failed to understand, had been the ritual of that pure love which he had chosen for his own ideal.

He knew he was not fit to kiss the tips of her fingers, yet he knew he would rather, once, than clasp the other, his wife, in his arms for a lifetime.

And she had loved him. A myriad memories crowded upon him in proof of what her sister had declared. He experienced a sudden joy, a mad gladness for a moment, that made him shout. It was like a gleam of reason to an insane mind, and then it went out and left him in more utter darkness than before. He beat his bare forehead with his hard clinched fist, till the blood swelled and made a purplish bruise on his temple.

"I have brought her only sorrow," he cried aloud. "Blessed happiness lay in my path, and I trod it under my foot. My God, I have trodden *her* under my foot! She for whom I would gladly give these hands, these eyes, this life, knows only anguish now through me!" His voice was drowned in the fury of the storm.

He had forgotten Madge, but again he thought of her, and again he cried out:

"I will try, I will try to make her happy if I can." But still he lacked faith, taught by himself to mistrust himself. He did not believe he would accomplish that, or anything. He felt he had come to that awful present in one's life when one cannot look forward and one must not look back. He felt that his life, like his book, would be unfinished forever.

"Rita!" and he smiled at the sound of her name. He repeated it again and again.

"Forgive me! forgive!" He was silent a moment, and lifted his head and cried, "God forgive me, help me, and——"

His sentence was left unended. The sudden light that shut his eyes silenced his lips. For one instant Cyril Farnsworth lay prone and still beside the heavy mast that had fallen past him down upon the deck. Over on one side rolled the ship and sank deep down into the sea, as if to show the sight to hell. And over her rushed the loud dark waters, as if to hide the sight from heaven. Then the mighty wave receding took him for her own, and, tumbling back from whence she came, swept the earthly temple of Cyril Farnsworth into the pit of the bellowing sea.

But one soul on board had seen,—a woman who had hunted for this man in vain below and now had come to look for him above. With her own fingers she had managed to draw aside the heavy bolt and open the door that led out, and just as she stealthily crept through, fearful lest she should be watched and forbidden, the flash came that blinded her husband's eyes and opened hers too wide.

She screamed ; but what is a woman's cry when the sea and sky are raging ? She fell forward as the ship rolled, and struck her head against the end of a life-boat. And when she had struggled up to her feet again, he was gone.

Gone ! taken from her before her aching, hungry eyes, away from her yearning, outstretched arms. She laughed aloud, a strange, cruel sound, and staggered on. Her hair caught in a broken spar, but she tore it free with her hands, feeling no pain, and still dragged herself on toward the place where he had stood. Her forehead was hot, she did not know ; the blood on her brow was warm, but the heat in her brain burnt fiercer.

"Wait !" she shrieked, and her voice was shrill and strange. The wave was bearing him on. Would the next wave never come ? Every time she took a step forward it seemed to her the motion of the vessel threw her two back.

"Cyril !" she cried, "Cyril !" and her voice grew hoarse and guttural. "Cyril, wait !" Would the next wave never come ? Who was it dragging her love away from her ? Who was it that held back the coming wave so long ? She clutched her throat and beat upon her breast, when her voice failed her.

Now she could see the huge mountain of water bearing down upon the vessel. High above her head it towered, but it was slow,—so slow ! He would be so far ahead of her. She could wait no longer. She fell to the side of the ship and flung up her arms to the water, which seemed to stretch over her head like night.

Her voice came :

"Take me ! take me to Cyril !"

The wave curled, toppled, fell, broke, with the roar and destruction of a bolt from Vulcan, and rushed back with its burden, who did not see now the great gulf between this wave and the one that went before, and could not know now that the two waves would go on forever side by side, but separate always, with the hollow space between.

Life, with its years of calm and its years of storm, must have been the same for these two, the same ; but they cannot live it now.

The great ship plunged on. Happy hearts there were on board beating thicker as they thought of hearts on shore, and fond eyes waiting for dear ones to look into them at the journey's end,—eyes that did not see that awful beauty of a woman's arm that glistened in the lightning's glare whiter than the foam that flecked it.

THE END.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

A READER of books all my life long, beginning, I may say, almost before I knew what books were, I have always wondered how the majority of people contrive to exist, as they do, without them. I am not speaking of the *oi polloi*, whose faculties, such as they are, are exercised in supplying the daily needs and solicitations of their physical senses, but of the class which is intelligent if not intellectual, and literate enough to transact readily the civic business of life. Our children are taught to read as they are taught to write and cipher, but they are so taught more because ignorance is considered unfortunate than knowledge honorable. They are taught to read, but they are not taught what reading is. How, indeed, can they be, when it is so little to all about them? Not many generations ago reading out of school was reckoned unnecessary by diligent fathers and mothers in New England, while the reading of poetry and fiction was stigmatized as a folly, if not a crime. There were no books in the house that I inhabited when a boy, and in the houses that I visited then, and outside of my own house there are no books in the houses that I visit now. I do not mean to say that all my friends are without books,—that would be absurd,—but I do mean to say that the possession of books is so rare among them that the possessors may be counted upon the fingers of one hand.

When I am informed by the newspapers that Brown's last novel has gone through two editions, I think Brown a lucky fellow; but when I remember that the population of this great republic of ours numbers sixty millions of souls (let us suppose that most of them have souls), I don't think him so very lucky after all. If one person in a hundred, or one person in a thousand, had bought his book, authorship would be a fairly profitable investment for Brown, or his publisher, who, whatever the amount, would be certain to obtain the lion's share of the profit. No; we are not a reading people. We read newspapers, especially those which reflect and sustain our personal fads in politics, finance, or the forms of faith which stand to us in the place of Religion; but journalism, the best of it, is not literature, and to read that and nothing else, as so many do, is not only to dwarf the mind, but to fill it with vast and varied misinformation. One of the faults that I find with our journalism is that it undertakes to do too many things at once, and undertakes to do them without sufficient consideration for its readers, who are credited with omnivorous tastes which they do not possess. There are certain seasons in the year when it loses its head, or whatever may have seemed its head at other seasons, and indulges in a Saturnalia of what it calls News, which it dumps into the current of the time like the contents of a stale buck-basket. I may like to see a race, a regatta, or a game of base-ball, but I do not want to have ball-matches, regattas, and races served up to me six days in the week all summer long. If I had my way, I would keep the

horse editor and the snake editor within bounds, and would occasionally give those worthy gentlemen a little rest. They are omnipotent now, and as untamable as flies. What I have said about our journals applies in a measure to our periodicals, wherein I find, if not precisely the fault that I have indicated, at any rate several similar faults, beginning with the mistaken belief on the part of their editors that they cannot give too many different kinds of writing within a specified number of pages; that the bulk of their readers are avid for information upon a great variety of topics; and that they demand illustrations. That the average American was an inquisitive person was long the burden of his satirists, who always described him as always wanting to know, and that he has not yet outgrown that habit I am prepared to admit: what I deny is that he wants to know the things that his editors find it convenient to maintain, and that he will not be satisfied with them unless they are embellished with illustrations. He is not a child, that he must be supplied with picture-books, which is just what our three great periodicals have come to be. If a question ever arises in the editorial rooms of these monthly object-lessons respecting the acceptance or rejection of two papers, one of which happens to be somewhat literary, though not pictorial, while the other happens to be pictorial, though not literary, the pictorial paper is accepted every time. One need not read very carefully between the lines to see this; for remove the pictures from nine out of ten of these papers and there is nothing left,—neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring.

If the reader of this desultory paper infers from what I have just said that I am averse from American periodicals, he will be mistaken. I have no exalted opinion of the methods which now obtain in their management, nor of a large portion of their contents, but I am interested in them nevertheless. I read my magazines in order to see what new writers are coming to the fore in them, and what direction their talents are taking. I am looking for the coming novelist, the coming essayist, the coming poet. I do not see him yet, but he is coming, no doubt, and I watch his advent from afar. I have seen the rising and the setting in English song of Alexander Smith, Sydney Dobell, Coventry Patmore, and others, and in American song the rising and the setting of a whole galaxy of poets. Forty years ago *Graham's Magazine*, *Godey's Lady's Book*, and the *Union Magazine* were nests of singing birds, in whose sweet pipings I was naturally interested, for I was trying in a mild way to pipe myself. I followed their career month after month, and, comparing it with my own little hoppings from twig to twig, was alternately depressed and elated,—depressed, because I saw that many of them were more clever than I was, and elated, because once in a long while I fancied my song might be worth listening to. A set of these old magazines is more to me than it can be to any young writer of to-day. It is an abstract and brief chronicle of a different condition of letters, and a voluminous record of names which, if not brilliant, were not without a promise of brilliancy, but which have long since gone out in darkness. What has become of the poets who helped to fill the pages of these old magazines? Did they abuse the kindly welcome that was extended to them, when they were young, or did they lose

faith in themselves when they grew older, and refuse to meditate the thankless Muse? I used to smile at the delusion which led so many of these men to enter into the lists of authorship for which they were manifestly unfitted, but when I came to know some of them personally, as I did in later life, I had no inclination to smile, for I saw how bitter their awakening had been. I shall never forget one of the number, who in his early manhood won a certain sort of distinction,—enough at any rate to be mentioned in the newspapers with such poets as Bryant, Longfellow, and Lowell,—but who so far outlived this distinction as to be mentioned no longer; and a very dejected gentleman he was when he realized that trifling fact. Once in a while he visited New York, where he met Bryant, who, always full of kindness towards the poetic tribe, brought him round to the Century on winter evenings, where Taylor and I, who had read him in our younger days, talked to him about his verse, and quoted some of it as a proof that it was remembered still. It was a little thing to do, but it was not a little thing to him; for, what with hearing his own words from our lips, and drinking a goblet or two of our heady punch, he brightened up amazingly. It is sad to be forgotten.

In reading these defunct magazines, which I sometimes find in old-fashioned country houses, my life goes backward, like the shadow on the dial of Hezekiah, and before I know it I am restored to youth. Fairly familiar from boyhood with the poetry of Bryant and Longfellow, which I did not value as I ought to have done, my heart went out to a younger brood of singers, with whom I was becoming acquainted through the newspapers, and who I fancied surpassed the elders in the freshness and richness of their poetic gifts. I was moved by the verse of Bayard Taylor, which I read for the first time in the *Home Journal*, and the verse of Thomas Buchanan Read, which was current in all our journals. I knew nothing of either poet, though I had heard that both were young, and were natives of Chester County, Pennsylvania. The earliest poem of Taylor's that I read, a waif from his scarce little volume "Ximena, and other Poems," was addressed to his first love, Mary Agnew, whom he married a few years afterward in her last mortal illness. I cannot remember which of Read's early poems I first read, but clearly it must have lacked the simplicity and sincerity of Taylor's stanzas, or I should not have forgotten it. But, whatever it was, it must have been written early in the forties, when Read was living in Boston, where his young Muse was beginning to twitter under the wing of Longfellow, who encouraged its short flights, and who could hardly have failed to recognize in his vivacious little follower a stunted *eidolon* of himself. If the worldly circumstances of the young poet had been as favorable to the cultivation of his powers as those of the elder, he might, I think, even at that early date, have written as well as his master, who, like the gentlemen of England in the old song, lived at home at ease, and devoted all his energies to verse. Read was not a prosperous gentleman, like the lord of the old Vassall House, but a struggling artist, whose bread was earned by the incessant painting of portraits. Starting in life at the age of fifteen, a fatherless boy, he made his way from Pennsylvania

to Ohio, where he entered the studio of Clevenger, the sculptor, who might as well have worked in water in which his name was written as in marble, he is so little known to-day, and where he modelled awhile with doubtful cleverness. Before long he turned from clay to paint, in the use of which he became skilful enough to satisfy his Western patrons, among others General Harrison, who was then a candidate for Presidential honors (that, I think, was the phrase half a century ago, when the Hero of Tippecanoe sat to Read for his portrait), and in the use of which he continued skilful enough two or three years later to satisfy his Eastern patrons, one of whom was Longfellow, portraits of three of whose children he painted, I believe, in a group, which he called "The Morning Glories."

It was the misfortune of Read that he could not confine himself to the thing that he could do best, painting, poetry, or whatever else that thing might be. Painting and poetry are sister arts, we are told, but they are not so sisterly as to accept and reward the divided allegiance of their wooers. Painters should be painters, and poets poets, for as painters and poets are made now none is large enough to be both at the same time. To be a jack-at-all-trades is not to be an artist, for the artist is the man with a single aim and ambition, a single passion and determination, a single life, which must be lived out in its own way, and at any cost. "Who is this man Read?" was asked at the Century, shortly after the celebration of the seventieth birthday of Bryant, at which Read was present, with other men of letters, and where he was discussed, as Bryant himself was, and Emerson, Taylor, Boker, and the rest. "Who is Read?" demanded an inquisitive Centurion: "the painters won't have him, I find, and the poets won't have him: what is he, pray?" I declined to discuss Read's pictures, with which I was not familiar; but I denied, *in toto*, that he was rejected by his fellows of the singing guild. I mention this circumstance to show the disadvantage under which Read labored among those who did not know him and his work.

From Boston, where his first volume was published, no doubt at the suggestion and instigation of Longfellow, Read removed to Philadelphia, which was a more promising field for a young painter than Boston could have been, and also a better market for the sale of poetic ware. There were no magazines in Boston then, and no journals that were willing to pay for verse; but there were three magazines in Philadelphia, and two or three weekly newspapers that paid fairly, if not lavishly. There were, besides, more poets there than in Boston,—Conrad, for example, and Hirst, and Boker, who, in the same year that Read published his second volume (1848), manifested his fecundity and proclaimed his courage in "A Lesson of Life" and "Calaynos," proving in the latter that America had at last produced a dramatic poet. The two young poets were read and talked about, as well as a third poet, who might be young, or might be old, nobody could say which, for nobody knew him. He wrote from Hazeldell (wherever that was), and signed himself "A Miner:—" so he was at once placed among our artisan singers. That Read must have more than lived while in Philadelphia (where he was lucky enough to hit the taste of

several wealthy picture-buyers) is certain from the fact that at the end of two or three years he was able to go to Europe with his family (for he had given that hostage to fortune), in order to study in its different schools of art. He made many friends while abroad, one of the most genial of whom, Mary Howitt, has given him a page in her "Reminiscences of my Later Life,"—a page which I am sure the readers of this paper will like to see :

"In July, 1851, an American poet and painter named Buchanan Read, then on his way to study art at Dusseldorf, Munich, and Florence, spent the evening at our house, in the company of some of our friends. He had earlier sent in his first volume of poems by the American publisher, Mr. Fields, and now brought us the second. A few days later the very clever and intelligent young Irish poet, William Allingham, who had been present, told Holman Hunt and Dante Rossetti he had recently met a number of Americans at our house, whereupon Rossetti replied, 'By the bye, some of those Americans write glorious things. I have come across some lyrics in the *Philadelphia Courier*, signed A Miner, and written from Hazeldell, on the Schuykill, as fine as any I know. I first met with one specimen, and was so delighted with it that I sent to Philadelphia for all the papers containing the poems from Hazeldell, cut them out, and pasted them in a book with other gems of poetry.' Rossetti forthwith produced a big book of poetry, and began reading some of the lyrics; and, as he expressed the deepest obligations to the unknown writer, Allingham volunteered to call on the American, who had asked him to do so, and try to learn from him who was the splendid poet of Hazeldell. Accordingly, Mr. Allingham went to Mr. Buchanan Read, and told him what had passed. As he proceeded, the stranger's face became crimson and his entire frame agitated. 'I am the writer of those poems,' he replied, with tears in his eyes. There was, of course, nothing to be done after this marvellous discovery but instantly to carry off the prize to Rossetti. They found him in his studio quite absorbed working from a model. He just looked up as they entered, gave a sharp little nod, and went on painting. Allingham, however, walked up to him and said, 'I have brought you the poet of Hazeldell bodily.' Rossetti dropped his brush, and with a face glowing with excitement cried, 'You don't say so?' He quite overwhelmed the bashful stranger with his joyous acclamations, adding, 'How delighted Woolner would be, for he prizes your poems as I do!' In the midst of the jubilation Holman Hunt entered. Now, Read had a most intense desire to see Leigh Hunt, and this being divulged to the two pre-Raphaelites, who were busy, they deputed Allingham to carry their visitor to Leigh Hunt and see that he was treated with due honor. Leigh Hunt, however, was out: so they returned to Rossetti and Holman Hunt, and spent a grand evening together. The next time Buchanan Read came to us, we had perused his fresh and invigorating poems, and were delighted to see him again. And now, the ice being broken, we found him to be a very generous, grateful young man, possessing much original power and fine discrimination of art. He had been painting in Rossetti's studio, and in constant intercourse with his host, William Rossetti,

Holman Hunt, and Woolner. As the day for his departure to Dusseldorf approached, a great gathering of all the P. R. B.'s took place, to commemorate his last evening in their midst. They read aloud his poetry, made much of him, and told such capital stories that some of them rolled on the carpet with laughter. But although they remained together until four or five o'clock in the morning, they could not part with him. He prolonged his stay, and, as he absented himself in their company from his lodgings at Mr. Chapman's in the Strand, it was reported that the pre-Raphaelites had carried off Read in a chariot of fire."

My habit of reading old magazines was rewarded last summer by, my coming upon the track of Read month after month therein, and by my renewing acquaintance with some of his poems which I had forgotten, the re-reading of which carried me back to the time when I first knew Read, and Taylor, and Boker, and other good fellows who have since passed into the silent land. "I, too, was an Arcadian," I thought, with a melancholy smile, for I recalled the days when I used to pipe among these young shepherds of song, and one day in particular which I spent with Read at his home, and about which I once wrote a careless paper in one of these same old magazines that did not long survive my luckless contributions. I am not certain when or where I first met Read, but it must have been before he went to Europe, for I remember to have gone down the bay with Taylor on the steamer he sailed in, and to have returned with Taylor on a little tug. I shall never forget that tug, partly because the wind on its deck was so high, and so violent in its vagaries, that it suddenly snatched off my hat, which went rapidly seaward in the wake of the steamer, and partly because there was nothing on board to eat except raw salt pork, of which I had to partake, or go hungry,—as Taylor did, for touch the flesh of the swine he would not. When we reached the city one of the crew loaned me a tarpaulin hat, weighing pounds and pounds, crushed under which I stole homeward at dusk, slinking through as many maritime neighborhoods as possible. Read's voyage to Europe was more fortunate to him than to me, for I lost my hat, while he found his laurels.

✓ In looking over the few letters of Read's that I have happened to preserve, I find that he was living in Philadelphia in the autumn of 1852, and that his poems had been republished in England, a circumstance which our newspapers had already communicated to us. "I am busy at present" (he wrote on November 15, 1852), "painting in Philadelphia, 215 Chestnut, where I should be most glad to see you. I have no time to write,—have done nothing, indeed, of late, until I feel that I am not a poet. However, I ought to feel a little encouraged, inasmuch as my poems have met with a success which I had never dreamed of. My little book has been most kindly received there, and has gone to a second edition. In fact, my poems have been more successful abroad than they have ever been at home. They have been overrated in one or two instances, but even that, coming, as it did, from strangers, argues something. But I fear that I shall have to be such a slave to the pencil that I shall not be able to do anything to sustain

the position which the foreigners have so kindly awarded me. I have been surprised as well as gratified at the reception which the English have given me. Already I have received six of the leading London literary journals speaking of me in the most hopeful manner, and have as yet seen nothing on the other side of the matter. But of course I cannot hope to be let off entirely."

Some months after the receipt of this letter, and a succession of others, mostly on literary topics, the interest of which has long since evaporated, I was invited with my wife to visit Read and his wife at their home in Bordentown. We were to come, if convenient, on a certain Friday forenoon in the latter half of April, and Read, who was slaving at his pencil in Philadelphia, would join us in the afternoon. "I will stay at home on Saturday," he wrote, "and we will all go fishing, and on Sunday we will angle in those deeper and more shadowy pools which are only to be found in the streams of the poet's fancy." If I had ever been skilled in topography, I dare say I could reconstruct our itinerary across the meadows and through the towns of New Jersey that sunny April morning, but, never having possessed that accomplishment, I shall not attempt to do so here. I was never an observant traveller (as I am often reminded by Phyllis), but one to whom most journeys by rail are singularly alike: besides, this occurred a lifetime ago. The train slowed up at Bordentown, and almost before we left it went whirling away westward, leaving us standing on the long platform, like grown-up Babes in the Wood. We climbed a flight of steps, and, guided by such directions as we could obtain in the street above, found our way to the poet's home. An old-time country house, with a yellow brick front, and sides of red clapboards, it stood at the end of the town, on a piece of high ground, overlooking the river, near which was its garden, which, to eyes accustomed to the small spaces of great cities, appeared a large one. It was not in what the thrifty rustic mind would consider a state of cultivation,—certainly not of profitable cultivation; violets were plentiful everywhere, lilacs, almond-blossoms, and rose-trees not yet in bloom. Neglected, though not abandoned, nature had reclaimed her early dominion, and the old garden, left to itself, had gone back to its own wild ways.

Mrs. Read was not at home to receive us, as we had supposed she would be, nor was Read himself, who, however, according to his own arrangement, was not to be there until later in the day. But something had altered this arrangement, possibly the absence of a sitter, so he had returned before our arrival, and, tempted, no doubt, by the fine weather, had gone off fishing with his wife for an hour or two, leaving word with his servant that we were expected, and he hoped we would make ourselves comfortable. If I had not learned before this time that the engagements of poets and painters were not to be measured by appointed hours and days, but by whims and impulses that make them as changeable as movable feasts, my temper might have been ruffled. As it was, I smiled (sardonically, Phyllis afterwards declared), and we entered the parlor of Read, from which we saw the table set in the back dining-room, and into which was wafted the odor of the coming dinner. We were soon seated at the table with Read's two

daughters, Alice and Lilian, concerning whom our first and last thought was that they were very small children for such a very large house. The eldest, Alice, who was seven or eight, was a graceful, womanly little person, cool and self-collected, with a prim, staid demeanor, a certain gravity in conversation, and that sleepless consciousness of self which we sometimes see in the young. Wise beyond her years, she knew that her "papa" had written verses about her, and she meant to write verses herself. Lilian, who was three or four years younger, might have strayed out of fairy-land, she was so quaint, so curious, so fantastic. She was so light and airy that we almost feared to touch her, lest she should come to pieces in our hands, or, weary of so rough a world as ours, suddenly remember and return to her ethereal kinsmen. She had long, straight, white hair, great, staring blue eyes, large, round, and cold as jewels, and a colorless face that might have been carved out of marble. Her voice, which was soft and low like that of Cordelia, was musical as the piping of a bird. Conscious of her consequence, though not exacting, she had a pleading and winning way that captured our hearts, and when, feigning not to comply with her wishes, she whispered "please," she was irresistible. I never until a few years later saw so fair and frail, so lovely and exquisite a child, or one of whom I could so truly say, as Ben Jonson said of his lily of May,—

Although it fall and die that night,
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in small measures life may perfect be.

The Reads returned late in the afternoon, dusty and heated, for the weather had been warm, and rather out of sorts because they had caught no fish. "They wouldn't bite to-day," the luckless angler observed, "and they won't bite to-morrow, I know: so we won't go fishing then, but do something else instead." We proceeded to the table, and if we had been astonished at noon at the size of the children, we were quite as much astonished at night at the size of the parents, who, like the children, seemed to be playing at housekeeping. That Read was not a large man I knew, but until I saw him in his large house with his wife and children I never realized how small he was. It is a misfortune for a man of genius to be undersized, partly because he is likely to be uneasy lest he should be overshadowed by taller and burlier fellows, and partly because he is likely to assert himself more loudly and persistently than he would otherwise do. He tries by taking thought to add a cubit to his stature, and to rise to his projected height by getting on stilts. To insist upon recognition is not necessarily a proof of conceit, or not so much a proof of it as of other qualities which are equally irrepressible,—in some a restlessness of disposition, which may be physical, or may be mental, in others a lack of perception or breeding. I have known bustling people who were modest; I have known quiet people who were vain; and I have known others, who, quiet or bustling, were neither vain nor modest, and these I take to have been great men. Read was conscious, no doubt, of himself and his cleverness, but more conscious of his cleverness, it seemed to

me, as a painter than as a poet. I do not think, with Dr. Johnson, that a man who would make a pun would pick a pocket, for your punster, as a rule, is as honest as your lexicographer, but I do think that the habit of making puns is as foolish a waste of time as the picking of empty pockets. But Read thought otherwise, for he was constantly at it, keeping his hand in, like the Dodger in the ken of Fagin by practising on old clothes. His verbal expenditure was so inveterate as to be unrememberable, bankrupting at once the patience of his listeners and the resources of his own wit.

How we passed the next day I do not clearly remember, except that we did not go fishing, but remained in-doors most of the time, our number being enlarged by the society of one of Read's admirers, to whom that old house at Bordentown was evidently an Abbotsford. He had been honored not long before by having a poem addressed to him personally, and he was conscious of the distinction, for it was a distinction, the poem being a charming one. There was a good deal of talk that day, but the substance of it has escaped my memory, for, as Madame de Staël observed of the talk of Coleridge, it was not so much dialogue as monologue, chiefly on the part of the reverent admirer, who was awed by the condescension with which he was received, and by reminiscences of the personages whom Read had met in England a year or two before, with the names of most of whom, poets, painters, and the like, I was, unhappily, not acquainted. I knew nothing, for example, of Woolner, of whom, I fancy, there was not much to be known then, nor of Hunt, Rossetti, and other of the pre-Raphaelite brethren. I was somewhat familiar, however, with the name of Patmore, who was known to be the writer of a critique on Read's verse in the *North British Review*, but he was not referred to on this occasion except in an impressive way as "the critic of the *North British*." He spoke of Read as the most promising of living trans-Atlantic poets, and declared that, with the doubtful exception of Poe, he knew of no one who had had so much real feeling as was shown in some of Read's verses. His feeling was not very profound or masculine, but it was real, and presented a refreshing contrast with the cold and clever manufactures which most of his contemporaries would impose upon the world as expressions of feeling. He had a very high sense of natural beauty, and in proof of this assertion the writer quoted "The Closing Scene," which was worth a whole album of "Excelsiors" and "Psalms of Life," and merited the fame that Gray's celebrated "Elegy" had obtained without deserving it nearly so well. That the critic of the *North British* was an authority in poetry, and as such empowered to confer reputations on whomsoever he might happen to consider poets, was the belief of Read's worshipper, and apparently of Read himself, who simply accepted the eulogy he had received as his due. Perhaps I might have done the same had I been in his place,—though I hardly think so; but, as it was, the valuation that Patmore placed on his verse struck me as being altogether too high, and the comparison between his "Closing Scene" and Gray's "Elegy" an unfortunate one—for Read, who ought to have been preserved from such a friend.

My recollection of Bordentown, through which I rambled on the

following day with Read, is confined to a visit to the Bonaparte estate, which some years before was cut up into building-lots, that had destroyed its primitive picturesqueness, and swept away the Bonaparte mansion, upon the site of which the then owner of the estate, an English gentleman, had built a large stone villa in the Italian style, the glaring white of whose brand-new walls was out of keeping with the ruinous old grounds about it, and, later in the day, a saunter along the brow of a hill in the neighborhood of Read's house. Below this hill the river stretched away in the distance, and across it, over a long, irregular, ragged line of houses, trees, and woods, hung the western sky, painted and illuminated with red and gold, and flushed with a green radiance that shifted and faded in the blue of night. Under us, on the glassy surface of the river, we saw the pencilled outline of its banks, where a few vessels were anchored amid the wavering shadows of thin long spars and black ropes, and where there were ghostly buildings wherein lights were beginning to twinkle. It was an evening to be remembered, so miraculous was its wedding of light and darkness, so exquisite its interfusion of tints and tones, and so perfect the repose in which it was entranced. I began to express the raptures which I felt, but Read stopped me laughingly, as Byron stopped Moore when he was about to admire the rosy sunsets of Venice ("Damn it, Tom, don't be poetical"), so I ceased, and we strolled homeward silently. I never heard Read say a word that would indicate he was a painter, nor—now I think of it—a word that would indicate he was a poet. He might not have cared for his painting, but he must have cared for his poetry.

That Read was a poet there can be no doubt, but his poetry was a gift, not an art, and he failed in accomplishing what was clearly within his limitations through his inaptitude for reflection, investigation, and study. That Poetry is something other and better than the language in which it is expressed, and that in this language there is a choice of words that express lights and shades of meaning, is a truth that he never learned. He wrote from instinct and impulse, not from knowledge, and he wrote easily and carelessly. That some things are more poetical than others, while others are not poetical at all, was another truth that he never learned, for from the beginning to the end of his career all was grist that came to his mill. Every theme that struck him as adaptable to a poetic handling was handled by him without regard to its intellectual or emotional value, for the consideration and determination of which he was unfitted. Attracted by the surface of things, he reproduced their surfaces, content with what they revealed, and careless of what they concealed. Moved by fancy rather than feeling, his verse was often smothered by the fancies with which it was bestrewn. Predominance of the fanciful over the imaginative was the poetic vice of the period here, and Read revelled in it, carried away by the example of its master, Longfellow, who was never so much himself as when he was indulging in a profusion of similes. Everything was like something else, in the young Longfellow, as in "Evangeline," where stars are like the forget-me-nots of angels, and where tin or pewter platters are like the shields of armies reflected in sunshine; and in

Read, in such lyrics as "Arise," where the shadow of the midnight hours is like a mantle, the stars are like autumn flowers, and the linden is like a lover tapping against a pane. More striking illustrations of this defect are "An Invitation," which is a collection of images, obvious or recondite, and "The Closing Scene," which is a gallery of landscapes, in which the foregrounds are everything (which, indeed, is all foreground), and in which the shadowy suggestion of a solitary figure at the end is nothing; in which the russet year is a tanned reaper, the forests are a beaten host, the thistle-down is the ghost of flowers, and the quail and the crow, the swallow and the jay, the cock, the dove, and the vulture, are members of the same happy ornithological family.

There is much that is excellent in Read's verses, but it is not in poems like these, the faults of which are glaring, nor in "Sylvia," "The House by the Sea," or "The New Pastoral." He is not at his best in his ambitious poems, in which the strain of a prolonged effort is visible, but in his short swallow flights, which are graceful and melodious and altogether tender and lovely. I would rather have written the song of his beginning "Give me the juice of the honey fruit" than anything I remember in American poetry. It is as perfect as the best things of Lovelace, Suckling, or Carew, and any poet, great or small, might be proud to write it.

R. H. Stoddard.

THE EXAMPLE OF PORTIA.

AH, when a woman will, a woman can,—
 Not less a lily, though with heart of oak :
 Strange that Bassanio when the sweet voice broke
 The court's deep silence, as a perfumed fan
 Sets air in motion, did not bridge the span
 Which lay between him and the doctor's cloak,
 And know the Pleader who for mercy spoke!—
 A woman would!—Bassanio was a man!

A lawyer, Portia, in the old laws read ;
 If she could plead in open court,—as well
 Her sisters now can plead, with hearts above
 All thoughts of any man, to law-arts wed,
 Until a nation's plaudits loudly swell,—
 And yet our Portia's tongue was fired by Love!
Maurice Francis Egan.

THE MOUNTAIN-MIRAGE.

I HAVE set down the following facts, well known to nearly every old gold-hunter of the far northwestern States, at the request of my old partner in the express business, T. R. Mossman, now of Seattle, Washington. For my own part, I do not believe in this sort of literature, and feel certain that I could do a great deal better than write stories of this kind, and that you could do a great deal better than read this kind of work. So bear in mind that I do not ask you to read a line of it, or even to believe any more than you can help believing.

It began, this ten days' storm in the Idaho Mountains, with the "small rain" of which the Bible speaks. At first it was only a low cloud that crept away stealthily and white through the black tops of the tall pine-trees on the mountain-side only a little way above our camp. Then the clouds grew gray and dragged heavily along on the ground and through the long yellow grass of late autumn, as if very weary. Then the clouds seemed to be afraid to go farther on. They began to make familiar with our very beards. They lay low on the grasses and stayed with us all night. They peered in at our tent doors, and we had to keep up big fires and to button up both tent and overcoat to keep dry. At least this was the state of affairs as I found them on my arrival with the express from Walla Walla on my way to Millersburgh, fifteen miles farther on up and in the heart of Mount Idaho, where they were shovelling up gold from the grass-roots in the newly-discovered Idaho mines as if it had been wheat on a threshing-floor.

I wanted to push on that night so soon as I had opened my pack, made fast to keep out the clouds, and delivered the dozen or two letters which I had chanced to have for the dozen or two men whom I found storm-bound here. But the waters were tumbling down out of the tree-tops. The earth was filled with water, and was flooding at every pore. It was simply absurd to attempt to force a mule up the steep and slippery mountain before me. It was as much as life was worth to attempt the pass on foot; and although I knew that the rival express, Wells Fargo, with two messengers, was close behind, I reluctantly put up for the night at the hotel tent, kept by Charles Silver, a Jew with a Nez Percé Indian woman for a wife.

At daylight next morning I found the clouds had abandoned the siege and withdrawn to the mountain-tops. The air was soft and warm and still. Not a breath. Not even a bird. The air, the earth, and all things of the earth were ominously still, indeed. The clouds lay in pretty white patches, snow-white, above us and all about us in the lifted distance. Through these snow-white rifts and drifts the golden morning sun poured in mellow glory on the mighty mountain-sides that rose above the roaring and tumbling river beyond the mouth of the creek where we lay. Our camp, or rather the dozen tents that made up this new town, was close by the mouth of White Bird Creek,

made famous as the scene of the first battle in the late war with Chief Joseph, and where many a white man bit the dust.

This White Bird Creek leaps headlong with a hop and a skip and a jump away out into the roaring waters of Salmon River. This river runs into the Shoshonee or Snake River, this into the Columbia, and the Columbia into the Pacific Ocean at Astoria, as you all know.

Now, this Salmon River was, is, and will be to the end of all rivers one of the roughest, swiftest, and ruggedest in all the mountains of Idaho; and that is saying a heap.

Everything had to be carried into the new mines on the backs of either men or mules. The trail twisted and curved and corkscrewed and clung and writhed like a serpent in torment on the rocky and almost perpendicular bluff. It hung in the air along the shelving and sliding banks hundreds of feet above the foaming waters.

If a mule lost his foot-hold, good-by mule, good-by man!

As for myself, I always got off and walked along here; not unfrequently taking my *cantenas*, especially if loaded with gold, on my own shoulder.

But they were making a new trail,—“a tall road,” it was called—high above and on better ground. In fact, it was even then completed, all but putting a bridge across the great cañon or cleft in the granite rocks dignified by the name of White Bird Creek, at the mouth of which, as said before, we were now basking in the new morning sun and congratulating ourselves that the storm was over. The new trail was only about half a mile above us, and clearly visible for a long distance.

My mule was at the door, ready. I had weighed out the dust to pay my bill at the tent hotel, and was drawing the cinch tight and strong for a hard ride, when suddenly down out of the warm sunny heavens there began to tumble hailstones as big as a hen's egg. It lasted only long enough, this cannonade of hailstones, to make my mule break away, but not till I had jerked off my *cantenas* and escaped with their precious contents to cover. Then thunder and lightning!

This lightning struck, struck and stabbed the mountain to the heart right across the river level with our faces and not five hundred feet distant. The dirt and stones and *débris* flew in the air and rained down in a deluge. The earth simply moaned with pain. The thunder was not thunder. It was the bursting open of the earth. It seemed to be the crack of doom. The cheery lightness that had been only ten minutes before was now all blackness and dismay with seams and streams of lightning. We were blinded and overcome with awe and terror.

The mountain-sides, made soft as ashes from the long rain of days before, began to loosen, to roll, to rumble, then tumble headlong into the river. I now could see, or rather hear, how worlds were formed,—how river-courses in mountains were channelled out, filled up, or forever changed to suit the whim or fancy of the fearful gods of thunder that fashioned them.

“My goodness! My pack-train,—what will become of that? I

told them to take the new trail; and now, my God, they are lost! they are lost!"

This was "Pike" moaning to himself in a corner of the big tent. I never knew any other name for him than Pike. He was a tall, fine-looking man, from Ohio, of middle age, good address, first-class character; and possibly his real name was Pike.

Pike's pack-train was the finest on the road,—all mules, young and strong, and a fortune to the owner.

This storm did not last ten minutes. It was simply too terrible to last longer. If that storm had lasted ten hours, the world, or at least that portion of it where it lay, would simply have ceased to be.

Even as it was, blocks and patches of the mountain half a mile broad in places had plunged headlong out of place and left only streaming yellow streaks of clay and sand, as if the very bowels had been torn from out the earth.

Then the sun came out almost as suddenly as it had left us. Then a man, the cook, came tearing in, to where Pike was helping me tighten up the letters in my *canten*s, a precaution against another cloud-burst while on my way over the mountain, shouting at the top of his voice, "Pike's pack-train! Pike's pack-train safe and sound up yonder on the new trail! Come and see, Pike! Come and see!"

Silver, the man who kept the tent hotel, sprang out from behind the bar and started for the door, but his Indian wife, with blazing eyes and wild gesture, caught him and held him back.

My two hands were full just at that moment, but Pike dropped everything and rushed out, to find the whole camp craning its neck up to the new trail, where the pack-train, in full view of all, was making good time up around the mountain, as if no storm had ever been.

I heard the men shout and shake hands with Pike and roar out their hearty congratulations. I heard the bell of his bell-mule between these outbursts of feeling and good-fellowship. Now, mark you distinctly, I heard that bell as clearly as ever I heard any church-bell. And indeed I heard that bell more clearly and more distinctly. Because, you see, in my business as carrier of letters I had to know, and know well, the sound of every mule-bell on every mile of that road. For much of my riding was done by night. And then often a pack-train would be half a mile off the road, for grass or water. And, even if I had nothing for either the master or the men of the train, it was my place to know where every train on the trail was, in order to answer questions of concern to merchants waiting for their goods, and all that sort of thing.

So, you see, I knew that bell of Pike's pack-train. I knew the sound, the shape, the size, the quality, the very cost of it. For Pike was my friend, and he had explained when riding with me ahead of his train one day that his bell was the sweetest- and clearest-toned bell on the road because it was largely silver. He now brought the crowd in to drink at the bar. I did not drink, because I never liked liquor in those days; and then, besides that, the boys whose gold I carried had a preference for sober express-men, whatever they might be themselves. But even as they drank and I completed my packing I heard that

bell up above us on the mountain more distinctly than any church-bell; I repeat it. For church-bells, you know, are much alike, differing mainly not in quality but in volume of sound.

"Well, boy, if you don't look out, Mossman and Miller's Express will be beat by my pack-train," said Pike, smiling back over his shoulder at me as he set down his tin cup at the pine bark bar and passed out of the tent.

"I'm off, Pike; good-by." And I hastily threw my *canten*as on the saddle-pommel and swung my leg across my mule, which had been brought around at the first sign of the sun.

"Say!"

"Say?"

"Tell 'em I'm O. K. and will catch the pack-train before it gets to Millersburgh."

"O. K., Pike."

"Hunky dory, Miller."

My mule scrambled up the sliding and slippery hill, and I never saw genial old Pike again, nor even heard of his pack-train any more, except only that it was not.

And now a paragraph of digression. I have often seen, as thousands of others have, what is called the Sahara mirage on the sandy levels of Africa. But all that is nothing compared to the weird and wondrous mirage constantly met with on the plains of America.

Not six months ago, a man at Denver, a man whom I knew to be absolutely truthful, told me that he had seen lifted up in the heavens not only entire cities, but had once seen his own house in his own town, although that town was at that moment more than fifty miles distant, with a mountain intervening!

I must admit that I have never seen anything nearly as wonderful as that in all my forty years of the plains, off and on. But I will tell you this: I have seen enough to fill a book full of most marvellous things,—things of almost indescribable beauty and glory and grandeur. And the pity to me is that learned and scientific men do not take up this matter and try and explain it a little and let us really know whether these things are of this world or the next.

Now as to this mountain-mirage. Why, this mountain-mirage is as far above the mirage of the plains as the mirage of the American plains is above the mirage of Sahara. And, too, it is very rare,—as rare as remarkable. And when an old mountaineer sees a mountain-mirage he is suddenly, and from that day forth to the not distant end of his days, a sober man. And yet some men live a good long time after seeing this sign hung up in the heavens of the Rocky and the Bitter Root Mountains. The only absolute conclusion connected with the tradition is that a man who once sees the mountain-mirage must, soon or late, die by violence. But to get back to the trail through the snow over the mountain to Millersburgh.

I urged my mule almost beyond his strength, as I came near the junction with the new jack trail. This was partly because I was a boy and enthusiastic, partly because I was fond of bantering and shouting back in their own tongue to the leather-clad Mexican muleteers, and

partly, and no doubt mainly, because I wanted to cheer the black and handsome fellows, after the storm, with the message from Pike.

I kept continually rising up in my stirrups, and now and then leaning low to look under the long black boughs of pine that hung heavy with snow on the mountain-top. No sign. I kept listening for the clear, soft sounds of the silver bell. It was like death. And my hair stood out with terror and dismay as I came to the junction of the trails and could see not even so much as a track!

I strained my eyes so hard in the snow that day looking ahead, looking back, looking down in the deep narrow trail in the snow before me, that I became snow-blind before I reached the express office, and had to be led in by some miners whom I fortunately overtook before entirely losing my sight. This snow-blindness is not painful at first. But, oh, the daggers that pierce your sockets the following night!

My older brother, who by good chance was mining at the time there, took charge of my affairs, and the next day came out of the mountains and kept on down with me as far as Lewiston, where I could have medical attendance.

And here, having saved a big bag of gold-dust, I sold—or rather gave away—my half of the express-line, and never again saw the mountaineers of the phantom pack-train. As for the real pack-train, it had perished by an avalanche bodily only a few seconds before men saw its shadow in the sun above us.

And now let me tell you what became of the men who saw that mirage. Mind you, I saw nothing,—only heard the bell.

That man who came rushing in to tell Pike was the waiter cook of the crude tent hotel. He was killed by a friend of mine, whose name I will not give, from the blow of a hatchet, in that same tent. Pike was shot in the forehead and killed at that place by Matt Bloodsue only a few days after he saw this phantom train. Bloodsue, after killing two other men, was killed in Arizona. Si Bradley, killed in Arizona. Alex Carter, hung at Helena. Boone Helm, hung at Butte City. Whiskey Bill, hung at Bozen, I believe. I know he was hung in Montana somewhere, but am not certain of the place. Cherokee Bob, killed at Florence. Bill Willoughby, killed same time and place. Dave English, Billy Peoples, and Nelson Scott, all hung together by Vigilantes at Lewiston two months later.

I believe there was no other one present at the time the mirage was seen except myself and Silver and his Indian wife. I have been told that my partner, Mr. Mossman, was there; but he asserts, and I know, he was not. It was my business to know where he was, and I know that he was not within two hundred miles. Others, again, say that Arthur Chapman, the famous guide and friend of General Howard all through the recent Nez Percé campaign, was there at this time spoken of. He was not there, as I well know, but in Walla Walla. He is still living, a most truthful and upright man, greatly respected, and, I believe, still with the army at the solicitation of General Miles, who succeeded General Howard in the Pacific Department.

My old partner Mossman also still lives, and visited me here within the year.

Now, this story of the mountain-mirage, as well as all stories of this phenomenon, is rare. You can read, and you can hear tell any day, of remarkable things connected with the mirage of the plains. But a mountain-mirage! Well, you will travel far before you find a man who has seen it. And no man who has not seen it believes in it the least. As for the man who has seen it,—well, he is not sociable. At least he is not in the habit of going around and telling people that he is under sentence of death.

As said before, there are better tasks than either the writing or the reading of such stories as this. But back of the request that prompted the setting down of these facts lies the earnest desire for some plain common-sense reason for the mirage, in the valley or on the mountain. Let our learned men answer.

More than a quarter of a century ago, when all this was fresh in my memory, I asked a famous *savant* in Paris to explain this mountain-mirage. He put his head down and his shoulders up, and then slowly balanced his two palms in the air close up under his double chin, as if weighing some weighty proposition; but he remained silent.

Very respectfully, but very earnestly, I again entreated him to tell me what this thing they call the mountain-mirage may be. And then, very respectfully and very earnestly, he answered,—

"The mountain-mirage, it is not. It is impossible."

"Then what was it the men saw?"

"I will tell you, my son." And I bowed my head as he looked me in the face, for he was very serious as he said, in a voice hardly above a whisper,—

"*Il était un fantôme, mon fils.*"

Joaquin Miller.

"HAS BEEN."

THAT melancholy phrase, "It might have been,"

However sad, doth in its heart enfold

A hidden germ of promise; for I hold

Whatever might have been shall be. Though in

Some other realm and life, the soul *must* win

The goal that erst was possible. But cold

And cruel as the sound of frozen mould

Dropped on a coffin are the words "has been."

"She has been beautiful," "he has been great,"

"Rome has been powerful," we sigh and say.

It is the pitying crust we toss decay,

The dirge we breathe o'er some degenerate state,

An epitaph for Fame's unburied dead.

God pity those who live to hear it said!

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

MEN'S WOMEN.

WE often hear the expression a "man's woman." Let it be noted that the words are usually uttered by one of the gentle sex, and prefaced by an ejaculation savoring slightly of disapproval, an "Oh!" accompanied by a meaning smile, a slight elevation of the eyebrows, a shrug of the shoulders.

"Oh, yes," they say, with one or more of these mystic signals,—
"oh, yes, she is a man's woman."

Now, do they mean by this to impute or to excuse vagary? And what is a man's woman? Most of us understand pretty accurately what is intended by this epithet, yet it is hard to define, and the direct question is a baffling one.

Most women are, have been, or intend to become the possession of some especial man; yet it may be certified that the greater number of them are not, never were, and never will be "men's women." How, then, are we to distinguish this subtle difference which so clearly marks out certain women among their sisters?

First of all, let us succinctly and definitely explain that a "man's woman" is a short-hand phrase. It means to express tersely what it would take too long to state in detail. A "man's woman" is one whose society is sought with avidity by the opposite sex, whose most ardent champions are men, at whose bidding men are prompt to respond, and in whose companionship men seem to find peculiar happiness. She is one who "makes conquests," and who is ever winning lovers.

With closed doors, and in low whispers, other women, who are not "men's women," ask each other, What is it? What is this inward grace of which the outward evidences are so marked,—this atmosphere which environs some women and gives them such incontestable power? Women who cannot see it, or women who are blind and will not, ask each other, "*What is it?*"

A man's woman may be beautiful, clever, accomplished; she may have in addition the luxurious surroundings, the indolent ease, which in these sybaritic days seem necessary adjuncts to a woman's attractiveness and gracefully frame the picture. Yet these things are not necessary to a man's woman. It is quite possible that she may possess none of them.

Perhaps of them all the gift of a transcendent beauty is the one with which she can the most easily dispense. The man's woman is seldom really plain (although such cases have existed), but she is oftenest not beautiful. None the less she casts such a glamour over her admirers—"throws dust into their eyes," as her detractors say—that men will sometimes insist of such a one that she is beautiful; and this in the very face of all the art-schools and all the canons of correct proportion.

As to her cleverness, while she generally displays the subtlety of thought, the quick adaptiveness, the fine discernment, which betray knowledge of the human heart, she may be more or less lazy intellect-

nally : her learning may be superficial and her accomplishments few. I say they may be ; because if she possesses wit, culture, and talent these are undoubtedly an added charm, particularly if she employ them in increasing her personal attractions. But they are not necessary to the sway she exerts. In fact, they are valueless if they walk not hand in hand with suppleness and tact. Men instinctively dislike "superior" women ; and many women who are beautiful, well educated, and elegant have never received the bliss-conferring brevet of fascination.

There must be, then, some force outside of all other attributes, independent of them, and as vague in its sources as it is evident and powerful in its effects. The beauty of a "man's woman" may consist in a mysterious smile, a trick of the hair upon the brow, a dainty slipper,—nothing more ; yet the magic perfume of her presence is enough. Men feel that the more would be too much. Women, who always give large credence to the power of mere beauty, will forever look on and marvel. If it were only a certain exterior configuration of form and color it would be no wonder. But there is another, a subtler charm, which lies deeper and eludes analysis. It matters little whether her eyes be large or light or small or dark, her features classic or irregular, whether her tongue be eloquent or she be given to silence, if she hides within herself that which attracts, enchants, and retains.

The man's woman is an individual, a personality ; she sometimes manifests admirable traits of character. They are developed, possibly, by those very forms of temptation and of trial to which she will be peculiarly subjected. Her calumniators can often find no harsher epithet of condemnation for her than that which forms our theme. She may be heartless, it is true : she may even be cruel, cold, mean ; but this is uncommon and improbable. In fact, she is rarely envious or malicious, and she has generally a large-mindedness which makes her "easy to live with." While she is not deficient in the desire to please, she is often no more energetically vain than others. She is even capable of resenting a measure of the admiration which she inspires, and for which other women toil with such meagre results.

The man's woman is generally quick to recognize her own peculiar power in another. She can judge a woman from a man's stand-point, and do her generous and full justice. Yet she herself inspires aversion in the greater number of her own sex. If baleful glances could slay, she would not survive an hour. Nothing can be more flattering ; for, while she feels little envy, she inspires an immense deal, and let some of those who think they despise her fear to discover that they secretly admire her ! She has for enemies most of the women of her own age and station who think themselves endowed with equal attractions, most women who have done with, or who have never tasted, the sweets of love and coquetry, and therefore look upon these things with acerb distrust, and *all* the mothers of marriageable daughters.

The man's woman is rarely susceptible ; often she is exclusive and *difficile*. She is generally married young, and her career extends from the age of twenty to forty-five ; sometimes indeed it stretches beyond this point, as in the example of Julie de Récamier, queen over men's hearts for half a century, who yet remained proud and pure. Some of

to-day's enchantresses, like her, only ask leave to live their life, to be allowed to pass by without being rudely jostled.

When the man's woman enters a room, be it full even of inimical persons, she invariably produces sensation. Her dress is discussed, her modes of life, her habits, her gestures; they are frequently imitated. Her words are repeated, exaggerated, sometimes wilfully misunderstood; but, be she praised or blamed, she is always of importance, always desired, always welcome. To be both censured and sought after creates counter-currents. The life of such a woman will be full of disquieting rapids. If happiness means calm, she will rarely be happy. Her outward tranquillity will conceal inward tumult. Her life may be a brilliant one; it is almost never peaceful.

With women her friendships will not be romantic. There may often enter into them an element of practical helpfulness and of quiet constancy, for her tyrannies, exactions, and caprices will not be exercised here. She will give and look for support, not for transport. To a person who has tampered with the fires in passion-sick souls, the enthusiasms of friendship must always look a little tame.

I have said that she has many enemies among women, but *ça va sans dire* that she has for her friends or lovers, as the case may be, nearly all men. And she has another class of adorers, unselfish, reverent, even abject: I mean very young girls. She will have a whole bevy of these maidens about her, if she can only be patient enough to bear with them. To these girls, hardly more than children, not having yet attained the age of social rivalries, she is the goddess of all beauty and loveliness. They secretly pray Heaven that they may some day resemble her; they ask their mothers if it be possible. If she so much as pass her jewelled fingers over their hair negligently, they carry the soft touch upon their foreheads all through the day like a benediction. She herself does not know, has probably no idea, of the extent of ethereal idolatry which she inspires in these humble hearts; she might only consider it laughable; for, while she is capable of frank cordiality towards her own sex, she has a horror of silliness in affection. And at the best, women must necessarily play a subordinate rôle in her life, since most of those who busy themselves about her actions are but as shadows to her.

In her relations with men the man's woman is always an enigma to the by-standers. They lose themselves forever in a maze of conjecture as to whether she have or have not the capability of deep feeling. Women call her designing and mischief-making, and yet no word may be more misapplied. She sometimes, in fact, behaves with extraordinary unworldliness. She may whimsically discard the desirable aspirant to her favor, to encourage the trembling and timid devotion of one who, having nothing to offer but his adoration, takes it and her seriously; and who knows but he may be right?

Certain it is that her conduct will be full of surprises, and subjected to no rules. If she marries, it is probable that her husband will think her adorable; and it is also certain that he will be pitied by all his female friends.

Who shall say whether the man's woman is a natural product, or

the expression of her own fate? Who shall boast of having understood her? Who has divined whether she be passionate or cold? Some one defines charm as the expression of a heart that is full of passion. Wherein does her charm inhere? The question is one that touches upon the domain of psychology.

Alone in the silence of her own room, seeing herself without glamour and without pretences, does she indeed fathom herself? Does she look into her mind and ask herself, gazing in her mirror, "*What is it?*" Or does she smile back at the reflection and say to herself, "I know"?

We leave her in this semi-obscurity. Her secret is not for us. Let us respect its shibboleth, lest, like the Ephraimites of old, we be ourselves routed and slain.

Julien Gordon.

A LOVE-SONG.

(OLD STYLE.)

LOVE, captive-like, I bind
 In rhyme for Her,
 That She may find
 Him so, a prisoner.

Above these lines, his bars,
 Her happy eyes,
 Like tender stars,
 Brimming with hope shall rise.

Then shall his heart rejoice
 With quickened beat,
 To hear Her voice
 These simple words repeat.

And, singing, she shall slip
 His fetters strong,
 And from Her lip
 Let him escape in song!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

AN AMERICAN KEW.

ON the banks of the Thames, about a dozen miles from London in a southerly direction, lies the ancient town of Twickenham. In the seventeenth century, Alexander Pope had a villa there; somewhat later, Horace Walpole built his rococo castle at Strawberry Hill, a mile beyond the village; and close by, to the north, is Whitton, where Sir John Suckling lived. Within an easy hour's walk stands Hampton Court, built by Cardinal Wolsey of haughty and unhappy memory, and approached through the magnificent avenue of Bushey Park. Nearly as far in the opposite direction is Richmond, with its venerable bridge and famous hill, the latter commanding a view of rural English landscape which, as Thackeray says, looks as if it had its hair curled, like the waiters at the inn on its summit. A mile down the river from Richmond, and six miles from London, extend the renowned botanical gardens of Kew.

It will be seen, therefore, that Twickenham was not a bad place for a suburban residence: the roads were excellent, the scenery and associations delightful, and, by taking the train, one could be at Waterloo railway-station, in the heart of London, in half an hour. I lived there several years, and know something about it.

The most agreeable expedition of all, taking one month with another, was to Kew Gardens. In winter, it was a luxury to sit in the hot-houses; in summer, it was lovely throughout. You could travel thither by train; but the best way was to go on foot. Passing through Twickenham town, and through the church-yard, with its gravestones centuries old, you came out upon the river banks. Here a broad, well-kept path followed the enchanting windings of the stream, and skirted the lawns of pretty villas on the left. On the right, soon appeared the green heights of the Hill, with clumps of mighty oaks, and the gleaming ramparts and windows of the hostelry over all. At its foot, on the river, were boat-houses and "hards," with slender rowing-craft drawn up, or lying afloat, or pushing off into the current with their freight of white-jerseyed oarsmen. And now came into view the quaint, hog-backed bridge, with its high stone parapet, and the eddies swirling against its piers; and Richmond itself, red with brick, white with stucco, green with trees; irregular and diversified in outline; resting snug against the base of the Hill, and clambering some distance up its long slope.

You crossed the bridge, lingering on the way to admire the railroad bridge a few hundred yards farther down, reflected in the river-mirror. Between the two bridges are a couple of islets, only a few yards in diameter, but with trees growing on them; and hereabouts are generally moored three or four fishing-punts, in which sit patiently, all day long, stout, middle-aged fishermen, watching their cork floats drift down the stream, and faithfully hoping that each new cast will bring

the long-expected fish. Often have I watched them, but the fish never came. Probably, as Hood conjectured, "it was caught yesterday."

The river-side walk now continues along the Richmond side of the river. For half a mile, it has the town on the right. Then the boundaries of Kew Gardens begin, and here is the most beautiful part of the walk. Immense trees stretch their ponderous boughs far across the path, and they droop so low that the pendent foliage almost sweeps the water. Through the fretted sun and shadow the path winds; every little way there is a hospitable bench, resting on which you gaze forth upon the quiet-moving river, with its passing wherries, its reflections of sky and cloud, and its battlemented residences far withdrawn beyond green meadows on the opposite side. The path is never overcrowded, even on holidays; but you may always see lovers wandering arm in arm along it; and occasionally there is a brisk exchange of "Thames chaff" between the occupants of the skimming boats and the loiterers on the shore. Meanwhile, the great domain of Kew keeps pace with you on the other hand. You are divided from it by a wide water-ditch, backed by a high stone embankment, in turn surmounted by an iron railing. But your eyes may stray whither feet cannot follow; and you note the lovely groves, the beautiful green glades and gracious vistas, the secluded paths weaving in and out, and now and then you catch the sparkle of lofty domes of glass rising above the trees, looking for all the world like gigantic soap-bubbles. It is a sort of fairy-land beyond there; and long before you arrive at the entrance your appetite for what lies within is sharp-set.

The feast in store for you more than fulfils expectation; but at this point, since we are journeying in imagination only, and miles count for nothing, we will turn back, and enter the gardens from the other end. By this route we approach its beauties gradually and in due order, and our pleasure has opportunity to grow from promising beginnings to complete content. The gate is small here, and the-uniformed guardian simply gives us a glance, to assure himself that we are not toughs or pickpockets. Kew Gardens are free to the public in the afternoons, barring only the rowdy element. The public would like to have them free in the mornings, too; and, for aught I know, Sir Joseph Hooker may have yielded his assent by this time. But in the seventies, when I was there, he resisted on the ground that it was necessary to close the gardens for half the day, in order to allow time for study, and for keeping the houses and plantations in order. The grounds are constantly visited by gardeners and botanists from all parts of the country, and from the world at large; and these persons require some measure of seclusion in order to prosecute their labors and investigations. Practical botany is not, as a rule, pursued at night; though, with the aid of electric lights, no doubt it might be.

However, we have by this time passed through some introductory shrubbery, and have emerged into a straight, open avenue, a third of a mile or more in length. Directly before us is an immensely high tower,—I should think nearly two hundred feet,—painted red, black, blue, and yellow, and fashioned to resemble a Chinese minaret or pagoda. The central shaft is circular, and, I believe, of masonry; but it is sur-

rounded at short intervals by wooden balconies, and the roof is of a concave conical shape, like a mandarin's hat. I never saw any signs of life in this tower, and do not know what it is used for; but I have heard that the son-in-law of Lord Capel (who first laid out Kew Gardens some two hundred years ago) added to the importance of the place by making it the head-quarters of English astronomy; and this tower, which certainly would make an excellent observatory, may have had something to do with that.

Beyond the tower extends a broad, straight path, between well-kept lawns, on which are planted trees of both native and foreign growth. Towards the river, on the left, the grounds are irregular and diversified with clumps of trees, ponds, and grassy undulations. On the right, concealed by a hedge of foliage, is the highway between Richmond and London. Before us, at the end of the walk, is an iron fence, dividing the inner enclosure—the Botanical Gardens proper—from this outer region. We reach it in due time, and, having passed the gate, are in the immediate neighborhood of the palm-house, whose bulbous domes we saw just now from the river bank. It is as beautiful a piece of glass building as ever I saw, handsomely proportioned, and of noble outline. Its great size is somewhat concealed by its charming symmetry; but when we are within, the vast dimensions are realized. Beneath its central dome the tallest palms rise unimpeded. You peep through long vistas of broad green fronds and slender, bending stems: it broadens and reaches out on every side; the strange, exotic foliage rejoices the eye, and the warm, embracing atmosphere makes you feel that you are in the tropics.

To one who, like myself, pretends to no scientific knowledge of botany, and who, during these temperate summers and fitful winters, often hankers after the equator, the atmosphere of a thorough-going conservatory has a profound fascination. At one step I pass from the latitude of "the roaring forties" to that of Martinique or the Galapagos Islands. I unbutton my coat, and inhale deep breaths of air laden with the fragrance of the sun-lands. The heat is not enervating, but stimulating; for it is redolent with the life-giving emanations of plants that riot in luxuriance all the year round,—that know neither spring, autumn, nor winter,—whose multitudinous boughs were made to be the haunt of paroquets and monkeys, and amidst whose fern-enwrapped roots lurk lizards and gliding serpents. Here thrive the dark-skinned races of the torrid zone, innocent of clothes and civilization, seeking excitement not in the mutations of the stock-exchange or the scandals of society, but in trapping the alligator and shooting the jaguar and the antelope with arrows deadly with *curari*. Into the intricate depths of these jungles the fierce sun scarcely penetrates; the unstinted energy of his own rays has erected a barrier against himself. Here, when the rain falls, it falls in rushing torrents; when the wind blows, it blows a shrieking hurricane; when the lightning flashes, the whole dome of heaven is ablaze with passionate splendor. Here the stars poise and smoulder close to the earth, and the moon is brighter than the sun of hyperborean England. Sitting on a rustic bench hedged round with tapering palm-stems, and screened by leaves two or three of which

would carpet the floor of an ordinary drawing-room, I love to think of these things.

The enjoyment is perhaps enhanced by an occasional peep through the glass walls of the paradise, revealing the melancholy Britisher, close at hand in space, but thousands of miles distant in temperature, stalking rigidly about in overcoat and gloves. Then, too, the hot-house, while giving the charm and beauty of the tropics, dispenses with the inconveniences. Here are no coral-snakes to drop from the boughs down the back of your neck; no scorpions or tarantulas to crawl up your trousers; no apes to pelt you with cocoa-nuts; no rhinoceroses to toss you above the tree-tops; no tigers to disembowel you and bite your head off. On the contrary, everything is scrupulously neat and secure. The rich loam round the roots of the plants harbors nothing noxious; the asphalt walks that thread the thicket are clean and trustworthy. Ever and anon you come upon a native of the place,—not a savage, painted in red and black stripes and with his bow-string drawn to his ear, but—a quiet and sober gardener in his shirt-sleeves, pruning a dead leaf or bough, or raking the mould round the roots of a new importation, or wielding a watering-pot. The place is quite still; the huge leaves hang motionless; the noise of a pair of steps being dragged into position resounds through the building; and, if you listen, you will at all times hear the pleasant trickling of water in some reservoir or other. If the terrors of the jungle are still too much for your nerves, you may be comforted by observing that each plant wears a label, painted on wood or enamelled on tin, describing its scientific name and habitat. It cost money to bring them here, and the very leaves of their twigs are numbered.

But there are other places to be visited besides the palm-house. As we emerge from its luxurious warmth into the cool English air, we see in front of us a large, circular pool, with broad, shallow flights of stone steps leading down to it, and English willows bending over it. Water-fowl swim and quack here, and children elude their nurses and get their feet wet. If we pass round to the other side, and then look back to the palm-house, we behold it inverted in the smooth mirror of the water,—a delectable spectacle. It was like a fairy palace already; but this shadowy duplication of it quite removes it from the material sphere, and makes it a lovely dream. Kew Gardens are full of such felicitous devices.

To our right are acres of yet unexplored hot-houses. We stroll towards them along eccentric paths, amidst beds of purple rhododendrons, geraniums, tulips, narcissuses, or hyacinths, according to the season; and everywhere is the matchless English turf, compact and flawless as velvet, and the leafy, overshadowing English trees. But let us seek the dwelling-place of the *Victoria Regia*. It grows, I believe, on the Amazon, which is as near the equator as one can well get; but latitudes are much mixed up in Kew Gardens, and this titanic water-lily is only a few rods distant. It basks on the surface of a pool, in an atmosphere of delicious warmth,—its leaves, each of the diameter of a dining-table, covering the water. Amidst these great green disks blossoms the flower, a nosegay of which would fill a farm-

wagon. It is said that the native Brazilian savages and Guianians walk about on the green leaves, and use them as rafts or stepping-stones to cross the lagoons. As to the flowers, though it is difficult to imagine anything more beautiful than our own water-lilies, yet these blossoms fairly surpass them, not only because they are a foot across, but because of the richness of the innumerable petals, and the gorgeous cluster of purple stamens that form the centre. And they fill the air with a fragrance vital and voluptuous. One longs to verify in his own experience that story about walking on the leaves,—not to speak of lopping off a flower or two to furnish one's study withal. But the quiet gardener, in his shirt-sleeves, though he appears to be absorbed in his work, has his eye on you; and you can do nothing but stand and stare in admiration.

The hottest of the hot-houses, if my memory serves me, were the cactus-house and the fern-house. The cacti were not beautiful, but they were grotesque and curious. There were none that I should have cared to handle. Their uncouth shapes and awkward putting-together seem characteristic of an epoch when Nature's handiwork was much less skilful and comely than it is now. They call up visions of forlorn wastes and desert solitudes. Their armature of thorns and prickles appears to indicate that they consider themselves very attractive and take unusual pains in the way of self-protection. Perhaps the donkeys of their time were unreasonably voracious. The modern thistle certainly indicates increased refinement of taste on the donkeys' part. Yet this ungainliness is occasionally redeemed by exquisite blossoms, of pale, pure hues, cropping out directly from the substance of the plant, without any pretence of a stem. One variety of cactus, in addition to its prickles, had provided itself with long white hair, which, surmounting its tall and rather meagre figure, gave it the aspect of an aged man of repulsive character. Among the cacti, though not of them, was a hideous plant (or it may have been a wax model of one) apparently of the fungus family. It grew on the bare sand or rock, and both flowers and leaves had a greasy, flesh-like surface, deeply tinted, and ornamented with poisonous-looking blotches. It was of immense size, the flowers being at least a foot in diameter; and if the Vale of Gehenna has any vegetation, I should expect it to be like this. A more depraved, diabolical plant it would be impossible to imagine. Its preposterous attempt to imitate the form and characteristics of ordinary vegetation made it still more revolting. The label described it as being very rare,—which is some comfort.

The fern-house, besides being hot, is dripping with moisture; and, the glass being tinged with green, the effect is somewhat like being submerged in a tropic ocean. The greenness of the ferns is vivid enough at any rate, but this artificial light adds such intensity to it that, after a few minutes, you are on the point of forgetting that there is any other color besides green in the world. The ferns are arranged in glass cases, or vivariums. There is nothing in nature to parallel their delicate and various beauty. I call it various; but it is chiefly beauty of form, and that, too, within comparatively narrow limitations. But the fineness, the subtilty, the changefulness of line, are endlessly charming;

they may have other uses, but if they had been made for pure beauty it would be use enough. They must have been of great æsthetic value to artists, especially to architects, decorators, and chasers of metals. The mediæval illuminators certainly made capital out of them ; reminiscences of their shapes render lovely the ornament of innumerable missals. As for the color, green seems to admit of more gradations than any other hue, as any one who has observed the woods in spring knows ; and of all others it is the most grateful and wholesome to the eye. With the rough grays and browns of the rocks it makes enchanting combinations. But, really, this moist fern atmosphere is too languorous and enervating ; we must escape into the outer world,—which, for a time, will appear strangely red, like that which astronomers suppose to be characteristic of the planet Mars.

It would take too long, even in imagination, to go through all Kew Gardens at this leisurely rate. Only, for splendor of color and voluptuousness of perfume, there is nothing comparable to the Conservatory, in which roses and all other bright-hued flowers are grouped and massed in sumptuous magnificence. The rose is England's flower : she has taken possession of it, as of so many other good things, without troubling herself to prove any title to it ; and there is nothing in her history or character to make her worthy of it. One can understand why Persia should claim the rose ; and in our own Southern States the houses are smothered with roses, and the air that flows from them is sweeter than incense. I have, it is true, gathered English roses in December ; and the houses of York and Lancaster wore roses which, red and white alike, were steeped in blood. But, if anything could justify England in her appropriation of the rose, it would be this rose-house at Kew, where criticism becomes impossible, and one can only gaze, and inhale, and love. Pink, white, crimson, golden, they cluster and triumph there : with their exquisite petals Venus and Mars might strew a couch worthy of an Olympian marriage. If love, romance, and beauty died out of human nature, this flower would bring them back ; and so long as it stays with us, we may be sure that life will not lose the glory that entitles it to immortality.

While meditating these matters, we might take a turn in the wood-house,—by which I mean the building containing specimens, polished and in the rough, of all kinds of woods from all parts of the world. Their gamut of color embraces all the hues of the rainbow, and many others ; and there are specimens of wood-mosaics that are inferior in beauty only to agate and marble. Or we may wander through the corridors and halls of the museum, which exhibits every sort of manufacture into which vegetable substances enter, including numberless fabrics of Indian or savage origin. One is surprised, after examining these things, that our little earth should be large enough to contain anything that is not more or less botanical.

But I set out to write about an American Kew, and my introductory reflections are monopolizing the entire space at my command. The truth is, of course, that no American Kew exists ; but it is pertinent, at the present time, to inquire whether there is any reason why it should not. America, I believe, is the only country of consequence that does

not possess an important botanical collection ; while, on the other hand, there is certainly no country that has more natural advantages for creating and maintaining one. Were we to confine ourselves strictly to our own boundaries, we could make a magnificent showing ; but we have the whole globe to draw upon, and we are so situated as to make this draft a comparatively easy affair. As to the scientific expediency of the enterprise there can be no dispute. The value of botanical study has always been recognized. The Dark Ages, whose enlightenment we are just beginning to appreciate, are greatly our creditors in this regard : the monks of the old monasteries, together with Albertus Magnus and other Hermetic philosophers who pretended to be absorbed in the pursuit of the Philosopher's Stone and the Elixir of Life, were at any rate diligent botanists, and, by their study and cultivation of plants, were the means of preserving countless specimens that would otherwise have been irretrievably lost, and which are of high value in medicine and otherwise. But for the energy of certain obscure botanists who lived and labored upwards of a century ago, the civilized world might now be eking out a miserable existence without either coffee or quinine. We had a narrow shave of it, as it was. In 1850, England and Holland became alarmed at the increasing price of cinchona, due to the rapid decrease of the forests in Peru. Seeds and seedlings were planted in Java ; but they were of an inferior quality, and turned out poorly. At length England sent out Sir Clements Markham, who collected a quantity of healthy plants in Peru and despatched them to India, where a few of them arrived in good condition and were set out. The success was enormous ; and there are to-day, in Bengal alone, upwards of five million plants of this useful vegetable, and myriads more are distributed all over the earth. As for coffee, our hopes of it came at length to rest upon a residue of three plants, which somebody whose name I have forgotten secured and carried away with him from its native habitat. Of these three, two died on the passage ; but the third survived. But for that, how should we have fared at breakfast and after dinner ? The unspeakable Turk, at all events, must have expired on his divan cushions long since : his cup of coffee is as vital to him as his hookah, which he owes to the magnanimous Raleigh.

There is no need, however, of multiplying instances to establish the value of botanical knowledge and the importance of encouraging and cultivating it. And yet we Americans, the leaders of civilization, have, after more than a century of national existence, done nothing towards keeping our end up in this respect. Surely the time is over-ripe for us to lay the foundations of such a collection as shall eclipse Kew itself and serve henceforth as a model to the world. The thing can so easily be done that it is a source of special wonder that it was not done long ago. It cannot fail, when done, to profit all concerned,—the promoters, the students, and the public at large,—who will not only have the grounds as a perennial pleasure-resort, but who will pick up inevitably a considerable acquaintance with botanical facts, which will redound to their health and prosperity in various ways.

Doubtless, once the idea has taken root, there will be Gardens all over the Union ; but it behooves us in New York to be first in the

field, and to spare no pains to maintain the first place. Indeed, as old New-Yorkers will remember, Manhattan Island has already had a botanical plantation; though, owing to certain causes, it has disappeared and left no trace. It was when the present century was hardly more than a score of years old that one Dr. Hosack marked out a garden on the land now comprised between Forty-Sixth and Fifty-Sixth Streets and Sixth Avenue and East River. For several years the good doctor pegged away at his admirable hobby, and really achieved excellent results, although the popular mind was as yet scarcely educated to understand what he would be at. When, at length, he departed to that Paradise where botany and botanists have their apotheosis, he bequeathed his garden to Columbia College, on certain conditions. They were to be allowed to erect their new projected college buildings in a corner of the garden, and, in return for this grant, were to see to it that the plantations were kept in good order, and augmented as opportunity offered. I blush to say that the college, after taking advantage of the doctor's land, neglected to carry out his stipulation: they suffered the garden to fall to rack and ruin, until it became nothing but an unsightly wilderness; and then the real-estate cormorants came, and we see the result.

Nevertheless, the evil that men do, or the good that they leave undone, is sooner or later transmuted into somewhat conducive to the general welfare. Dr. Hosack's garden could hardly have been permitted to occupy its broad acres down to the present date; and perhaps it is better that it should expire in its infancy, instead of undergoing annihilation in the beauty of its maturity. Manhattan Island has no room for such an institution now. But there is in the immediate vicinity of the city, and under the jurisdiction of the Park Commissioners, a range of ground peculiarly fitted to be the site of an American Kew; and the Commissioners aforesaid have expressed their willingness to make a free gift of it to New-Yorkers, provided the latter, during the current year, show a disposition to give the wherewithal to render a Botanical Garden practicable.

Here is an opportunity evidently vouchsafed by Providence in the nick of time. The tract in question is none other than the Bronx Park, a delectable region, within four miles of Harlem (two miles nearer us than Kew to London), having protecting timber, fertile soil, low and high land, and traversed by the Bronx River, which furnishes in abundance all the water that can be needed.

It is by no means an unredeemed wilderness: much of it has been occupied from early times by wealthy residents, and the labor required to bring it into a suitable condition is thereby greatly diminished. In natural beauty it is unequalled in our neighborhood: it is more spacious than Kew, and surpasses it in all native qualities of soil and topography. The pecuniary value of this concession to the city, apart from other considerations, is not less than one million dollars: a more tempting offer has never been made to patriotic science, and, if it be not accepted on the spot, can never be expected hereafter. All that the wealthy citizens of New York have to do, in order to make an American Kew a certainty and bestow undying credit on their own

names, is to subscribe to a preliminary fund of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars as a guarantee of their good faith : this sum will be spent in giving the grounds their preliminary treatment and in laying the foundations of a work that shall be the foremost of its kind.

When American naturalists have been furnished with a place where they can study new plants and determine their qualities and uses under cultivation, investigate the animal and insect pests of the vegetable kingdom that have injured and still menace local plantations, devise means to aid in providing the growing population of the continent with good things to eat, and plenty of them, prosecute inquiries into the medicinal virtues of herbs, and, in a word, canvass the whole possibilities for good of the world of plants, we may expect to see our country enter upon a period of prosperity not unworthy of our hopes and promises. And many a young man who desires to use his brain and energy in some pursuit that may be useful to his fellows can receive here an instruction and a training more valuable than the curricula of the colleges, and embark in a profession obstructed by less competition than law, medicine, or literature.

A Botanical Garden, then, we should and must have ; and now is the time to set it a-going. The Torrey Botanical Club of Columbia College (mark how the stings of conscience operate !) have already begun to work in its behalf ; and subscribers to the fund ought not to be far to seek : the project, wherever it has been spoken of, has met with nothing but approval and encouragement. Such an enterprise is at least as well worth endowing as a town library or a millionaire university ; and, indeed, the only point that it seems necessary to emphasize in this place is the importance of giving the preliminary fund at once. It will, of course, be only the nucleus of many millions more to come ; but, unless it is assured now, the offer of the free site will be withdrawn, and New York will look very foolish. Suppose, too, that Philadelphia, or Chicago, or San Francisco, or Boston, were to profit by our procrastination, and cut in before us ?—But surely this spur is not indispensable to our activity ! Let us achieve our Garden, because it is a useful and noble thing to do ; and then the rest of the country may follow in our wake.

Julian Hawthorne.

THE WORST OF IT.

AH, faithless ! if Death had bereaved me, at least Death had left me the past,
With its strange wild glory of joy that was all too keen to last,

And that glory had lit up the future,—the sad years yet to be :
But now there is naught in the future, as naught in the past, for me :

I have tracked one skulking secret, I have dragged it shrieking out,
And the joy of the past is fulfilled with the shame and the horror of
doubt.

Edward Jay.

WEST OF THE SIERRAS.

THERE was once a time, happily long past, when the United States held only men of the North and men of the South. Now, as the country has developed on broader lines, we have learned to think of the men of the East, of the Mississippi Valley, of the Rocky Mountains, and of the Pacific Coast, as four great and characteristic groups. East of the Alleghanies are the oldest of the commonwealths; west of the Sierras are a chain of young States presenting remarkable contrast to the rest of the Union. California, Oregon, and Washington occupy the mountain-slopes and plain-like valleys of a more extensive region than the whole Atlantic seaboard States, and here, no less than in the Mississippi Valley, the American pioneer is establishing immensely prosperous and powerful communities, bound closely together by innumerable bonds of sympathy and interest.

Something must rule, and in the end it is the man. Since in the United States a process of union in great groups is steadily at work, producing types, all American, and yet all characteristically different from each other, the underlying problem is, what sort of a man is the typical man of the larger group? In the long run, numbers count, of course, and the man of that mighty West of broad, descending levels from Minnesota to Louisiana is coming by swift steps to his dominion. But there is a man of the foot-hills, of the uplands, of the champaign country, of the mountain-valley and the high wilderness, whose power on this continent, more slowly recognized, may some day come to mean far more to civilization than that of any other. Under certain conditions of national life, the hope of the Republic might rest upon the men of the Alleghanies, the Rockies, the Sierras, and the Cascades. Out of their fastnesses they might carry a new gospel to the cities and the dead levels of a worn-out, over-cultivated social order. The miner's camp, the settler's cabin, the hill-side orchard, the orange-planted acre, the horticultural colony in some hidden, semi-tropic valley of California, each and all strengthen the power of the great group of States whose people are essentially men of the uplands, and add immeasurably to the breadth and dignity of American life. California leads in the list of mountain States, because it is the oldest such State west of the Mississippi, and, like Washington and Oregon, it borders on the Pacific Ocean. That means less now than it will when the wealth of the Orient comes to America instead of going to Europe, but the possession of a sea-coast always means much, and the man of the land west of the Sierras knows that he holds one of the gateways into America.

It was a Californian, not many months ago, who said to a man of the "Middle West," "Out there beyond the Sierras we have a bigger country than you corn and bacon men know anything about. When we steam north and along the coast to the end of Alaska, we are farther west of San Francisco than San Francisco is west of Portland, Maine.

As for California, the State has land and resources sufficient to support fifteen millions of people."

"California brag," was the answer, but the phrase itself, though long ago sent abroad, started at home, and is the Californian's humorous recognition of the unbounded faith of the man of the Pacific Coast in California. When the successful '49er started home with his nuggets, he generally announced his departure with, "Boys, I am going across to make my brag and astonish the folks." That lamented genius the late W. H. Rhodes, more widely known as "Caxton," was one of the first to give this feeling full literary expression. This he did some twenty-five years ago, in a brilliant account of a Utopian catastrophe which separated California from the rest of the world and hemmed it in by volcanoes, vast precipices, and walls of basalt. A century had gone by, and at last a bold explorer in some way succeeded in climbing across the Sierra, and was taken with great rejoicing to San Francisco, where he was feasted and glorified with magnificent Californian hospitality in the midst of wonderful gardens of orange and palm. The pioneers, he found, were still alive, owing to the remarkable climate, whose virtues had steadily increased since the rest of humanity was shut out, and he noticed that the apples were as large as squashes, the chickens like ostriches, and everything in like proportion. They kept on heaping gorgeous banquets upon him, and telling him admirable pioneer stories about the voyage around the Horn, the Chagres and Panama route, the "crossing of the Plains," the "discovery of gold;" but none of them displayed a particle of interest in the rest of the world; they did not even care to ask who was President, or whether Russia had conquered China or India.

Every now and then, however, some young person would say to him, "How happy you must be to have reached us!" Again, at times, he was told, in a tone of commiseration, "What a struggle must have been going on all these years to get to San Francisco, and how unfortunate the great earthquake was for people who needed our glorious climate!"

The visitor tried in vain to say that there had not been any great excitement, except in the newspaper head-lines; that California was forgotten, save by a few antiquaries; and that Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, and the two Americas were going along about as usual, sleeping, eating, fighting, speculating, marrying and giving in marriage, discussing politics, with California left out, and sending their invalids to the Andes and the Himalayas. It was easy to see that no one believed a word he said in this direction, but they continued to overwhelm him with lavish hospitalities and tell him stories of '49. At last, after a month or so of this sort of thing, he crept away like a thief in the night, and fled back into the mountains.

"Caxton" knew how to criticise the provincial spirit in the true Californian vein of exaggeration, and he never made his readers angry; but an outsider would have spoiled the whole affair. The old California pioneer, as he well understood, was in many respects the most typical pioneer that America has yet produced, but, like the famous race of river boatmen, his chief and abiding virtue was not the virtue

of silence. Whatever the man of Illinois believes about Chicago, that, and more, does the man of the lands west of the Sierras believe about California. If he fears lest the exact truth about the resources and growth of his State will not be believed, he will probably favor you with a humorous and unique exaggeration, but you shall, at all events, know him, wherever he goes, as loyal to the land of grapes and olives, of red-wood forests and mines of gold.

"First I gave the cold facts," said a pioneer to me once, when describing his visit to the old Connecticut village in which he was born. "I told them all about 'soil, climate, and productions;' I gave them the exact figures of the yield of my ranch and orchard; I laid myself out for the plain, unadorned realities. But they fought shy of my statements every time. Then I took a new tack, and worked off all the mountain-stories I could, until I found in the long run that they accepted my lies and disbelieved my facts. Just before I came away I told them so. They could swallow every grizzly-bear narrative I could invent, but they could not believe that it is as warm in Butte County as it is on the same sea-level three hundred miles south, and my tomato-vine that grew all winter was considered a case of pure Munchausenism."

The statistically inclined Californian, when asked about his home, can answer, "It is the second largest State in the Union, containing nearly one hundred and sixty thousand square miles. In 1880 it ranked as fifteenth in point of the value of its agricultural products; and the growth of horticulture since 1880 has probably carried the State to the place of eleventh or even tenth in this respect. The census of 1880 ranked California as first in *per capita* wealth and ninth in aggregate wealth, and it is certain that these places have not been lost since. The deposits in the savings-banks in 1889 were more than eighty-seven millions of dollars, and the commercial and national banks held over seventy-three million dollars. The value of the manufactures in 1889 was something above one hundred and sixty million dollars. We have a population of less than a million and a half people, with room and natural resources for fifteen millions. The gold of California that one hears of occasionally has been pouring out of our mines ever since 1848. In the famous year of '49 the mines, according to the official record, took out twenty-three million dollars; in 1850 they took out fifty million dollars, and a very large part of the gold found was never registered. California has yielded more than twelve hundred million dollars in gold, and is still a great mining State."

But there is a broader method in which to study any commonwealth. Statistics are only a part, and often the smaller part, of the story of the development of a State. The roots of the life of this land west of the Sierras lie deep in a curious past. Like the elder American communities, California is the resultant of many forces. "When I speak the name Virginia," said one of her eloquent sons, "I seem to see the pages of history unroll; the past lives again for me, and because of that past the Virginia of to-day exists." In something of the same spirit, Freeman, the historian, alludes to the three homes of the English kinsfolk,—on the continent of Europe, on sea-girt England, and in America. The Californian draws somewhat from Mexico and Spain,

as well as from the Kentuckian beaver-trappers, the Santa Fé traders of the Southwest, and the gold-seekers from Maine, New York, Illinois, and Missouri. There is the breath of an older past along the Pacific shores than on the levels of the Mississippi Valley.

Nearly two centuries ago the Jesuit priests entered upon the wilderness of the two Californias, establishing Loreto on the peninsula. For seventy years they labored, trying to convert the Indians and plant settlements about the shores of the Gulf, then named *El Mar Cortez*; and all that region even now is strangely like what it was a hundred and fifty years ago. Then a little later, in the very year, in fact, which was the birth-year of Napoleon Bonaparte and the Duke of Wellington, Father Junipero Serra, the Franciscan, planted the cross in Alta California. San Diego, the first of his six Missions, was founded in 1769, and its ruins still remain, neglected and desolate. Slowly, from the stand-point of an age of railroads, but swiftly if one considers the conditions of pioneering in those days, the Spaniards conquered California, built Missions, pueblos, and presidios, and covered a fourth part of what is now the State of California with their flocks and herds. They set Captain Sutter's "New Helvetia Grant" in the heart of the Sacramento Valley to be the outpost towards the east, and the Russian settlement on Bodega Bay was their limit to the north. They were planting olive-trees and vineyards of Mission grapes, and walled in orchards, while the pioneers of Kentucky and Tennessee were still fighting Indians and struggling to obtain the right to navigate the Mississippi.

The contrast between the simple annals of the province of California for the years between 1770 and 1830 and the history of the rest of the world during that time, with its wars and rumors of wars, its feverish excitements and its hot politics, is a contrast that lingers long in one's thoughts, and seems to belong in truth to alien planets. Something as different from modern ideas existed in the Peru of the Incas or in the early Paraguay Missions, but nevertheless there has been but one "pastoral California" since authentic history began. In all the present State of California there were in 1830 less than five thousand whites, of whom not more than twenty-five were English or Americans, and they lived a life that was simply the perfection of happy, healthy, out-door existence. Everything was simple and primitive. "California bank-notes" were cattle-hides dried and doubled in the middle for easier carriage, and were worth "two dollars apiece." The local officer of justice in every little village was the *alcalde*, and the people yearly chose their *jueces del campo* to be judges over the great cattle *rodeos*. Peace prevailed in the whole province, except for occasional political bickerings and bloodless difficulties with the wild Indians, who sometimes stole a few cattle or horses. Of what the modern reporter calls "news" there was not enough in a year of life in California to fill a page of a daily journal.

This sleepy, pastoral land was suddenly thrown open to the world, and the discovery of gold immensely multiplied its capacity to draw attention. The treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, in 1848, gave the United States over half a million square miles of new territory, including this

obscure El Dorado. There were plenty of men who knew of the beauty and loneliness of California, and a movement of American settlers to the Pacific would in any event have taken place. But flakes of gold were found in Marshall's mill-race, the name of California was flung abroad, and that great Argonautic expedition, never since equalled in importance, began to move in converging lines from all parts of the world to the Sierras. Its story has been told and retold in a thousand forms, and yet it proves of perennial interest. In five years there were more than three hundred thousand people in the new State, and they had taken two hundred and sixty million dollars from the placers. Bayard Taylor, who was the New York *Tribune's* correspondent, said that the movement across the plains "more than equalled the great military expeditions of the Middle Ages, in magnitude, peril, and adventure." Men came by sea and by land, "seeking the golden fleece," and thousands of them perished. Hinton R. Helper's "Land of Gold," written in 1855, states that the fire-losses in California between 1848 and 1854 were over forty-five million dollars, the losses by flood were nearly two million dollars, and the losses by shipwreck were over five million dollars. Such was the material waste incurred in creating a State from the old Spanish-American province of Mexico. For a short time after the conquest and cession of California it was under military supervision, but the "gold rush" developed it so fast that it became a State without passing through the usual apprenticeship of Territorial government, and it was the first of the "mining commonwealths of the West."

After the placer-mining industry began to decay, the thoughts of men turned to the fertile valleys: first the stock-raiser and then the wheat-farmer became the typical Californian, and while the old miners were developing quartz ledges, great herds of cattle, vast wheat-ranches, and stately wheat-fleets attracted public attention. The foot-hills were still neglected, except for grazing, and the horticultural successes of the early Spanish settlers in San Diego, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and all the ancient towns of the southern counties had been forgotten, or had never been understood, by the American pioneers. It really seemed for a few years after the surface mines gave out as if California were about to become a pastoral region once more, with a rude and destructive agriculture on a large scale in the valleys, and a larger population to maintain.

"We have taken the gold away, and there is nothing left except a dry and rocky land, only fit for raising sheep and cattle," many a pioneer has said as he gathered up his gold to leave California. But the beginnings of varied and permanent industries were manifest long before 1860, and the immense cattle-ranches began to be broken into farms and came under the plough. This was the third important period of Californian development.

Until nearly the close of the civil war, the most striking features of Californian life, through all its changes and modifications, were the lack of competition with the rest of the world, the ease of living, and the high general prosperity of the entire State. Then the railroad was built across the continent, and California was brought into closer rela-

tions with older communities. Under the pressure of new and harder economic conditions, the age of horticulture began to take the place of the age of large farms and a single crop: nuts, fruits, wines, raisins, olives, oranges, lemons, and a vast number of costly and profitable crops gave another chapter to the fame of California. Meanwhile, the diversifying of the industries of the State has gone on with wonderful speed, so that the range of out-door occupations has become more extensive each year.

So much for the past. Its Spanish element lingers on and on in all the land. It inspires poems of rare beauty and novels like "Ramona." It has sown the land with musical names, and as it passes into legends it furnishes the broader background of a promising local literature. Its gold-seeker period, far nearer in point of time, seems already almost as remote and mythical, so that the American pioneer is evidently as much "material" for the writer as his Spanish predecessor. The conquered and the conqueror are destined to be linked together in the pages of literature. The Californian miner was pushing out from deserted Sierra placer camps into Arizona, Nevada, Montana, Idaho, Oregon, and British Columbia, while the Californian frontier sheriffs of the new agricultural counties were following on the trails of the Mexican outlaws who hid in the Coast Range. Looking back upon it all, one is able to understand how it is that in all race-legends, all mythologies, the weak and the strong continue to live side by side, even as the dwarfs and the gods of the Eddas.

The forces at work in California have produced a highly individualized sort of man. Until the present time the mining side of his nature and certain careless blossoms of his literary genius have most impressed the world. But he has since turned his attention to farming, fruit-growing, stock-raising, and other out-door pursuits, and has shown that he can grow the vines of France, the olives of Italy, and the thorough-breds of Kentucky, to say nothing of beating the Florida oranges, the French prunes, the Valencia raisins, and aiming at a better fig than Smyrna and a better lemon than Sicily.

One thing, it must be confessed, is especially hateful to the Californian. He has suffered beyond measure at the hands of the hasty generalizer. Many a visitor of a single summer has attempted to crystallize the results of a few weeks of hurried travel over beaten highways into a volume or a series of magazine articles. Hundreds of books have been written about California since the middle of the century, but those that appeared before the advent of the tourist are often more reliable, even now, than many of the careless, inaccurate compilations of the last decade. Nordhoff in his day wrote with painstaking industry of all parts of the State that he visited, but it was only the other day that a prominent writer, in a series of newspaper articles, lamented the "entire absence" of butterflies in California. It is almost inconceivable that he could have missed seeing the hosts of brilliant moths and butterflies that haunt the hill-sides and valleys of nearly the whole State in summer, but so it was. He endeavored to describe the "climate, resources, men, women, and institutions" of the Pacific Coast, in a few rapid letters, after a few weeks'

vacation, and the result, from a Californian's stand-point, was "what might have been expected." No part of America has suffered more in this regard, because none give such deceptive and contradictory reports of themselves to the casual observer. The voyager who sails down the high and rock-bound coast from Klamath to San Diego, seeing only light-houses on bleak promontories, vast forests of fir, spruce, pine, and red-wood, and a few harbor-gates and towns, would know quite as much of California's real aspect as does the average traveller by rail who enters by way of the California desert and goes out a few weeks later across the Central Pacific.

I take up the latest map of California and compare it with other States. New York, Ohio, Maine, New Jersey, Vermont, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Connecticut, Delaware, and Rhode Island, united, have a less area than California. In fact, California when more thickly settled would easily make four States as large and as prosperous as Ohio, or twenty States as large as New Jersey. Nor is this immense territory "extensively waste," as used to be thought by even Californians. Forests, pastures, mines, farms, so occupy the region that it is difficult to call anything "waste" except the great snow-heights which reservoir the waters for summer irrigation and shelter hundreds of fertile valleys and thousands of square miles of foot-hills. Even the deserts have underlying waters, and begin to blossom with tree and vine, as men sink artesian wells there, or gather mountain-waters in rock-walled reservoirs in the distant cañons. From the high desert plains of Lassen to the dry mesas of San Diego, irrigation is transforming the country. The miracle of Italy, Southern France, Palestine in its prime, and modern India is being repeated in large districts of California.

The great valleys and level lands of the State, the "cereal belt," comprise about forty million acres; in the "foot-hill fruit belt" are twenty-five million acres; of timber and fine grazing-lands there are twelve million acres; the high mountains cover thirteen million acres, and the arid lands are about ten million acres in extent. These last under irrigation are yielding enormous returns. The State is best divided into five climatic zones, the mean annual temperature in the high Sierras being from 30° to 44°, in the lower Sierras from 44° to 52°, along the coast from 52° to 67°, in the central valleys from 60° to 68°, and in the southern counties from 68° to 72°. But even this is far from exact, because every wind-current and every mountain-spur helps to make a local climate and confuse the stranger. Northern, Southern, and Central California, Coast Range, Sacramento, and Sierra foot-hills, have each their charms and their peculiarly Californian aspects. The rivalries between different sections of the State are only on the surface, casual, temporary, and of little importance; deep underneath run the sea-tides of a profound conviction of the essential unity of the great commonwealth whose dominion extends from the sands of semi-tropic Coronado to the lava-beds of Modoc and the clover-fields along the Klamath.

The present population of California, as I have said, is about one million five hundred thousand, and the total assessed value of all the property of the State in 1889 was \$1,112,000,000. This valuation

has more than doubled in ten years, under essentially the same system of taxation. If the total value of property be considered, the eight leading counties of the State, named in order, are San Francisco, Los Angeles, Alameda, Santa Clara, San Joaquin, Sacramento, San Diego, and Sonoma, each of which contains over thirty million dollars in taxable property. Alameda County, in proportion to its area, is the richest county in the State, outside of San Francisco. The best developed group of counties, according to assessed values, is the group that touches the three bays of San Francisco, San Pablo, and Suisun, for here are enormous orchards of deciduous fruits, vast vineyards, and the leading gardens and nurseries of the State. The most rapid and wonderful suburban developments and the largest recent investments in horticulture have been in the southern counties. The counties of the San Joaquin, once used only for wheat- and cattle-pastures, are becoming the great districts for cheap colony lands, for raisin-vineyards, and for great alfalfa-fields. In the Sacramento Valley are two of the most famous large farms in America,—General Bidwell's "Rancho Chico" and Senator Stanford's "Vina Ranch." Along the Sierra foot-hills are colonies where extensive orange-groves are being planted, this being the "Northern Citrus Belt;" but San Bernardino is by far the leading orange county in the State.

Every part of the State has its attractive and characteristic local features. In the Coast Range valleys are the most famous dairies, stock-farms, and breeding establishments. The largest wheat-farms are in the San Joaquin and Sacramento Valleys. The reclaimed tulé islands present agricultural resources similar to those of the richer parts of Holland, while the high mountain-pastures are not unlike the upland meadows and slopes of the Alps. No matter where one begins to study California, or in what direction one journeys, the nature and extent of these contrasts become impressive. Last winter, for instance, one of the greatest snow-blockades ever known in America occurred on the Central Pacific, but there were orange-trees in blossom and semi-tropic plants growing without protection in the gardens of New-castle, forty miles "down the line." In fact, the one county of Placer, which extends from the centre of the Sacramento Valley to the summit of the Sierras, may be said to represent in epitome many of the contrasts and resources of the whole State of California. This one county contains orange- and lemon-groves and olive- and peach-orchards in bearing; it also contains within its boundaries the scene of the great snow-blockades of last year. It has upland valleys where a Vermont or Canada farmer would feel at home, and it has warm, frostless foot-hills where I have seen roses blooming all winter in the open air. Similar illustrations could be drawn from almost every other part of the State.

The famous winter resorts of California lie near the ocean, or in the valleys of the Coast Range. People who visit the State for health or pleasure can always find what they want in some of the numberless towns that are well equipped for visitors. Monterey, once the old Spanish capital of California, and Santa Cruz, a city between the edge of the red-woods and the ocean, are the best of the northern resorts.

San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, and San Buenaventura are familiar names to every tourist. But by far the greater number of travellers are apt to find superior attractions, more companionship, and better accommodations at present in the southern counties of San Diego, Orange, Los Angeles, and San Bernardino. Some tourists winter in towns like San Rafael, Oakland, Berkeley, Los Gatos, San José, Napa, Santa Rosa, and Sonoma, all within reach of San Francisco and more or less sheltered from the sea-fogs and harsh winds. As far as mere climate goes, there are thousands of places in California that fulfil every reasonable requirement, and will in time become better known, but the more famous districts of "South California" are in all respects fully equipped for tourists, and will probably always attract the greater number of winter visitors to the Pacific Coast. San Gabriel Valley, for instance, with its mountains, its orange-groves, its old Mission, and its picturesque suburban homes, is one of the most beautiful places in California; and so are the superb circular valley of San Bernardino, and Ventura's famous Ojai.

Nevertheless, the whole of California is, in its appropriate season, the land for the tourist, and the Californian who knows the entire State seldom troubles the beaten track when his vacation comes, whether it be summer or winter. He has a better time, as a rule, in the mining camps and the Sierra foot-hills, or in the old red-wood camps of the Coast Range, than in any town of the valleys. If opportunity offers, he climbs into the remoter passes of the high Sierras, visits the mountain-lakes, fishes in the McCloud, explores the Siskiyou, crosses the Trinity trail, goes to the Calaveras and Tuolumne caves, and sees innumerable places besides the Yosemite, the Geysers, and the sequoia forests.

The extensive region lying about the bases of Shasta, Lassen, and Yalloballa Mountains is now within easy reach by railroad from San Francisco, and it is one of the finest parts of California, from early summer to late autumn. The pivotal point of this grand mountain-district is Strawberry Valley, at the foot of Shasta. The forests around this place have been visited by many of the great botanists. General Bidwell camped here with Asa Gray and Sir Joseph Hooker some twenty years ago. Sugar-pines are the monarchs of the coniferous forests, but the giant yellow pines, the nut pines, the Douglas spruces, tall cedars, firs, and many other evergreens, grow in this district, besides the grandest of oaks and maples, and many other deciduous trees. The snow-clad mountains about Strawberry Valley rise from nine thousand to eleven thousand feet above it, and contain the sources of six large rivers and innumerable smaller tributaries. This district is one of the great water-reservoirs of the Pacific Coast, and it blends in a remarkable manner the best features of the scenery of the Coast Range and the Sierra.

Sometimes the best season in which to travel over the settled portions of California is from February to June; but after very rainy winters the valleys are not in their prime till April or May. The mountains are for all summer and autumn, even to the first light snow-fall, when the dust lies thick in the sultry valleys. The "board at a

farm-house" plan has not yet arrived at the dignity of a system here, but there are hotels and "cottages for rent" in hundreds of unspoiled places in California, while the rainless summer makes tent-life as safe and desirable as in the Orient. One can find a shelter or camping-ground anywhere in Sonoma, or Mendocino, or San Mateo, or Santa Cruz, or northern Marin. Farther off one can camp in the realms of pine and fir, on some half-forgotten and abandoned old toll-road winding through deep cañons, climbing high, forest-covered ridges, above the beds of auriferous gravel where the men of '49 swung their Titan picks of polished steel. West of Shasta are the Tower House, the old towns of Douglas City in Trinity, Weaverville, Junction, Hay Fork, and frontier villages beyond, fifty miles from a railroad. East of Redding are villages in the forests along the ridges of Lassen. Beyond Nevada City, all the way to Truckee, ancient camps lie thick, and all about them lie trout-streams and game and untrampled miles of wilderness. In the Coast Range, all the way from Moro, Cambria, and Piedras Blancas to Point Arena and Cuffey's Cove and the red-woods of Noyo and Navarro, are hundreds of places for camps, dozens of hidden villages as yet as unknown to fame as was Mount Desert half a century ago.

California will never be "settled up" in the same way that Ohio and Indiana are. The richer valleys will divide and subdivide until farms of ten acres are the rule and those of forty acres the exception. The rest of the tulé islands and the river-bottoms, now only willow wastes, will be diked and drained. The rivers of the Sierras will be utilized for irrigation over all the foot-hill country and in the larger valleys, so as to develop an "intensive horticulture" more important and more interesting than in any other part of the United States. There will be many and large towns and cities, and a great deal of out-door life. But the high places of the mountains will remain for shelter. If wise and strongly-enforced legislation protects the great Californian forests that clothe the upper Sierras and Coast Ranges and keep the secret springs of all the streams, there will be no more happy and prosperous commonwealth in all the land. The loss of our woods is the most immediate danger that threatens the material growth of California. All the rest can safely be left to time and to the American people.

Charles Howard Shinn.

A POET'S APOLOGY.

MY tongue hath oft-times stammered bashful-wise
 In thy dear praise. I pray thee pardon me.
 It strove to speak the language of thine eyes,
 Which none may word but thee.

Charles Washington Coleman.

JULIEN GORDON.

THE author who chooses to take this name has come before the world, almost at the same moment, with two stories which have on the surface little in common except that the *motif* of each is an affair between a man and a woman,—an affair which does not end happily. The characters are no chickens; both the men are of middle age, able, distinguished, and upright; both the women are mature (in brains and experience at least), accomplished, and dangerously fascinating. But here the outward resemblance ends; the two little dramas are far apart in scene, setting, treatment, and tone.

It is not too much to say that "A Diplomat's Diary" is a brilliant book. If tested by a severe analysis of incident and plot,—which happily is not the only nor the best way to test a novel,—there is not very much in it: merely a brief mutual attraction, so strong and genuine that it deserves a better fate, but over-clouded from the start; its promise of permanence is soon to vanish into thin air, impotently so far as the world knows, but tragically to the two hearts concerned. This is all the story; a story familiar enough, yet with a dignity of its own. But the tale is so told that one is fain to listen and remember; the narrow scene is so skilfully set, so framed and fringed with graceful and fitting accessories, as to be sufficient and complete. Here is no 'prentice hand, but a practical and competent artist, who has seen and been a part of what she (for it is as well to drop the masculine mask) describes, and can transpose it, yet living or in its habit as it lived, to the vivid and effective page. She knows her St. Petersburg, with its butterflies and roués and intriguers; she is for the time her German count, soldier, statesman, and ambassador, careful of his dignity, incapable of an imprudence or an impropriety, finished, fenced in, armed at all points, capable of all deeds and virtues, who knows everything and wishes to be moved by nothing. This is her model man. He is past the age of romance, thank Heaven; he desires no more complications; he goes to Russia "to avoid marriage." Yet he presently falls before the fine eyes of Mrs. Acton, the mysterious American widow. They fight against their impressions; he strives to avoid the lady; she, sacrificing impulse on the altar of conscience, seeks for a while to repel her lover; but it is all in vain. The gay and grand world about them recedes, they are the only breathing figures in the tableau; doubts, fears, suspicions, vanish before the dominating passion. Yet the reader must respect a man who, having surrendered his heart, preserves his head, his dignity, his character. He will set no tongues wagging; at least he is master of appearances and of himself. He is above vulgar self-laudation; it is the lost mistress who does homage to his virtues and owns him king of men. She has gone back to an unloved lover who holds the promise she had dreamed of breaking, and the four pages of her letter reveal a woman's heart. Honor triumphs, and the charm has vanished from two lives.

They slept, and dreamed that life was beauty;
They woke, and found that life was duty.

Doubtless they found the dream pleasanter than the awaking. The lady was right, no doubt, in her loving and agonized excuses,—they were not suited

to each other. Yet it is a pity to have so much fine emotion wasted,—if it *was* wasted. Mrs. Acton, who was not blameless in this business, will probably find balm for her wounds and spiritual meat and drink in the memory of her Russian romance. The count, whose motives and behavior have hitherto been models, fails to rise to the occasion, and takes his discomfiture in ill part. He might do better than crush the missive under his heel and cry, "God grant that I may never see her face again!" So chivalrous a gentleman should sustain his character, and reflect, "'Tis better to have loved and lost," etc. But perhaps it is unfair to blame him overmuch for this lapse from his previous perfection; after all, he is a man, and not a seraph.

"A Successful Man," if tested by the method of many readers and some critics, has more in it than "A Diplomat's Diary." Measured by ounces or inches (so to speak),—by persons introduced, scenes displayed, things done or said, and especially by risks taken and incentives offered to curiosity,—it has much more in it. The hero and heroine are both married, which complicates the situation; their partners appear, and one of these has something to say, which develops the complexity into a tangle. The diplomat is the soul of propriety; the successful man means to be proper, but does not exactly succeed. The count aims at a legitimate object, and cannot endure the obstreperous attentions of Madame Nathalie. Beyond this lady of the ballet there is nothing amiss in his adventures, for the suspicions about Mrs. Acton are generously dispelled at the end. It is otherwise with Mrs. Gresham and her lapdog. When a highly-selected lady of the first fashion, queen in her exclusive circle, lightly joined to a husband who "does not count," whiles away an idle hour and gratifies a caprice by turning the battery of her perilous charms upon a highly-respectable man by no means of her circle, the father of grown-up children and pattern husband of a domestic wife, previously engrossed in serious pursuits and far more innocent than the average freshman, the result is likely to differ from that of Lady Clara Vere de Vere's attempt upon the classical country lad. She is in a way to "win renown," and he to win something less desirable. It is play to her, but probable death to him, being of your plain, simple, dead-in-earnest sort; or possibly it may mean wounds and bruises, if not death, to both of them,—when the man has a good deal in him, and the lady is not altogether empty, but only aimless and unoccupied. When you put two peas in a gourd, they are apt to rattle; and flint and steel, colliding, sometimes emit sparks.

Meantime, the proceedings of Mrs. Gresham and her admirer are safe to excite a piquant curiosity. They always do that, alike in the quietest village and the most distinguished metropolitan circles. They will have the same effect on the reader, be he or she who she or he may. Human nature being as it is, one wants to know what these people will do next, and what will come of it all,—especially when "it" is unlikely to be edifying. We do not approve—far from it; we would not be mixed up personally with that kind of thing on any account; we will give the actors in this little drama the cold shoulder when we meet them—that is, we will if they go too far; but, just because we disapprove, and in the interests of morality, we wish to watch them and see how far they *will* go. In fact, it is our duty to do so.

Taking this into account, it seems quite possible that "A Successful Man" may be more widely and eagerly read than its predecessor. Yet there will be those who will like it less, and call it more instructive but less charming. They will feel that, while it has (allowing the broad principles on which so many re-

cent novels are built) a good theme and is ably handled, it lacks the distinction and fineness of "A Diplomat's Diary." Is it that the fine aroma of the best society can be found only abroad, that we are all vulgarians here at home? Mrs. Gresham herself is not vulgar, but the people about her are—distinctly so. Lawton gained nothing by being admitted, for the moment and on sufferance, to their "set." The heroine's talk is sometimes thin and commonplace—how could she help it, with Mrs. Gerold for a next friend? All this is doubtless true to life; but it is not elevating—and was not meant to be. As for poor Lawton, he is simply pitiful—a moth flitting round the flame, a fish out of water, a good man misplaced and going wrong. He is not realized like the diplomat; he does not make the same impression of personality, of genuineness. Perhaps the reason of this is that the author knows Europe better than this country, her counts and princes more thoroughly than our plain, unpolished, half-farming, rural Americans. It seems a stroke of humor to make Lawton a politician. Are any of our politicians really so pure-minded, so unsophisticated, so defenceless?

The difference between these two books may be explained by supposing that the author wished to show herself and others what she could do in the two styles of realism and romance. The diplomat, despite the intense worldliness of his environment and the width and depth of his worldly-wise experiences and accomplishments, is not a vulgar or shallow man; he is thoroughly in the world, but not wholly of it. Still less is Mrs. Acton of it, though she is in it, knows it, and adorns it. Though less blameless, she is a finer, more ardent, and more restless nature than he. Their contact rouses all the poetry of their souls, and the Diary is an idyl. It lingers in the memory like a sad song which has broken from the grossness of earth into pure air and mounted toward the skies.

But the other book is prose and nothing else. Mrs. Gresham is in the world and of it. She has brain enough to be dissatisfied with an empty-headed husband, with the frivolous crowd about her, and with a life that is nothing and aims at nothing. But she does not know what she wants nor how to get it. The rural statesman is something new, a mild excitement. Her interest in him is a stimulant. Whether it is more than that, how much she will care when she hears of his death, the author does not think it worth while to tell. The less the better, of course. The woman is an enigma, even to herself—because she has never taken the trouble to make acquaintance with herself and with the laws of the universe. Doubtless there are plenty of Mrs. Greshams, a little worse or better, only not quite so handsome. Her queenly beauty is the only embellishment on the prevalent realism, if we except the candidate's manly eloquence.

As for Lawton, he is pathetic enough, no doubt. And it may be that some can sympathize deeply with one who at twenty marries a girl from the next farm, and thenceforth devotes himself to studying the tariff and running for office, all the while profoundly ignorant of himself, human nature, society, and the world beyond his bucolic-political groove, till at forty-five he meets a woman who attracts him. *Hinc ille lachrymæ*. Doubtless many of us would be no wiser, and St. Anthony is out of date long ago. It is all very true, and Mr. Howells ought to like it. But what common people will like is the way they do it; the way in which, without a mite of physical wrong, without an improper act or word, they go so near the edge that poor Lawton actually tumbles over, and drags his innocent wife with him,—for it is a real, literal precipice at the end. It is very sad; but perhaps he is better out of harm's way, and the flames of jealousy can consume her soul no longer.

Our ethical canons with respect to literature are as yet somewhat unsettled. There are those who would exclude from the printed page every recognition of or allusion to whole regions of fact. "Don't you think French history is immoral, as well as French novels?" said one of these. It is too true. The history of other nations besides the Gauls is immoral,—often offensively so. So are nature and life. If we try to copy them faithfully, how can we keep our pages ideally pure? And is it not wrong freely to introduce theft, forgery, arson, murder, as well as actions which tread on the toes of the seventh commandment?

Another school—and it is growing among us—claims a wider liberty for fiction, and holds that its business is to delineate all phases of human character and motive, except where decency or the public health forbids. In judging of these limitations, conscience must be heavily reinforced by good taste. "The proper study of mankind is man,"—not certain parts of him alone. It is possible to extend the study and the portraiture without reproducing the grossness of former centuries or the lubricity of certain recent naturalists, chiefly French and Russian. Let the introspective bent of our time have freer scope in prying into remote and veiled corners of the soul, so it be done in the interest of science and art, not of salacious materialism,—so the mind, not the body, be the object.

To this latter school belongs "Julien Gordon." It is not that she has any love for the naughty, but that she finds curious subjects of speculation which do not always confine themselves within the limits of the "nice." If I am moving toward a given point, she would say, must I stop for a bit of muddy road? She is a student of what may be called sexual psychology; her specialty is the moods and manners of men and women when attracted by one another. To be sure, a great many novelists have cultivated this field, which borders on a forest partly unexplored, partly a Dismal Swamp, and in part tenanted only by "the bandit Passions" and their captives. Some of our literary agriculturists have turned explorers, and wandered far into these wild recesses, not always with safety or profit; others have declined to pass beyond the last furrow of time-honored precedent. Julien Gordon aims to hit a happy mean; she will go further than the timid, yet not so far as the bad.

She is a mistress of the art of suggestion, of saying things without spelling them. This gift makes her books not precisely the best nutriment *virginibus puerisque*. For instance, the diplomat, in an undiplomatic moment of aberration, says to Mrs. Acton, "You are a pretty woman, but you are scarcely beautiful. Not . . . possessed of a dazzling seduction." Whereon she extinguishes him with a thrilling glance, and asks, "Are you sure?" He got what he deserved, and one can scarcely blame the lady; yet this was at an early stage of their acquaintance. So poor Mrs. Lawton, in her agonizing jealousy, thus holds forth: "I don't think you have been wicked,—are those women up to that? Don't they care too much for themselves?" Good women will say and do such things, under provocation, and when their children are not in hearing. It should have been a woman, as well as a European, who said, "She speaks to him with that mixture of irritability and compunction to which women treat the men they habitually deceive." All this is very able and interesting; but it is not fodder for Sunday-schools.

One may get a certain insight into this author's mental habits from her wise little essay, "Men's Women," in this number of the Magazine. Fascination, she says, is a gift by itself, largely independent of beauty, brains, character,

or even the possessor's will. The "men's woman" may be heartless, cruel, cold, or mean, but is seldom so; she is usually large-minded. She "is rarely susceptible; often she is exclusive and *difficile*. She is generally married young, and her career extends from the age of twenty to forty-five." Her conquests are apt to come unsought, and to bore her. Naturally she finds feminine friendships tame. Socially she "understands herself" and can take care of herself. Satiated with success, her amusement (if she has a head for it) will be practical psychology, her probable conclusion *Vanitas vanitatum*. To the world and perhaps to herself she is an enigma. As such she is a superior being; that comparatively simple and comprehensible animal, man, must forever be her slave, her puppet, or her victim, like the diplomat and the governor-elect. But she shines for others, unwarmed by her own beams.

Robert Tinsol.

A NEW THEORY OF THE UNIVERSE.

It is, perhaps, not too much to say that the astronomical discoveries of the last half-century are equal, in number and importance, to those made in all time previous. Early attention was confined to the numbers and grouping of the fixed stars and the mathematics and ordinary phenomena of the solar system. Late attention has been devoted to the constitution of the universe, the conditions of matter in space, and the finer phenomena of suns and planets. Much has been discovered, much seems on the verge of discovery, and the mystery of the stellar universe, which has exercised the intellect and the imagination of man since the earliest days of civilization, seems advanced far on the road towards solution.

One striking result of recent investigation appears to be the probable overthrow of that grand nebular hypothesis which has been of such intense interest to contemplative mankind, and which seemed almost as firmly based as the theory of gravitation. It appears now as if it must go the way of many an older hypothesis, and be replaced by a new theory of the universe, based on the principle of meteoric aggregation. It is, in fact, asserted that the solar spheres are nothing but dense groups of meteors, similar to those which frequently break into the earth's atmosphere and occasionally descend to the earth's surface,—these meteoric fragments having been drawn together, by mutual attraction, from vast regions of space.

Before describing more particularly this new hypothesis, the result of recent research in astronomy, it may be well briefly to state the leading features of the nebular hypothesis. This doctrine, first vaguely suggested by the great German philosopher Kant, and afterwards worked out by the eminent French astronomer Laplace, is based on the assumption that the space now occupied by the solar system was once filled with matter in the state of a widely-diffused vapor, which extended far beyond the orbit of the outermost planet. The force of attraction to the centre gradually drew in this mass of vapor, which became denser as it occupied less space, and began to rotate from causes which we cannot here specify. As it drew inward it whirled more and more rapidly, and assumed a form approaching that of a great disk, such as the earth might present if rotating so rapidly as greatly to extend its equatorial and reduce its polar diameter. Eventually the outer portion of this disk-shaped mass separated from the re-

mainder as a rapidly-revolving ring of vapor. This ring in time broke up, and its parts gathered together into the form of a great sphere, the basis of the outermost planet. Ring after ring thus parted and became a planet, except in the case of the asteroids between Mars and Jupiter, where the fragments of the ring failed to combine, but condensed as separate bodies. After the planets had all been thrown off, the remainder of the vapor concentrated to form the sun, while the planets in like manner threw off rings which became moons.

This, according to the hypothesis, is but one of innumerable cases, each of the multitude of fixed stars being a sun surrounded by a group of planets, all formed in this manner, while the many nebular masses which have been observed in the heavens are so many solar systems in process of formation. This grand generalization has ruled like a monarch over the world of astronomy for a century past. It was so simple, yet so comprehensive, and so closely in accordance with many of the phenomena of the solar system and with what is supposed to have been the early condition of the earth, that it was almost universally accepted. Certain problems remained to be solved, and these have rather strengthened than disappeared with the lapse of time, but they were of minor importance, and it was confidently expected that they would vanish before later research, and the story of the heavens be finally written in the lines laid down by Laplace.

It seems now, however, as if the story may need to be written differently. We know far more about the contents of space than we did a century ago, and find that the problem of the universe is still more complex than it of old appeared. Instead of being left empty by the concentration of immense masses of vapor, space appears to be still full of matter, not in the state of vapor, but in that of solid substance,—fragments of stone and iron varying in size from minute particles to masses of many tons' weight.

The story of the meteorites has been many times told. It does not need retelling, except in epitome. It comes to us in two chapters, that of the comet, and that of the falling star, or the aerolite. The earth in its annual plunge through space traverses an exceedingly limited area of this unbounded ocean, yet even this narrow area is found to be occupied by innumerable fragments of solid substance. The record of this substance is written in letters of light on the atmosphere of the earth, told in the flash of multitudinous glow-worms of the heavens, of which myriads are seen nightly, and many millions in the course of the year. The larger meteorites occasionally break through the atmosphere and descend to the surface, where we have an opportunity to examine them. It will suffice to say that they are composed largely of iron, but contain many other mineral substances, none of which differ from those found in the earth. Whence these strange visitors came no one can say. It was at first conjectured that they had been ejected from volcanoes on the earth. Next they were supposed to have come from the sun. But the problem is now seen to be too broad for any such easy interpretation. We are beginning to conclude that space everywhere must be filled, in greater or less profusion, with such materials, and it is interesting to perceive that these meteorites, many of which may have come from remote regions of the universe, contain no substance not known upon the earth. It looks as if matter everywhere is singularly uniform in constitution.

The second phase of the problem is that of the comet. The comet has always been a stumbling-block in the way of the nebular hypothesis. It refused to be accounted for by the popular theory, and kept plunging from space into our solar system as if to refute man's conception of the universe. The comet is

a stubborn fact. It cannot be ignored in building our mental edifices of creation, and if it will not fit into theory as existing, theory must be revised and improved. Recent study of the comet has taught us one important truth. It is a phenomenon closely connected with that of the meteorite. In fact, it has become pretty thoroughly established that a comet is nothing more than a group of meteorites, a minor aggregation of those fragmentary masses with which space seems everywhere so thickly sown.

Many of the known comets belong to our solar system. They rotate in curved orbits round the sun, and are held as truly to their courses as the planets. Many other comets are strangers to our system. They come from afar, and in most instances simply dart past the sun and resume their wide wanderings through space. Occasionally one of these rovers is caught and held by the attractions of sun and planet, and becomes a fixed member of our system. Whence come these wanderers? Are they daughters of other systems than ours, which have escaped and come to us? No. To be taken prisoner by a solar system is the end, not the beginning, of a comet's career. Once captured, it can never escape again. Every comet probably began life as a rover; all may end as members of solar systems.

That comets did not originate in solar systems we have the best of reasons to believe, since we have good evidence that the action of solar systems upon them is to destroy, not to form them. More than one comet has been thus partly broken up within a comparatively few years past, some separating into two or more masses, others quite vanishing, but leaving their orbits filled with a dense aggregation of meteorites, as is shown by a shower of "falling stars" when the earth passes through these orbits. There is little or no doubt entertained that the action of the sun and planets on comets is to disrupt them, and spread out the meteoric particles of which they are composed throughout the line of their orbits, until they become rings of meteorites revolving round the sun. Some such rings are known which are associated with existing comets, and represent the breaking-up process. There are others which are supposed to represent comets which disappeared ages ago. How many such comets have been converted into meteoric rings by the action of the solar system it is not easy to say. But when we reflect that the earth, in its narrow circle round the sun, crosses a considerable number of such rings, that each of the planets may cross as many more, and that there may be many whose orbits do not cross those of the planets, it becomes apparent that our solar system must have been very effectively engaged in the work of comet-destroying.

Other solar systems may have been as busy, and the number of comets thus destroyed has probably been exceedingly great. Whence came the comets, then? They were born, and they have died. New ones are probably coming into existence, and mature ones dying. It is evident that they were not born within the limits of solar systems, since the action of these is to destroy them, and their place of origin must have been the illimitably vast realms of space that lie between the spheres. Our solar system, in addition to its meteoric rings, is thickly strewn with meteorites, with some of which the earth comes into contact at every moment of its flight through space. Some of these may be parts of long-vanished comets, but this can scarcely be the case with them all. It is almost certain that many of them represent the general contents of space, and that the vast interstellar regions possess enormous multitudes of such meteoric masses.

If such be the case, it is not difficult to form some general idea of the history of a comet. Gravitation affects the minor as it does the major masses of space. It is probable that in the interstellar regions groups of meteorites are occasionally being made, through the action of mutual attraction. The groups thus formed may vary greatly in size, forming larger or smaller comets. Meteorites that were moving in the same general direction are most likely to be drawn together, and the mass must continue to move with rapidity in the same direction, its line of motion being in time modified by the attraction of some neighboring solar sphere.

In this manner, very probably, comets have been formed. Their number must be extraordinarily great. Kepler says that "there are more comets in the heavens than fishes in the ocean;" and when we reflect that hundreds of them visit our system every century, it seems probable that this computation, as applied to the whole universe, is very moderate. What is the final fate of cometary matter? It is gathered up in space, it reaches the solar systems, there the groups are broken up into their constituent masses, and the loose fragments are, to some extent, absorbed largely by the sun, partly by the planets. Every meteoric body that falls to the earth's surface, every "falling star" that is burnt into dust in its passage through the atmosphere, is a contribution from space to the earth. The amount of substance thus added to the earth in past times must have been very considerable. That added to the sun must have been immense. For ages past space has been gradually depleted of its meteoric contents, which have, partly in the form of comets, partly as separate fragments, been attracted into the solar systems, and been to a considerable extent absorbed by suns and planets, whose present bulk must be due more largely than has been heretofore supposed to this cause.

May not the suns and planets, as well as the comets, have been entirely built up of meteoric matter? This question naturally arises, and it has given rise to a conception which is in many respects more satisfactory than the nebular hypothesis, as it is in accordance with a much wider range of facts. It is in thorough agreement with what we now know of the material contents of space, and of the make-up of those strange bodies, the comets, which, as we have said, were serious stumbling-blocks in the way of the nebular hypothesis. The new hypothesis, which was first proposed a year or two ago by Mr. Norman Lockyer, a notable English astronomer, is to the effect that all the spheres of space have originated from the aggregation of meteors; that the nebulae are simply great diffused groups of meteorites on the way to become suns; that the suns are similar groups in a much more concentrated state; and that the planets are bodies in which the meteorites have condensed into solid masses, their separate existence and freedom of action having been destroyed by the density of their concentration.

This hypothesis leads to the conception that space was formerly much more fully peopled with meteorites than at present, and that where now they are only abundant enough to form comets, they formerly existed in such abundance as to form nebulae and suns. The process doubtless has been the same in all cases. Formerly mutual attraction between densely-sown meteorites gave rise to solar masses. Later on, similar attraction between thinly-sown meteorites yielded great cometary masses. At present perhaps only minor comets are formed. Great nebulae first appeared as the mother-forms of solar systems. These were composed of meteorites moving in every conceivable direction, while the whole

mass gradually acquired a rotation through the influence of centripetal attraction, as in the argument for the nebular hypothesis. There were no rings thrown off, but at intervals within the mass, controlled by some law of celestial physics, meteorites moving in the same general direction gathered into groups, which formed the basic masses of the planets, while the central group concentrated into a sun. The intermediate meteorites whose motion was such as to enable them to resist that process of concentration remained independent, and were only gradually absorbed by the masses. Probably many of those of our system are still independent, and form part of the existing meteorites which are slowly being picked up by the sun and the planets.

This is but the first chapter of the story. The second chapter we are compelled by lack of space to give only in the barest outline. As meteorites are doubtless moving in every possible direction and with very great speed, they must occasionally come into violent contact. These contacts grow more frequent as they are drawn together, and in nebulae and suns there must be an incessant clashing of the densely-aggregated fragments. Two general results necessarily arise from these collisions. The meteorites are broken up until few of large size remain. Many of them are doubtless reduced to minute fragments, and, to some extent, to dust. The second result is the heat produced by violent collision. This is undoubtedly sufficient to melt, and even to vaporize, the colliding bodies. Such vapors exist in comets, and of them the tails of comets may be formed. In suns they form atmospheres, and fill the interspaces between the moving meteorites. Breaking up, melting, and vaporizing of the colliding bodies are not, however, the only processes. The vapors are again condensed, and fall as a metallic rain, which tends to build up again the broken meteorites. Meteoric dust is probably gathered up in the same way, so that the fragmentary masses tend to keep within certain limits of size. There is reason to believe that in comets they are seldom much beyond twenty or thirty feet in diameter, while none of any great dimensions have been known to fall to the earth.

The heat and light of suns are largely or wholly due to this cause. As the minute masses of which the spheres are composed draw more and more together, they grow intensely hot from their frequent collisions, their motion being converted into heat. In the end they may be partly or entirely converted into molten matter and gas. To what extent our sun has been reduced to this condition it is impossible to say, but very probably some of the larger planets are at present in this stage and contain few or no separate meteorites. In the case of Saturn a significant indication of former conditions exists in the rings which surround that planet, and which astronomers are now satisfied are made up of separate meteorites. They should, had they gone through their full course of development, have become moons, but they failed to do so from the absence of any preponderating centre of attraction in the ring.

The earth has gone further in the path of progress. Beginning existence as a meteoric aggregation, it became a mass of molten and gaseous matter, then, as it lost its heat, a solidified body, perhaps still molten in part interiorly, and surrounded by a gaseous atmosphere and a liquid ocean. In the case of our moon, continued cooling has, to all appearance, resulted in the absorption or condensation of ocean and atmosphere, only a solid mass remaining. Such is, briefly stated, the new theory of the formation of the universe, whose details are at present being diligently studied by astronomers and physicists.

Charles Morris.

COPYRIGHT!

THE International Copyright Bill has passed the House, and the cause of common honesty and common sense is in a way to be won at last, within limits. The victory is partial and belated, but we are thankful for small favors. Larger ones may follow by and by.

This success comes from the work of half a century and more. In 1836 Harriet Martineau wrote to the author of "The Gladiator" and "Nick of the Woods" (and perhaps to other Americans), enclosing "The Humble Address and Petition of certain Authors of Great Britain," intended to be laid before Congress, and urging co-operation, "*not making confidants of any booksellers*, but communicating with brother and sister authors." Dr. Bird wrote back that the booksellers already had wind of the project, that they also had something to say in the matter, and should be treated as allies, not as foes. They "are, I believe, quite willing that foreign authors should be allowed to take out copyrights in America; but it is upon condition that those rights shall be disposed of only to *bona-fide* American publishers."

The wisdom of this position has been abundantly proved by later developments. The authors of America were then a feeble folk, innumerable and in the main inglorious. They are now as the sands on the shore and the stars in the sky; but they have not found their account to lie in antagonizing publishers. The author puts his brains into the common fund, the publisher contributes his cash and his experience. So imperfect are the arrangements of this planet, that abstract mental ability is generally hampered in "getting there" by the lack of filthy lucre and business knowledge; writer and inventor must alike depend on a partner or middleman to furnish the sinews of war.

While literature was mainly foreign and unprotected, the American publisher was restrained only by his conscience; his interests fitted with the lack of law. As home-made books grew more numerous and more important, houses of the better sort found themselves crowded and undersold by "pirates," till it looked as if cheap books would before long result in cheap men and women.

Besides, the British brethren had long since instituted reprisals. As our literary product loomed up in rivalry with that of the parent-land, it became a case of sauce impartially for goose and gander. This lack of reciprocity of course affected publisher as well as author,—in less degree, no doubt, but still seriously. In any other business the manufacturer could control or arrange for the foreign sale of his products; in this he had no foreign market, or none that he could rely on, if any chose to take it from him.

Without this concurrence of circumstances—the huge increase of American books, British reprisals thereupon, the wholesale spread of piracy in its lowest and loosest forms, and chiefly the coalition of authors and publishers—international copyright could not have been attained. The authors alone could not have got it for decades to come.

Publishers and authors, standing shoulder to shoulder as they should, have fought the fight and won it. In respect to literature and art America may lag a generation or two behind other civilized nations, but we catch up in course of time.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE mere writing of a novel,—that is nothing. There are several thousands of persons who do it annually. But the telling of a good story in good style,—that is altogether a different thing, a rare performance that confers distinction in the fine art of fiction. Of course it must be said that one often reads and sometimes enjoys a novel so called which has practically no tale to tell; but this, at its best, is a starving diet, even to him who appraises the analytic novel at its proper value. The authors of genuine stories are naturally beloved, and none more than the gifted woman who, under the pen-name of John Strange Winter, has written such delightful things about the British soldier. "Bootles' Baby" charmed two nations with the freshness of its humor and its manner; and the promise it gave of a new and wholesome stimulant in story-telling has been fulfilled in "Pluck," "Driver Dallas," "Mrs. Bob," and once again in this latest issue* in the Series of Select Novels. Mrs. Stannard has done nothing better. It is full of the merit present in all of her work, the directness and continuity of narration, and the vivid lifelikeness of its men and things. It is romance pure and simple, yet one is conscious of its probability, and in particular of the faithful reproduction of the author's favorite (we might say her special) coloring. There are several types of English army officer in the story drawn from life and to live; and in the career of the engaging young hero himself we have a careful and most interesting sketch of the subaltern. It is the very atmosphere of barracks and mess-room, and the love that enters strangely into the life of the camp is of the kind that commonly ends in shame and ruin. This is not the fate of Jack Trevor and Mrs. Dennis, albeit there is tragedy indeed in their lives.

At the end of one of the critical chapters the author, replying in a general way to the strictures of her critics, says, with much good sense, "It seems to me . . . a mistake that those who have a story to tell should be urged to paint their heroines in colors so delicate and so spotless that they have no resemblance to the human women whom we meet out in the world in every-day life. Of course a woman of blameless reputation is a beautiful thing, and a woman of *blameless life* is more beautiful still. Yet in awarding the measure of blame or praise to those who have sinned or kept themselves unspotted from the world, I do think the circumstances of the case ought to be taken a little into consideration." It would be very interesting, indeed, to know how many of the female readers of this book will find faultless the conduct of Mrs. Dennis.

The officers of the United States Navy, from ensigns up to admirals, have in recent years been writing some readable books. One about themselves, by one of the most distinguished among themselves, will presently be published by the Lippincotts,—*"The Old Navy and the New,"* written by Rear-Admiral

* THE OTHER MAN'S WIFE. A Novel. By John Strange Winter. J. B. Lippincott Company. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

Ammen. The author, who has contributed so largely both to the successes of the old and to the building of the new navy, sets down in a pleasing vivacious style the most important and entertaining of his personal memoirs.

Mr. Edward B. Latch has written a book* which zealous students of the Bible will find curiously entertaining. The story of the Mosaist (as Mr. Gladstone carefully phrases it) is subjected to an exhaustive and penetrating analysis, with results exhibited in interesting diagrams, which cannot fail to arrest the attention of the literalist reader of the story of the creation, the deluge, and the dispersion.

The world has been made sufficiently acquainted with the story of Stanley's famous march to the relief of Emin Pasha. That is to say, the story of the main column has been told and retold in newspaper despatches, collated volumes of letters, in Mr. Stanley's own book, and finally by word of mouth from the lecture-platform. But, after all, the dismal tale is but half told to one who has not read the story of the Rear Column, as it is related by Lieutenant John Rose Troup.† The impartial reader of this manly narrative will accept it in good faith. The entire fidelity of the author to his trust cannot be impeached. He is commendably temperate in his language, and has succeeded, through the mere presentment of correspondence and the bare statement of the facts, in vindicating himself from the charge of complicity with the evil conduct of Stanley's rear-guard.

There is that in the style of Mr. Marrion Wilcox's writing which stamps it as the particular joy of the well-bred and the literary reader. He has the antiseptic touch, and he has made a rare good use of it in these two volumes.‡ "The Paradise in Hyde Park" is a delicious fancy in itself, worked out with finest grace and adroitness. It takes us to San Remo and encourages us to be indolent and watch the picturesque people there. It shows us the Carnival, and takes us on a brief delightful trip to Monte Carlo. Ravelli and Mademoiselle Mora are characters not soon to be forgotten. That the literary talent of Mr. Wilcox is manifold one finds upon reading the two stories contained in the other volume. "The Devil is Dead" especially impresses us with its delicate workmanship. The air of romance in it is strange and exhilarating; the mystery often perplexes and never fully satisfies; its subtle spirit eludes the grasp of a coarser imagination than its creator's.

* INDICATIONS OF THE FIRST BOOK OF MOSES, CALLED GENESIS. By Edward B. Latch. Press of J. B. Lippincott Company. Cloth, \$1.50.

† WITH STANLEY'S REAR COLUMN. By J. Rose Troup. Illustrated. J. B. Lippincott Company. Cloth, \$5.00.

‡ THE PARADISE IN HYDE PARK. By Marrion Wilcox. J. B. Lippincott Company. Cloth, \$1.00.

THE DEVIL IS DEAD; AND SCENES IN GENERAL DAYTON'S GARDEN. By Marrion Wilcox. J. B. Lippincott Company. Cloth, \$1.25.

CURRENT NOTES.

Housekeepers Should Remember.

The great success of the Royal Baking Powder is due to the extreme care exercised by its manufacturers to make it entirely pure, uniform in quality, and of the highest leavening power. All the scientific knowledge, care and skill, attained by twenty-five years' practical experience, are contributed toward this end, and no preparation can be made with a greater accuracy, precision and exactness.

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nation with its co-ingredients is definitely known. Nothing is trusted to chance, and no person is employed in the preparation of the materials used, or the manufacture of the powder, who is not an expert in his particular branch of the business.

As a consequence, the Royal Baking Powder is of the highest grade of excellence, always pure, wholesome and uniform in quality. Each box is exactly like every other, and will retain its power, and produce the same and the highest leavening effect in any climate, at any time.

The Government Chemists, after having analyzed all the principal brands in the market, in their reports placed the Royal Baking Powder at the head of the list for strength, purity and wholesomeness; and thousands of tests all over the country have further demonstrated the fact that its qualities are, in every respect, unrivaled.

THE RUSSIAN THIRST.—There is no outlet for Russia in the north to open water, the natural Atlantic harbor of the arctic provinces, Hammerfest, where the water never freezes, being still in Swedish hands, and on the south the Turk, though incompetent to rule his own dominions, and only propped on his tottering throne by foreign support, still holds the Russian gateway with a bared sword. It is toward the south that the Russian is ever marching, with a persistence which is rapidly restoring his northern provinces to the pine-tree and the wolf; it is the water he is ever seeking, with a pertinacity which reduces diplomatists used to everything but the secular march of myriads, impelled by a necessity outside themselves, a necessity such as drives the locusts forward to the sea, to a condition of angry despair.

The nations perceive the movement which at one and at the same time threatens Sweden, the Balkan Peninsula, Turkey in Asia, Persia, India, and China, and attribute it only to an overreaching ambition which it behooves them to resist to the death, lest the world be swallowed up. The ambition exists, very possibly, in the court, though the house of Romanoff, we imagine, is growing weary and exhausted with its burden of a sovereignty too vast and too exacting for the human brain, but the march of the great Slav people began, and proceeds independent of the Czars, and will not stop, so far as men may judge, until its objects have been reached, and the race, at length fairly content with its home, begins its natural life. The Slav race will break out somewhere, we may be certain; and we do not think it will be through either India or China. The distances are too vast, the territory to be reached at last too hot, the human tribes to be conquered too thick on the ground and with no place whither to retreat. The natural road for the Russian is through the Balkan to the Ægean,—for Constantinople is only a locked gate, not to be opened if a maritime power holds Mitylene and forbids egress,—but the civilized tribes of Europe have magazine rifles, and will not allow the march. Even ants must stop if the path is barred by flame, and the Russian, therefore, must either press on by the long route through Asia Minor to the Mediterranean,—as he could do to-morrow if Western Europe were occupied by an internal war,—or break through Persia to the great Asiatic ocean, as, if he formed the resolution, he could do now.

Time only can reveal which way he will choose, though we predict it will lie through Persia, because that Asiatic France lies empty and defenceless, ruined by the tyranny of the Kajar house; but that the Slav will break through at some point we hold to be as certain as that his people increase their numbers like the English or the Germans. No race which can win battles, not even the Tartar, has ever stopped short of the open water; and the Slavs, before they halt, will possess a coast with a commerce not to be intercepted by any land power, and will then find themselves at last with the conditions of wealth in their own hands, and also with a new obligation to keep on terms with the English-speaking race. Let them reach the open water, and they will come within the range of the British iron-clads.—*The Spectator*.

THE National Type-Writer Company of Philadelphia have been awarded a medal "for superiority" by the American Institute of New York.

BEST PROTECTION.—"Yes, siree!" said Uncle Zeb to the loafers at a country-store, "'tis pertection that's a-ruinin' this country. What we want is free trade,—that's what we want."

"Now, I'll bet, Uncle Zeb," replied one, "that you are a good protectionist, after all." "I'll bet I ain't! Come now, how be I a pertectionist?" "Why, you protect your system with Ayer's Sarsaparilla every spring, don't you?" "Humph! Wal, yes, I dew; and I believe Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best pertection a man kin hev,—in the spring or any other season o' the year."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla cleanses the blood of all impurities, thoroughly invigorates the system, and affords protection against climatic and other malign influences.

"Every spring, for the last nine years, I have been in the habit of taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and I can truly say that I never used any medicine that did me so much good. I am convinced that it is the best medicine of the kind in the market, and recommend it to all in need of a reliable and effective blood-purifier."—J. A. SHEP-

ARD, *Proprietor of Shepard's Paragon Varnish, 246 Pearl Street, New York City.*

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla is superior to any other spring medicine."—J. L. GUYON, *Ware, Mass.*

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all druggists.

Has cured others, will cure you.

Lung Diseases demand prompt treatment, or serious results may ensue. For all such complaints, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the most effective medicine. During nearly half a century this has been the most popular and successful remedy for laryngeal and pulmonary disorders,—hoarseness, loss of voice, bronchitis, asthma, and consumption. A few doses are usually sufficient to bring relief and induce a permanent cure. The best anodyne expectorant, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is everywhere recommended by physicians and druggists.

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Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all druggists.



JAPANESE FASHIONS.—We are all wrong about Japanese fashions in dress. Instead of being persons in robes of tender nameless hues, embroidered with long flowers, grand chimeras, and fantastic birds, the Japanese women dress in plain dark stuffs of cotton or wool. Marine blue is the predominating color. Gay attire is reserved for the theatre, or worn elsewhere only by women of a disreputable class. Such is Pierre Loti's report. But a recent edict of the Empress has prescribed to the ladies of her palace the dress of their European sisters. Pierre Loti was privileged to see her majesty five years ago on a solemn occasion in the gardens of the palace. She was then "ideally charming," passing like a fairy among her parterres flowered in profusion with the sad blossoms of autumn, and then coming to sit beneath her imperial canopy of violet crépon in the hieratic stiffness of her robes, tinted like the wings of a humming-bird. But now all is "mad change." The once invisible Empress has descended little by little from her empyrean; she shows herself at present, she receives, she speaks, and she even lunches,—with the tips of her lips. She has abandoned her magnificent *camails* strewn with strange blazons, her wide head-dress that looked like an idol's, and her enormous fans, and she sends to Paris or London for her corsets, her dresses, and her bonnets.—*The London Standard*.

A SCORE OF IMMORTELES.—These are the twenty women who are deemed by readers of *The Critic* "the truest representatives of what is best in cultivated American womanhood;" the number of votes each received follows the name: Harriet Beecher Stowe, 268; Frances Hodgson Burnett, 241; Mary N. Murfree (Charles Egbert Craddock), 215; Julia Ward Howe, 204; Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, 203; Sarah Orne Jewett, 193; Mary Mapes Dodge, 182; Constance Fenimore Woolson, 149; Edith M. Thomas, 146; Margaret Deland, 142; Adeline D. T. Whitney, 125; Celia Thaxter, 123; Amelia E. Barr, 123; Lucy Larcom, 118; Rose Terry Cooke, 104; Mary Abigail Dodge, 102; Harriet Prescott Spofford, 97; Louise Chandler Moulton, 97; Mary E. Wilkins, 96; Blanche Willis Howard Teufel, 84.

SPEED OF RAILWAYS.—During the railway race of 1888 several trains on various lines ran on falling gradients at seventy-six miles an hour, and at the present time in ordinary traffic on certain portions of railways trains are run at seventy, seventy-three, and occasionally seventy-five miles an hour. It therefore will be seen that eighty miles an hour is the maximum of a locomotive's pace, and the cause of this is that at that speed the resistance of the air, the back pressure in the cylinders, and the friction together have become so great that they absorb the whole power of the engine; and the back pressure in the wrong side of the piston becomes greatly increased by the fact that the exhaust steam cannot be got out of the cylinders fast enough. The limit of locomotive speed, both theoretically and practically, is, therefore, eighty miles an hour. Probably the fastest train now booked on any time-table is that which is timed to run between Liverpool and Manchester in thirty-two minutes (including two stoppages),—that is, a shade over sixty miles an hour actual running time. For long-distance fast trains the average time is about fifty miles an hour, inclusive of stoppage, though the actual speed between the long-distanced stations is sometimes accelerated to as high as seventy and seventy-five miles an hour. A train not stopping between Carlisle and Preston, when running between Grayrigg and Oxenholme, has been timed to cover five miles in three and three-quarter minutes.—*The Gentleman's Magazine*.

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harmless, do not gripe, but are *effectual*, and will save many doctor's bills if promptly taken. Some idea of how generally this is understood can be had from the statement that **BEECHAM'S PILLS** have the *largest sale of any proprietary medicine in the world.*

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B. F. ALLEN CO., Sole Agents for United States, 365 and 367 Canal St., New York, who (if your druggist does not keep them) will mail **BEECHAM'S PILLS** on receipt of price, 25 cents,—but inquire first. Correspondents will please mention "Lippincott's Magazine."

TO SHAVE OR NOT TO SHAVE.—For many years before the Crimean war the moustache in this country was the distinguishing badge of the cavalry: it was prohibited in the infantry; and as for the civilian who braved public opinion by sporting it, he was looked on either as an artist, an eccentric, or as wishing to pass for a hussar. But shaving by regulation (little as it may be suspected by those who submit to it) has an origin more serious than mere caprice or love of uniformity. It is the badge of service; a survival of the primitive custom of mutilating slaves to prevent their escape, or insure their recognition and recapture if they did escape. The Mosaic law made the mutilation more merciful than it probably had been previously. The proper mode of re-engaging a servant is set forth in Exodus xxi. 6: "Then his master shall bring him unto the judges: he shall also bring him to the door, or unto the door-post; and his master shall bore his ear through with an awl, and he shall serve him forever."

As manners grew milder, even this slight mutilation was discarded, and shaving the beard or the head was resorted to for marking servants. Fierce and long was the controversy that raged in these islands during the sixth and seventh centuries, even to shedding of blood, as to the right manner in which priests—servants of the Lord—should shave their heads. At this distance of time there seems as much to be said for St. Columba's frontal tonsure—from ear to ear across the brow—as for that favored at Rome, which eventually carried the day—the coronal, on the summit of the head.

The Roman Catholic priesthood has not yielded to the lax practice of the age, and it is not many years since any Protestant clergyman of these islands, had he grown anything more than the orthodox "mutton-chops," would have forfeited the confidence of his entire flock. Modish young men of the present day for the most part affect the tonsure described by Julius Cæsar as prevailing among the Celts of Britain when he first landed,—that is, they shave everything except the upper lip.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

AFTER ORCHIDS.—M. Charles André gives an account of his experiences when on a botanical expedition by the shores of the river Amboan, which, though interesting to read when safe at home, gives a good idea of the unexpected dangers often incurred by botanical collectors. M. André was in search of *Ceelogyne asperata*, and happened to be in a Dyak hut when the natives were sorting rice preparatory to sowing it. In the evening a noisy procession entered the hut, and the females who were among them laid with much ceremony large bouquets and garlands of the longed-for orchid on and around the stores of rice. Such was the quantity of the blooms that the perfume was so powerful as to drive the explorer out of the house to spend the night in his boat. He afterward heard that seed-time as well as harvest is an important season to the natives, who are dependent on their crops, and that he had witnessed rejoicings caused by the abundance that year of the *Ceelogyne asperata* blooms, which were believed to herald an equally fertile harvest. When, some time later, M. André returned to the spot with (among other treasures) a load of the all-important orchid, he found himself the subject of passionate grief and hatred, and that his only chance of safety was in a generous distribution of money and tobacco and a speedy flight. He had, in the opinion of the Dyaks, committed an act of sacrilege in gathering plants sacred to them and whose lives they believed were in some way connected with their own.—*Garden and Forest*.

MOTHER FOR DOCTOR.

SHE makes a good one, too,—if she has the right remedy. That's the point. As a doctor for baby, mother has several points of advantage. She is always at hand. She has sympathy for the sufferer. She sees the first symptoms and can take that critical stage in time, and check a difficulty which, if permitted to have a few minutes more of progress, might establish itself in the precious anatomy. Mother can do this with all the certainty and assurance of a physician of twenty-five years' experience; for Dr. Hand, of Scranton, Pa., has spent that length of time in the study of infantile disorders, and has put up in convenient form the remedies which give unfailing relief to the little sufferer.

Thus—as certainly as if he were personally present—the mother who has any of Dr. Hand's Remedies within reach can have twenty-five visits of a physician of twenty-five years' experience for twenty-five cents. Here are the words of one who has seen infantile suffering in every form:



"I have continually under my charge from forty to sixty children. For the past two years I have been using DR. HAND'S CHILDREN'S REMEDIES, and wish that I had the power to advise every mother in the land to use them for their little ones. They have never once failed to give relief. In behalf of the children, I thank DR. HAND for the kindness he has shown them for years past.—MRS. E. OWENS, Matron Home for Friendless Children, Scranton, Pa."

For twenty-five cents THE HAND MEDICINE COMPANY will send to any one who cannot procure Dr. Hand's remedies from the local druggists a bottle of any one of the following preparations: Dr. Hand's Colic Cure; Dr. Hand's Cough and Croup Medicine; Dr. Hand's Diarrhoea Mixture; Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion; Dr. Hand's Pleasant Physic; Dr. Hand's Worm Elixir. A book containing the strong endorsements of many grateful mothers will be sent free to any one who will address THE HAND MEDICINE COMPANY, or their wholesale agents, SMITH, KLINE & Co., 429 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WAGING WAR ON COFFEE.—Dr. Mendel, of Berlin, says that the inebriety of coffee, if not as dangerous to others, may be as harmful to its subjects as alcoholism; and there is little dispute of the fact that in the high nerve-tension American make-up tea and coffee become so harmfully and habitually necessary as to render their frequent use dangerous, as tending to drive the physical machinery faster than it was intended to run, thus causing incalculable wear and tear. Of late there has grown up a far more rational, because healthful, custom, that of cocoa-drinking. This custom has been largely brought about by the introduction into this country of that incomparable product of the cocoa bean, Van Houten's Cocoa. This cocoa is almost absolutely nutritious and strengthening to the nervous system. Gently stimulating, it aids digestion and all the flesh-forming functions, and is peculiarly adapted for the nervous and dyspeptic. Van Houten's Cocoa has a world-wide reputation as being superior to anything of the kind manufactured.

Women of Brains.

Need Any Ambitious Woman Despair of Her Own Success?

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

(Copied from New York Press.)

MRS. HARRIET HUBBARD AYER is the youngest child of the late Henry G. Hubbard, one of Chicago's oldest and most distinguished citizens. As a child she was extremely delicate, but so bright that at the age of four she could read as well as most children at ten. At fifteen she graduated at the head of her class from the Convent of the Sacred Heart. At sixteen she became the wife of Mr. Herbert C. Ayer, a then wealthy iron-merchant of Chicago and Youngstown, Ohio.

Society knew Mrs. Ayer as a leader, because of her wealth, her beauty, ability, and hospitality. Her intimate friends knew her as a loving mother and noble woman. The poor knew her as their friend, not in words alone, but always in deeds of kindness.

She was then, as now, a person of the best impulses, and generous to a fault. The most remarkable thing, however, in the history of this interesting woman, is that, although born and raised in luxury, she met disaster bravely and unflinchingly when it came, thinking, as usual, more about the welfare of others than her own comfort and concern.

Mrs. Ayer is a woman whose history would read as far more improbable than the wildest fiction ever written, and of whom in recounting the sad story of her life, and how in a few hours she found herself, instead of rich in millions, absolutely destitute with two little daughters to support, the New York *Herald* said, "She is a woman whom any country may be proud to call her daughter." To-day Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer's name in the business world is a tower of



HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

strength. She has gained the confidence and respect of every business house with which she has had dealings. It has been her motto to always tell the truth. Her advertisements, which the whole country has read, are plain and truthful statements. The result of such a policy is this: Mrs. Ayer is the head of a great and prosperous business, founded by her, and to-day by her guided and directed in all its departments.

Mrs. Ayer is a woman of perfect breeding. As a well-born American, cultured and accomplished, she has been cordially received by the literati and *beau monde* of London and Paris. She speaks French and Italian as fluently as English, and her knowledge of literature is very extensive.

HOW MRS. AYER ACCIDENTALLY OBTAINED THE FORMULA FOR THE FAMOUS RÉCAMIER CREAM.—One day, in Paris, Mrs. Ayer, while suffering intensely from the scorching sun of a July journey across the English Channel, was offered a pot of cream by an old French lady friend, to be used on her face when retiring, being assured that it would do wonders in softening and beautifying the complexion. Its effects were so magical and so marvellous that Mrs. Ayer became anxious to possess the formula for the cream, which she learned was not an article to be bought. But the old French lady finally sold the recipe, which (so she told Mrs. Ayer) was the one used by her beautiful and famous ancestor, Julie Récamier, for forty years, and was the undoubted secret of her wonderful beauty, which Mme. Récamier retained until her death.

WHAT THE RÉCAMIER PREPARATIONS ARE, AND WHY THEY ARE TO BE USED.—Récamier Cream, which is first of these world-famous preparations, is made from the recipe used by Julie Récamier. It is not a cosmetic, but an emollient, to be applied at night just before retiring, and to be removed in the morning by bathing freely. It will remove tan and sunburn, pimples, red spots or blotches, and make your face and hands as smooth, as white, and as soft as an infant's. Price, \$1.50.

Récamier Balm is a beautifier, pure and simple. It is not a whitewash, and, unlike most liquids, Récamier Balm is exceedingly beneficial, and is absolutely imperceptible except in the delicate freshness and youthfulness which it imparts to the skin. Price, \$1.50.

Récamier Lotion will remove freckles and moth patches, is soothing and efficacious for any irritation of the cuticle, and is the most delightful of washes for removing the dust from the face after travelling, and is also invaluable to gentlemen to be used after shaving. Price, \$1.50.

Récamier Powder is in three shades, white, flesh, and cream. It is the finest powder ever manufactured, and is delightful in the nursery, for gentlemen after shaving, and for the toilet generally. Large boxes, \$1.00; small boxes, 50 cts.

Récamier Soap is a perfectly pure article, guaranteed free from animal fat. This soap contains many of the healing ingredients used in compounding Récamier Cream and Lotion. Scented, 50 cts.; unscented, 25 cts.

The Récamier Toilet Preparations are positively free from all poisonous ingredients, and contain neither lead, bismuth, nor arsenic. The following certificate is from the eminent Scientist and Professor of Chemistry, Thomas B. Stillman, of the Stevens Institute of Technology:

MRS. H. H. AYER,—

40 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, JAN., 1887.

DEAR MADAM: Samples of your Récamier Preparations have been analyzed by me. I find that there is *nothing* in them that will *harm* the most *delicate* skin, and which is not authorized by the French Pharmacopœia as *safe* and *beneficial* in preparations of this character.

Respectfully yours,

THOMAS B. STILLMAN, M.S., PH.D.

If your druggist does not keep the Récamier Preparations, refuse substitutes. Let him order for you, or order yourself from HARRIET HUBBARD AYER, 305 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Send for circulars with copies of endorsements.

THE LAST WOLF IN SCOTLAND.—In Scotland the honor of slaying the last wolf is contested by Clan Cameron and Clan Mackintosh, the former attributing it to Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, who killed his wolf in A.D. 1680, while the Mackintosh recalls how, when about that same period the huge primeval forest of Duthill was destroyed by fire, all the surviving wolves sought refuge on one wooded knoll which somehow escaped the general conflagration, and were thence driven out and slain by the people—all save one very large gaunt gray wolf, which escaped and fled across the hills to the neighborhood of Moyhall. On his way thither he encountered a woman with two little children, both of whom he killed, and the wretched mother, half dead with terror, fled while the monster was devouring his prey.

Great was the alarm throughout the district, for the wily wolf eluded every attempt to circumvent him. Then Mackintosh summoned his clansmen and vassals to combine in hunting down this murderer: so, from far and near, they assembled in the gray dawn. One only failed to appear, but that was one on whom the chief specially relied. This was Macqueen of Pollock-Haugh, a small property at the Streens,—a wild glen above Dulsie Bridge on the Findhorn River. Macqueen was a powerful and gigantic man, said to have been nearly seven feet in height, and possessed of amazing strength and energy. After some delay he appeared, considerably dishevelled. The chief received him with words of reproach as a laggard, whereupon the stanch, rugged Highlander advanced and, throwing back his plaid, revealed the bleeding head of the grisly brute, which he laid at the feet of his chief, saying, "It would have ill become Clan Mackintosh that more than one man should be required to despatch one wolf, and that as he had chanced to forgather with the beast on his way, he had buckled w' him and just dirkit him, and syne whittled his craig for fear he might come alive again."—*Temple Bar*.

SARAH BERNHARDT AND HER PINS.—Her costumes, as usual, are splendid, but some alarm is expressed in couturière establishments at the total absence of any cutting-out, or fabrication, lest ladies should take a fancy to such primitive styles of apparel. Several yards of material swathed round the figure and fastened with pins,—without the intervention of a needle anywhere! "Des épingles! Rien que des épingles!" said an indignant "first hand" to us: "est-ce qu'on s'habille avec des épingles!" And a chorus of protesting voices declare that "*cette Sarah*" must be mad. On the other hand, husbands and fathers admire and approve the economical innovation, with the idea of suppressing couturières' bills. But, even supposing the very improbable adoption of such a simplified mode of attire, would not the couturières be necessarily called in to arrange the pins and folds? What average woman could manage to coil yards and yards of clinging material round her figure with any graceful result? What delicious sketches of middle-aged, stout matrons in classical attire Leech would have drawn had he lived to hear of such things!

It is said that in the days of the First Napoleon the painter Isabey would never allow his wife to wear a ball-dress like others, but himself pinned around her folds of gauze, intermingled with flowers, so as to produce a charming, though peculiar, effect. He was an artist, and might be allowed some privileges. We doubt, however, the success of modern inartistic husbands if required to dress their wives with yards of gauze or China crape and a paper of pins.—*Murray's Magazine*.

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CROSBY'S VITALIZED PHOSPHITES, prepared according to the formula by Prof. Percy. This preparation *differs* from all other Tonics. It is composed of the *vital* and *nerve-giving* principles of the *Brain* of the *Ox*, and the *embryo* of the *Wheat* and *Oat*. It is the only *Vital Phosphite* from *animal* and *vegetable tissue*, the *principle* that *maintains* man in the *prime of life*, *prevents* *premature age*, sustains all the functions in activity, and *restores* lost *Vigor* to *Brain* and *Nerves*.

It strengthens the *intellect*, increases the capacity for *mental labor*, cures *Neuralgia*, *Nervous Dyspepsia*, *Sleeplessness*, and *prevents Consumption*.

A *Vital Nutrient Phosphite*, not a laboratory nor acid *Phosphate*.

"We have used, and highly recommend, Crosby's Vitalized Phosphites. It is *not* a *secret* remedy; the formula is on every bottle."—Bishops POTTER, of New York; STEVENS, of Pennsylvania; President MARK HOPKINS, of Williams College; EMILY FAITHFULL, and *many* of the world's best *Brain Workers*.

Physicians have prescribed over one million packages. Descriptive pamphlet free. Be sure you have *Crosby's Vitalized Phosphites*. F. Crosby Company, 56 West 25th Street, New York. Druggists, or sent by mail, \$1.00.

YOUR SON is about graduating from school or university.

What are you going to do with him, or for him, or what is he going to do for himself?

Has *he* settled on a profession,—law, medicine, the gospel? And have *you* settled on him the amount of money which will be needed for his support while he is making a place for himself in those overcrowded ranks?

The perplexities of the situation are equalled by its responsibilities. You haven't capital to invest for him. If you had, it would probably be another item in the cost of his education. He needs to earn something at once, and in a pursuit agreeable to a man of intelligence, where energy and fitness command large reward. Where? How?

There is no more honorable calling than that of life insurance. It inculcates a high standard of morals, and associates it with the performance of a sacred duty. Its representatives—field and office—equal in capacity and worth the average of other professions. In its practice and dissemination there is the widest opportunity for mental growth and culture. Its adaptations and differentiations afford ample scope for analytical study and good judgment.

Beyond all these things, some life-insurance companies welcome young men of character with probable qualifications for field work, and pay them moderate salaries while they are acquiring a knowledge of the business, and until their fitness, or the reverse, is established.

If your son needs such a chance, address THE PENN MUTUAL LIFE, 921-3-5 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

NICKNAMES OF EUROPEAN NATIONS.—Englishmen have accepted the name of John Bull as suited to the national character. A Scotchman is Sandy; the Irishman derives his name of Paddy from his national patron saint; while an ancient nursery rhyme records the fact that Taffy is a Welshman. English sailors call the Frenchman, in contempt, Johnny Crapaud; but in France he is Jacques Bonhomme, or, as a bourgeois, Monsieur Prudhomme. Cousin Michel is the name by which the German is known to the Continental nations. Mynheer Closh, an abbreviation of Nicholas, sums up the Hollanders, who are often known simply as the Mynheers; while the Switzer rejoices in the name of Colin Tampon. We have all heard of the Russian Bear and the Unspeakable or Infidel Turk: but these are hardly real nicknames. Don Whiskerandos is almost a national nickname for the Spaniards, dating from Elizabethan times. Italians are known as Lazzaroni, and Danes are called Danskers.

PORTRAITS OF CLEOPATRA.—The question of Cleopatra's beauty is an old one, but it has been brought into fresh prominence by Sardou's "Cleopatra" and Mrs. Langtry's revival of Shakespeare's play. The only authentic portrait of Cleopatra that is known to archaeologists is a bust which appears on a series of coins. It is on the reverse, and bears the inscription, in Greek, "Queen Cleopatra, the Divine, the Younger," while on the obverse is a portrait of "Antony, Dictator for the Third Time, Triumvir."

The workmanship of the coin is far from good, and this accounts in some measure for the undeniably plain appearance of the queen. Yet the likeness, as far as the features go, is a true one, for the other coins of the same series, though of a different type, give her the same features,—an aquiline nose, a strong chin, a long neck, and narrow shoulders. The fact is that her beauty was not so remarkable as one would think from the spell she cast over Cæsar and Antony. Plutarch, for instance, tells us "that her beauty in itself was by no means incomparable nor calculated to amaze those who saw her," but adds that the magnetic charm of her manner, the gracefulness of her movements, the persuasiveness of her conversation, and her figure were most attractive.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE EXCELLENCE OF AMERICAN MAGAZINES.—An article in the *St. James's Gazette* some time ago asked, "Why are American magazines better than our own?" and answered the query by explaining our bulk-system of postage. This was curiously off the truth, as our English cousins are apt to be because of their imperfect knowledge of affairs in "the States." The enormous circulations of our leading magazines were, as a matter of fact, built up before the bulk-postage system was introduced, and although our postal methods, particularly in recent years, have tended to foster the development of periodicals, our magazines are what they are simply because they have been made and pushed with great enterprise and good judgment. In England, on the contrary, the patronage here concentrated on our few leading magazines is distributed among several times our number, most of them of rather weak literary quality. Nearly every English publishing-house considers it necessary to have its own magazine, for the pushing of its own books and as a means of swapping advertisements with other publishers. Few of them have obtained a circulation which warrants the outlay for illustrations required by our illustrated monthlies. The success of Messrs. Macmillan's *English Illustrated Magazine* is, therefore, all the more creditable.—*The Publishers' Weekly*.



QUINA-LAROCHE.—This preparation has for its basis a combination of all the principles of the best cinchonas with a rich special wine; not, like many mixtures, an ordinary compound of drugs, but a result of laborious researches, which has won for its inventor a National Prize of 16,600 francs, and Gold Medals at the Expositions of Paris, Vienna, etc.

Quina-Laroche is *par excellence* the tonic with which to combat stomach affections, loss of appetite, mental depression, anæmia, etc. Quina-Laroche is a powerful preservative against intermittent and continued fevers rebellious to sulphate of quinine, and of exceptional value in cases of tardy convalescence; in combination with iron, is especially recommended for poorness of the blood, chlorosis, difficulties of assimilation, debility, &c. Prevents Influenza and La Grippe.

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One Pound of Cleveland's Baking Powder will make everything in the following list:

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| 20 tea biscuit, | 1 cottage pudding, | 1 spice cake, |
| 1 chocolate cake, | 12 apple fritters, | 12 corn muffins, |
| 20 batter cakes, | 6 crumpets, | 6 baked apple- |
| 1 orange cake, | 1 suet pudding, | dumplings, |
| 1 ice-cream cake, | 12 English muffins, | 1 fig cake, |
| 30 cookies, | 1 strawberry short- | 1 roll jelly-cake, |
| 1 coffee cake, | cake, | 20 Scotch scones, |
| 1 cocoanut cake, | 15 egg rolls, | 1 pound-cake, |
| 1 loaf gingerbread, | 1 Boston pudding, | 15 waffles, |
| 1 Minnehaha cake, | 1 chicken pie, or | 1 lemon cream- |
| 1 apple pudding, | Yankee potpie, | cake, and |
| 8 snowballs, | 1 Dutch apple-pudding, | 12 crullers. |

(Receipts for the above and over three hundred other choice receipts are in our cook-book, which is mailed free to any lady sending two-cent stamp, with name and address, to Cleveland Baking Powder Co., 81 & 83 Fulton Street, New York. Please mention LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.)

Cleveland's Baking Powder.

Most Economical and Absolutely the Best.

ANDREW LANG.—This pen-picture of Andrew Lang is given by one of his Boswells: "Mr. Lang, like all literary men of slim build and languid bearing, wears an old-fashioned silk-faced frock-coat, wrinkling and buttoning at angles that would prevent any self-respecting tailor's dummy from acknowledging a bow from him in Bow Street. He has the figure and air of a young man; but his worn face, with the chin, cheek-bones, and nose projecting under the drawn skin, almost reminds one of the veteran Professor Owen. His black hair is streaked with gray, and the 'front row' of it is silver-white. The weakest part of the head is outside the eyes, where the temples are cut scantily away. Like Sarasate, his remarkable appearance is due to his large, striking eyes. His tongue does not betray the Scotchman, except by a certain prolongation of the 'oo' in 'book' and an occasional locution like 'pairallel' for 'parallel.' His voice is high-pitched and a little *criarde*; his delivery is recklessly colloquial; his best 'holt' is on sly gibling; and he punctuates his speech always in the wrong place, by abrupt pauses after every two or three words, the effect being irresistibly suggestive of the artilleryman in Bleak House. 'Took me in. With a second-hand violin-seller. For a friend. That money was no object to. And said he played the fife. When a boy.' Mr. Lang cuts it quite as small as that; but he peppers in his pauses much more arbitrarily."

THE NOBLE TURKEY.—The chroniclers and ballad-makers record many anecdotes of the geniality and readiness of adaptation to circumstances which made Henri Quatre so popular among his subjects. Not long before the great battle of Ivry, he was lodging in a country house in the character of an inferior officer. The lady of the château was without provisions, but informed her guests that a neighbor of hers rejoiced in the possession of a noble turkey, which he would probably sacrifice as "a roast" if asked to assist in demolishing it.

"Is he a *bon camarade*?" asked the officer.

"Yes," said the lady, "he is a capital fellow."

So the turkey was obtained, and its owner invited; and the lady and her two companions devoured the plump and savory bird from the head to the tail. Fast and furious was the fun, the king's jokes being capped by those of his bourgeois companion, and digestion assisted by peals of merry laughter. At last the subject intimated that he had recognized his sovereign from the first,—and assuredly the marked features of Henri Quatre, when once seen, were not readily forgotten,—and expressed a hope that the king would not object to ennobles the humble individual who had had the good fortune to share his dinner with his sovereign. Henry laughed with characteristic good humor.

"And what arms will your lordship be pleased to assume?"

"I will emblazon the turkey to which I shall owe so much."

"*Ventre Saint-Gris!*" cried Henry; "a gentleman you shall be, as you wish, and shall carry your bird on your shield!"

And thus in a good dinner off a turkey originated the noble house of the Comtes Morel d'Inde.—*All the Year Round*.

IN CLOVER.—The Emperor of China sleeps on a bed of carved wood magnificently inlaid with gold and ivory. It is said, concerning the Chinese court, that the strictest observance of etiquette extends even to the parents of the monarch, who on visiting their son dare not omit to bend the knee, whilst the younger brother of his Celestial Majesty is subject to observances no less rigid.



"I AM NOT WELL ENOUGH TO WORK."

This is a daily event in mills, shops, factories, etc. It is the point where Nature can endure no more, and demands a rest. Then the poor sufferer, worn with toil and broken in health, stands aside to make room for another. "Quick consumption" they call it.

To this class of women and girls we proffer both sympathy and aid. When those distressing weaknesses and derangements assail you, remember that there is a remedy for all of them. We have on record thousands of such cases, that have been restored to vigorous health and lives of usefulness.

Mrs. Pinkham's illustrated "Guide to Health and Etiquette" is very valuable to ladies. The undersigned will present a copy to any one addressing them with two two-cent stamps.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is the only *Positive Cure and Legitimate Remedy* for the peculiar weaknesses and ailments of women.

It cures the worst forms of Female complaints. Subdues Faintness, Excitability, Nervous Prostration, Exhaustion, and strengthens and tones the Stomach. Cures Headache, General Debility, Indigestion, etc., and invigorates the whole system. For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex, the Compound has no rival.

All Druggists sell it as a *standard article*, or sent by mail in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of \$1.00.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

BIRD-MANNA!—The great secret of the canary-breeders of the Hartz Mountains, Germany. Bird-Manna will restore the song of cage-birds, will prevent their ailments, and restore them to good condition. If given during the season of shedding feathers it will, in most cases, carry the little musician through this critical period without loss of song. Sent by mail on receipt of 15 cents in stamps. Sold by Druggists. Directions free. Bird Food Company, 400 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



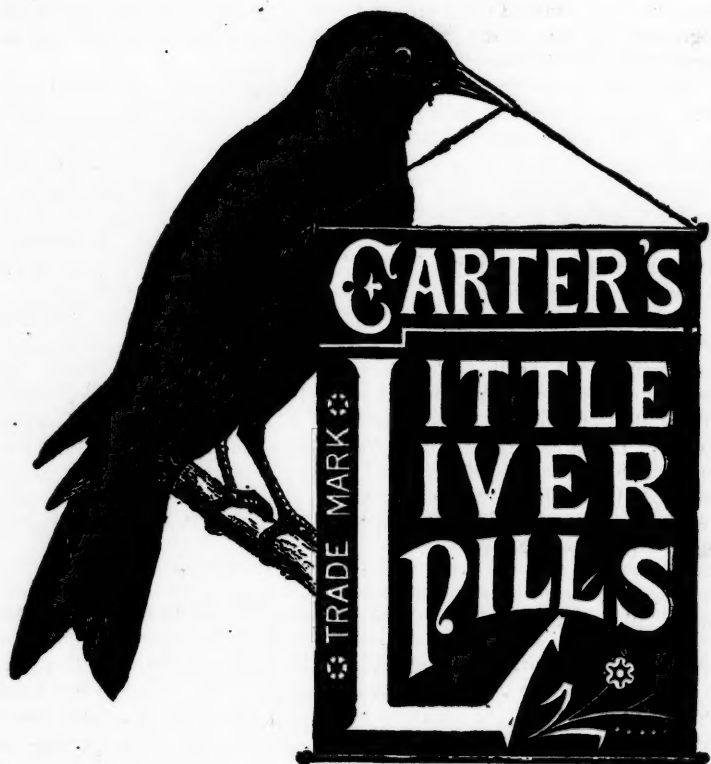
BUDDHIST BATHOS.—Taken as a whole, the study of Thibetan literature must be pronounced disappointing, though only so far as the complete range of Buddhist writings, in whatever language they are written, proves disappointing to the most enthusiastic students. Admitting the existence of some poetical thoughts and certain novel philosophical tenets, we presently find how poor is the store of these, and with what perseverance and kaleidoscopic talent the meagre stock is arranged and rearranged. In this respect Thibetan history and biography, however, are superior in variety and originality to the same departments in Sanskrit literature.

But neither the Thibetan nor—be it whispered—even the best Indian author has much notion of what a continuous and progressive narrative should be. He begins to recount a tale or write a biography, and, being apparently unable to carry it on, he diverges into stale Buddhist platitudes and vapid repetitions of what has gone before. The Arabic spinner or the Hebrew annalist is capable of making progress with and of inspiring real and human interest in his recital; but all Buddhist and Hindu authors—Thibetan, Pali, or Sanskrit—seem utterly deficient in the faculty of “getting on,” and almost as powerless to vary matter and style as an organ-grinder to alter the sequence of his tunes.

Take the narratives—stirring, strong, and pithy—to be found in the Hebrew books of Genesis, Judges, and the Kings (written, perhaps, three thousand years ago, and yet thrilling to children and adults in England even now), and compare any of the stories there with selected passages from the Mahabharata, written thirteen hundred years later; then where at all shall the latter be ranked? Let us read consecutively, for instance, the story of Esau's lost blessing, and the account of Shakyamuni's “Great Renunciation,” even though embellished with Sir Edwin Arnold's choicest bathos. Can Sanskrit poetry take any comparable place beside Homer, Euripides, or the Persian “Gulistan” of Saadi?—*Edinburgh Review*.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S LOVE FOR ANIMALS.—Scott's horse, Brown Adam, was perfectly quiet with his master, but would not allow any one else to mount him, and broke the arm of one groom and the leg of another when they tried to do so. “Camp was at this time the constant parlor dog. He was very handsome, very intelligent, and naturally very fierce, but gentle as a lamb among the children. As for the more locomotive Douglas and Percy, he kept one window of his study open, whatever might be the state of the weather, that they might leap out and in as the fancy moved them. He seemed,” Lockhart adds, “to consult not only their bodily welfare, but their feelings in the human sense. He was a gentleman even to his dogs.” Camp died at his master's house in Edinburgh, and Scott excused himself from dining out that day on account of “the death of a dear old friend.”

Like their playmates, Camp and the greyhounds, the children had at all times free access to their father's study, who never considered their prattle as any disturbance, and would break off in his work at their request to repeat a ballad or a legend. He taught them to think nothing of danger, and as they grew older accustomed them to his reckless delight in fording dangerous streams. “Without courage,” he said, “there cannot be truth; and without truth there can be no other virtue.” “No man,” says Scott's biographer, “cared less about popular admiration and applause, but for the least chill on the affection of any near or dear to him he had the sensitiveness of a maiden.”—*Good Words*.



positively cure SICK HEADACHE. They also relieve distress from Dyspepsia, Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side.

Purely vegetable. Sugar-coated. Do not gripe or sicken. SMALL PRICE.
SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE.

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FRENCH PEASANT LIFE.—Our impression is that the average French peasant is a much higher type of the human animal than the English laborer: on the one hand, in France we meet with actual savage varieties in some of the provinces, as, for example, the wild shepherds, clad in sheep-skins, whom we noticed among the Causses, or the half-Iberian mountaineers of the Pyrenees, which have no counterpart in England; but, on the other hand, there are rarely seen in France the sodden, unintelligent examples of humanity which are sometimes found in our agricultural villages.

The vigor of the peasant class is making itself felt in the national life of France, and is already beginning to push aside the less aggressive bourgeois in careers which the middle class has considered its own since the period when the aristocracy and its wealthy imitators committed the folly of withdrawing from all the professions except that of the army. A young farm-laborer, for example, makes his mark at the primary school. He obtains a bourse at a *lycée*, where his assiduity and lack of urban veneer excite the scorn of his bourgeois classmates. To this he is indifferent; his want of knowledge of the joys of towns gives him more uninterrupted time for application to his studies. He loses not a moment, and passes from the *lycée* into a government school, whence he comes forth invested with a sword or a diploma. Here, with his career commenced, he is a formidable competitor for his colleagues of more favored birth. He applies to his labors, for which he has an insatiable appetite, all the vigorous freshness of a temperament untouched by the influences which have produced in towns a nervous, irritable, sceptical generation. There is, of course, another side to this picture, and the ease with which the wearers of the blue blouse, whether peasants or mechanics, are enabled to assume the broadcloth of the bourgeoisie is beginning to be regarded as a national danger by observers who are neither reactionary nor alarmist. The increasing number of the youth of France who have acquired just enough education to make them despise manual labor, without the necessary complement of commanding ability or industrious determination, is not a source of strength to the nation.—*The Quarterly Review*.

CHIMNEY-POTS.—When we reflect with satisfaction how far we have emancipated ourselves from the restraints of fashion in the matter of beards, does it not seem marvellous that we still endure the oppressive, though unwritten, law which constitutes the chimney-pot hat to be the only decorous head-dress for well-to-do male humanity? Woe, woe, æsthetic woe to the sons of men who, having cast aside one after another the Phrygian cap, the furred *birrus*, the slashed bonnet, the knightly beaver, the three-cocked hat, and the feathered glengarry, have resolved that whosoever will enter good society must bind his brows with the gloomy cylinder! None has a word to say in its favor; every one hates it and condemns it; in travelling, the hideous object has to be provided with a special case; yet for more than three generations it has been held indispensable. There is a cynical levity in the ribbon which still encircles its rigid circumference, recalling the happy days when a hat-band was a reality, used to adjust the flexible covering to the head. Odious as it is admitted to be, perhaps the most serious objection to it, from the point of view of taste, is the hindrance it presents to any tendency in our other garments to become more picturesque. Every visible article of outfit has to be brought to the æsthetic level of the head-piece. A chimney-pot hat crowning a tasteful costume reduces it to ridicule.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

FORTY years ago almost every mother thought her child must have paregoric or laudanum to make it sleep. These drugs will produce sleep, and a few drops too many of them will produce the sleep from which there is no waking. Many are the children who have been killed or whose health has been ruined for life by paregoric, laudanum, and morphine, each of which is a narcotic product of opium. Druggists are prohibited from selling either of the narcotics named to children at all, or to anybody without labelling them "poison." The definition of "narcotic" is "*A medicine which relieves pain and produces sleep, but which, in poisonous doses, produces stupor, coma, convulsions, and death.*" The taste and smell of opium medicines are disguised, and sold under the names of "Bateman's Drops," "Godfrey's Cordial," "Soothing Syrups," etc. You should not permit any medicine to be given to your children without you or your physician knows of what it is composed.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

—H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 South Oxford Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

"I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children."—ALEX. ROBERTSON, M.D., 1057 Second Avenue, New York.

"From personal knowledge I can say that Castoria is a most excellent medicine for children."—DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

Castoria promotes Digestion, assists Teething, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. Castoria contains no morphine or other narcotic property.



SIR PHILIP MILLER, the great English horticulturist, writing in 1740, says, "The best method to have cabbages good is to procure fresh seed from abroad every year, for it is apt to degenerate in England in a few years."

The above is a simple illustration of the fact that the best seeds will rapidly degenerate under unfavorable conditions. The wise will take heed, therefore, and buy their seeds of D. M. Ferry & Co., Detroit, Michigan, whose world-wide reputation as the *best* and *most reliable* as well as the *most extensive* seed-growers and dealers is due to the fact that they take advantage of every circumstance of climate, soil, methods of culture, selection of seed-plants, etc., to procure the best possible seeds and keep them up to that high standard.

Send your name to the firm's address, and you will receive a copy of their Seed Annual for 1891 free.

ANGELS' VISITS.—Few quotations are more hackneyed than that which speaks of "angels' visits, few and far between." Is any light thrown on its long-disputed source by the following, credited to John Morris (1711), which I cut from a recent number of the *Echo*?

How fading are the joys we dote upon!
Like apparitions seen and gone;
But those which soonest take their flight
Are the most exquisite and strong;
Like angels' visits, short and bright,
Mortality's too weak to bear them long.

Notes and Queries.

GERRYMANDER.—We gladly give place to the following note taking exception to the definition of the word "gerrymander" as given in our January number:

"I think you are in error in your explanation of the word gerrymander. A gerrymandered district has no more resemblance to a salamander than it has to a wheelbarrow or a hoe-handle. It may look like any one of the three. An unscrupulous legislature will form them of almost any shape, the most popular and effective of which is that called the 'shoe-string,' of which there are several now in the United States and known by that name. They are made by taking a map and laying a string on it and then 'meandering' around with the other end of the string until the same has a location on each county desired to be included in the 'destrict.'

"The true origin of the word is the combining of the name of Mr. Gerry with the noun 'Meander,' the name of a river in Phrygia proverbial for its many windings (Webster). A winding course; a winding or turning in a passage; a labyrinth; a maze (Hale). As a verb, to meander; meandering. If you wish further proof, get a political map with a 'shoe-string' district, and mark how the political rascals have wound and turned and twisted—in fact, 'meandered' about—to circumvent their friends the enemy.

"Respectfully,

CHARLES BRODHEAD."

FRENCH COOKERY, 1578.—"The French," writes the Venetian ambassador in 1578, "never spend money so willingly as when they are purchasing food and making what they term *bonne chère*. This is the reason why butchers, restaurateurs, pastry-cooks, and tavern-keepers abound. There is not a street in which you do not find them. Would you purchase meat, either dead or alive? You can do so at any moment. Do you wish your provisions to be sent in dressed? The cooks and pastry-cooks, in less than an hour, will furnish you with a dinner or a supper for ten, for twenty, or even for a hundred persons. The *rôtisseur* provides the meat, the pastry-cook the pies, tarts, entrées, and desserts; the confectioner contributes the jellies, sauces, and ragouts. The art of gastronomy is so far advanced in Paris that you can order a dinner at any price, from a teston to a crown, or from one crown to twenty crowns. For this latter sum I verily believe you could obtain manna soup, or roast phoenix, or whatever is most precious in the world."—*All the Year Round*.

WHERE POPULATION INCREASES FASTEST.—The last census shows that the following States have increased most rapidly in population since 1880. The increase in population within the decade is placed opposite to the name of the State in the following table:

1. Pennsylvania	965,683	13. California	322,860
2. New York	899,063	14. New Jersey	309,901
3. Illinois	740,665	15. Georgia	292,186
4. Texas	640,471	16. Iowa	282,114
5. Nebraska	604,391	17. Washington	274,400
6. Minnesota	519,244	18. Alabama	245,568
7. Missouri	508,700	19. South Dakota	229,580
8. Ohio	468,657	20. Tennessee	221,364
9. Michigan	452,855	21. North Carolina	217,590
10. Massachusetts	450,322	22. Colorado	216,648
11. Kansas	427,389	23. Indiana	211,729
12. Wisconsin	368,200	24. Kentucky	206,746

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LUCAS COUNTY, S. S.

FRANK J. CHENEY MAKES OATH THAT HE IS THE SENIOR PARTNER OF THE FIRM OF F. J. CHENEY & CO., DOING BUSINESS IN THE CITY OF TOLEDO, COUNTY AND STATE AFORESAID, AND THAT SAID FIRM WILL PAY THE SUM OF ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR EACH AND EVERY CASE OF CATARRH THAT CANNOT BE CURED BY THE USE OF HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Frank J. Cheney

SWORN TO BEFORE ME, AND SUBSCRIBED IN MY PRESENCE THIS 6TH DAY OF DECEMBER, A. D. 1889.



W. D. Sheason
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the Blood and mucous surfaces.

DR. L. L. GORSUCH, Toledo, O., says: "I have practiced medicine for forty years, have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with so much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure."

E. B. WALTHALL & CO., Druggists, Horse Cave, Ky., say: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cures every one that takes it."

J. A. JOHNSON, Medina, N. Y., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me."

CONDUCTOR E. D. LOOMIS, Detroit, Mich., says: "The effect of Hall's Catarrh Cure is wonderful." Write him about it.

REV. H. P. CARSON, Scotland, Dak., says: "Two bottles of Hall's Catarrh Cure completely cured my little girl."

J. C. SIMPSON, Marquess, W. Va., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me of a very bad case of catarrh."

HALL'S CATARRH CURE is sold by all Dealers in Patent Medicines.

Price 75 Cents a Bottle. \$8.00 a Dozen.

**The only Genuine HALL'S CATARRH CURE is Manufactured by
F. J. CHENEY & CO., - TOLEDO, O.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.**

Testimonials sent free on application:

THE LARGEST HOUSE IN THE WORLD.—Every European, American, and Oriental country has its scores of public and private mansions, yet Austria has the giant of them all. The *Freihaus* ("free house"), situated in Wieden, a suburb of Vienna, is the most spacious building on the globe. Within its walls a whole town of human beings live and work, eat and sleep. It contains in all between twelve hundred and fifteen hundred rooms, divided into upwards of four hundred dwelling-apartments of from four to six rooms each. This immense house has thirteen court-yards—five open and eight covered—and a large garden within its walls. A visitor to the building relates that he once spent two hours in looking for a man known to reside in the house. Scarcely a trade, handiwork, or profession can be named which is not represented in this enormous building. Gold- and silver-workers, makers of fancy articles, lodging-house keepers, bookbinders, agents, turners, hatters, officers, locksmiths, joiners, tutors, scientific men, government clerks, three bakers, eighteen tailors, twenty-nine shoemakers, and many other tradesmen live in it. The house has thirty-one staircases, and fronts on three streets and one square. In one day the postman's delivery has amounted to as many as one thousand pieces to this single but gigantic house. To address a letter to the house, and to the person it is intended for, does not assure the sender that the person to whom it is addressed will ever receive it. In order to "make assurance doubly sure," all letters addressed to the "*Freihaus*" must be provided with both the Christian name and the surname of the person, the number of the court, staircase, and apartment; otherwise it is as apt to go astray as though unprovided with directions as to street and number. At the present time twenty-one hundred and twelve persons live in this immense building, and pay an annual rental of over one hundred thousand florins.—*The Hebrew Journal*.

DENYING HIS IDENTITY.—The recent death in Canada of the mother of Charles M. Sterling, who was executed at Youngstown, Ohio, for the murder of Lizzie Grombacher, has unveiled the facts concerning an incident that occurred shortly before his execution.

Sterling's mother came to Youngstown from Maxwell, Canada, and, though he had left home when but a lad, with maternal intuition she at once recognized him.

When brought to his cell, however, Sterling, without the quiver of a muscle, said to her,—

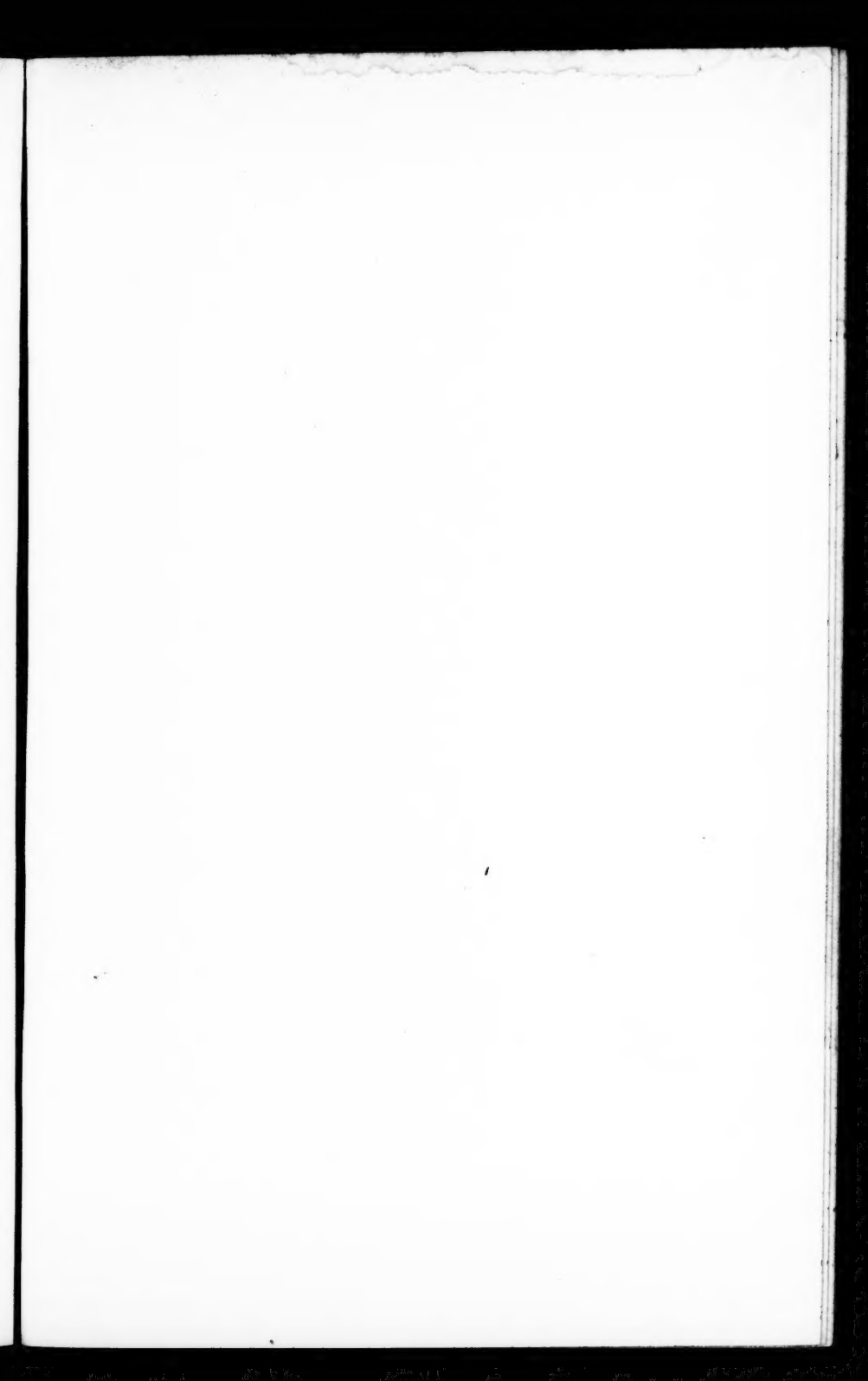
"You are mistaken, madam: I am not your son."

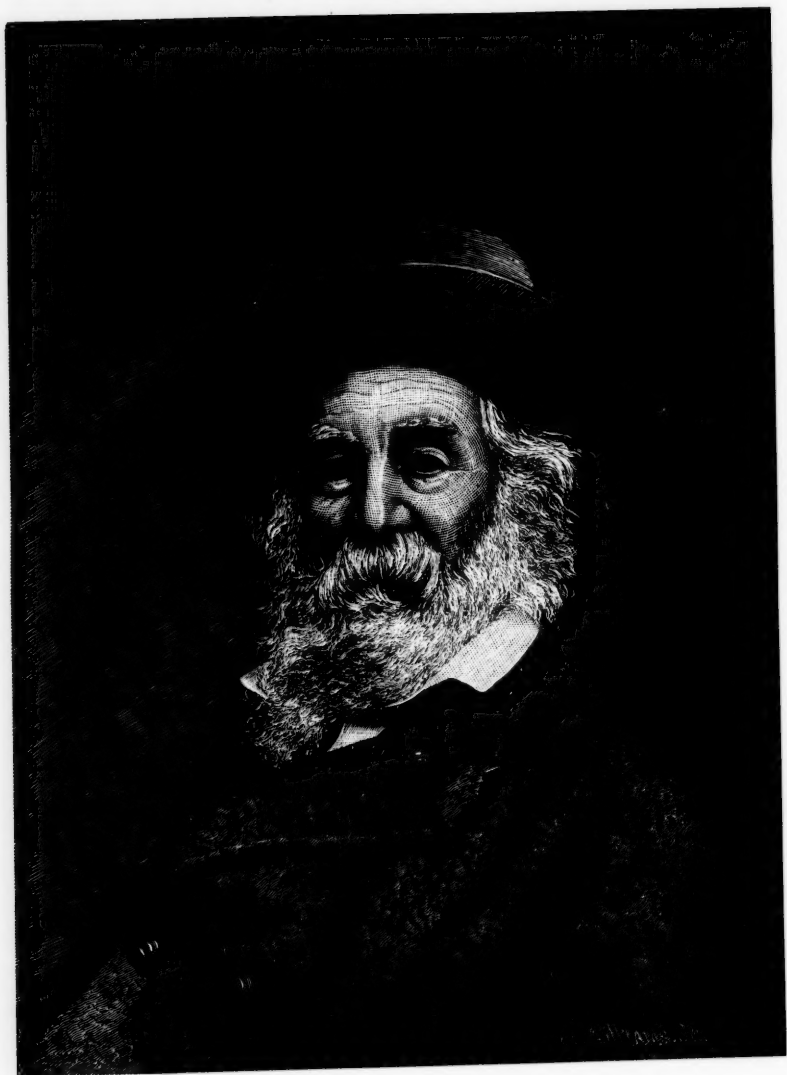
She implored him to recognize her, but he refused, and she returned home half convinced that she was mistaken.

To his counsel Sterling said,—

"She is my mother, but I could not break her heart by telling her that her son would be hung. Keep it secret until she dies."

Her death caused his attorney, W. S. Anderson, to break the seal of silence. "It was," he said, "the most dramatic scene I ever witnessed. I have seen all the tragedians of the past quarter of a century, but none that compared to the principals on that occasion: the mother, every line in her face showing the most intense suffering, and her heart nearly broken, while the son, knowing that the truth would kill her, stood like a statue, his face showing the pallor of death, assuring her that she was mistaken. Such intensity of action was never produced on any stage. It could not be."—*Cincinnati Inquirer*.





Walt Whitman

THE
SOUND OF A VOICE;

OR,

THE SONG OF THE DÉBARDEUR.

BY
FREDERIC S. COZZENS,

AUTHOR OF "THE SPARROWGRASS PAPERS," ETC.

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